

PICTORIAL REVIEW



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Some Remarks on Jealousy

BY DR. FRANK CRANE



JEALOUSY is supposed to be a by-product of love. It is not. It is a variety of egotism. The common excuse of the offender is, "That I am jealous proves that I love you. For if I didn't care anything for you, it would not matter how much you love others, or they you." We often find, also, in novels and plays, the idea that the way to bring Love is to rouse Jealousy; and the heroine will exclaim, "Ah! now I know he loves me; he is jealous." This is false and superficial. Jealousy is the pang of wounded vanity. You can be jealous where you love but little or not at all, if only your pride is hurt. A woman who is cold and indifferent toward her husband will be stirred to resentment when she sees him paying attention to another woman, not because she fears to lose his affection, which she does not crave, but because she is shamed before the world. And the man who steadily neglects his wife will grow ugly and bluster when he finds other men drawn to her attractions, but his anger is no more than an offended pride of possession. Love is large. Jealousy is small. Love is noble. Jealousy is vulgar. Love is the latest product of evolution, the high development of the spirit. Jealousy is animal, primitive, very common among savages. Love is a companion of the highest virtues, a brother to self-control, sacrifice, patience, devotion, faith, and loyalty. Jealousy's kin and kind are selfishness, greed, lust, flattery, petulance, suspicion, egoism. Love sees, Jealousy is blind. Love understands, makes allowances, is expert in sympathy. Jealousy is stupid, mad with prejudice, stubborn, and wilfully ignorant. Love has excellent judgment, knows values, puts first things first, and understands how to disregard the non-essentials, while

*"Trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of Holy Writ."*

Love improves all the faculties; the lover's eye is keener, his hand more skilful, his thoughts leap higher, his imagination is lush with creative power, his convictions deeper, he takes hold on God. Jealousy is a drunkenness, a silly fever, an access of

madness which drives one to the brutish errors of sots and madmen, so that he is truly "possessed by the devil." Love is high, the highest thing we know. We do not fall in Love; we climb into Love; we arrive only by mounting upon the purest, the strongest, the divinest that is in us. We fall into Jealousy. The soul slumps. As in alcoholism, the most lately developed faculties in evolution become paralyzed, releasing the full vigor of our lower forces. We slip down the ladder of evolution. We become wolfish. Love is humble, like all the greater functionings of life, like true wisdom, like genuine religion, like good breeding. Humility is the hall-mark of greatness. Jealousy is proud, high-minded, sensitive, swollen. The first feeling that whelms the man who is in love is a strong sense of his unworthiness. Who is he that he should obtain the favor of so divine a maid? He is not worthy to touch the hem of her garment. Where true Love abides there is always this undercurrent of humility. The true lover is a glorified servant.

JEALOUSY is domineering. It is tyrannical, unreasoning. It is closer to hate than to Love. Love has faith, "believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." What a twisted caricature of this is Jealousy that is suspicious of all things, fears all things, endures nothing! Look again into the cracked mirror of Jealousy, and see the deformed face, the opposite of all that is Love; for Love "suffereth long and is kind; Love envieth not; Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly; seeketh not her own; is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil." And Love endures. The most beautiful words in the ceremony of Love's consummation are "for better, for worse, till death do us part." For the rarest joy of Love is not in passion's young morning but in the golden twilight, with the knowledge that the storms have been weathered, the trials stanchly borne, the misunderstandings all mended. The two hearts, enriched in experience and young again in the hope of immortality, face the future life unafraid.

*"For all we know of what they do in heaven
Is that they love, and that they sing."*

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Push Versus Pull

*Pushing, Good and Hard, Is the
Job of the
Women Voters,
Everywhere*

BY MAUD WOOD PARK



MRS. MAUD WOOD PARK
PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS



HE entrance to legislative achievement has two doors, and they are labeled, like many other doors, each with a familiar word; one with "Push" and the other with "Pull." Women have chosen the door marked "Push."

A man in public life said much this thing to me in other words not long ago when he remarked that there are two ways to get legislative action; one is by the use of pressure and the other is by pull. "Push," however, is a simpler word than "pressure" and better describes the methods women have adopted, for push is always forward. It is never, like pull, a retrograde exercise of power.

Persons who have not yet understood the purposes of the National League of Women Voters have expressed fear of a "woman's bloc" in politics. They have imagined that women as voters would form a separate party, a union of voters for purely selfish and office-seeking ends, a bloc in opposition to men merely because they are men. The fear is born of ignorance of history and of human nature.

In the days when we were working for woman suffrage we urged our right to enfranchisement largely on the ground that, like men, we are human beings, possessing, with men, a common ability to think, a common ability to reason, a common interest in good government, and a common responsibility before the law for our deeds and misdeeds. We saw no logic in classing women with infants, imbeciles, and convicted criminals in the matter of voting alone. A woman was not excused for theft on the ground that, like an infant, she did not understand right and wrong. She was not excused for murder on the general ground of defective mentality, and she was not given habitual criminals' heavy sentences on the ground that she was from birth a convicted felon.

The whole strength of our plea for political equality lay in two things; first, that there was no logical reason for discrimination against us merely as women, and, second, that as women we had something distinctive to contribute to the common good. We insisted that justice in the great work of rearing and training future citizens men and women worked together, it was only common sense to let them work together in making a government for those future citizens to live under. Only persons ignorant of the underlying motives of the woman movement can be anything but amused at talk of a separation and antagonism between men and women in politics. The whole of our work was for equality, and we never for a moment forgot that we owe our liberty as a nation and as individuals to the splendid work of men. We do not now forget that men have shared their hard-won rights with us. It is our place to help, not to hinder.

When we became voters we lost one of our luxuries—the engaging pastime of finding fault. We ceased to be spectators sitting comfortably in the orchestra chairs

camp, a few who cling to dead issues as the oak clings to its dead leaves, and every movement has its "logic fringe." The chief difference between thinking suffragists, and thinking antisuffragists in the old days, however much it was hidden by the dust of conflict, was that suffragists believed women could best serve their country as voters, and antisuffragists believed that women could best serve their country as non-partisan influences for betterment. Each side brought up many other minor differences of opinion to support its stand, but the real difference was chiefly this:

There was one belief, however, which every thinking woman on either side held, and that was that if women were given the vote they must vote, and they must vote conscientiously and intelligently. I do not know of any other instance in history where opponents have been able to unite so whole-heartedly on one issue. We are all one, we women, now we are enfranchised, whatever our past beliefs, in our solemn conviction that women can in no wise be excused if they fail to do their part as voters. As a League we are voters and we are non-partisan workers for betterment, and many of our most active members are women who formerly did not favor enfranchisement. Indeed, one of my former antisuffrage friends tells me that when called on last year to make a speech on the need for political education of women she bethought her of a speech she used to make about what would have to be done in educating women politically if they were given the vote and, changing the moods and tenors of her verbs, she made that speech as a League worker.

We can admit frankly the need for education and that the vote alone will not enable us to accomplish the things we believe are needed. Nobody ever thought it would. Even when all of us are so alive to our political responsibilities and so wise in judgment that we invariably choose only the best men for office, there will still be measures which must be pushed, measures which in the nature of things can not be included in party platforms, for no party platform can

and criticizing the performance. We have become members of the company ourselves, with a world looking on to see how we play our parts and how much we help or hinder the smooth and powerful action of the drama. We can no longer sit back saying:

"Pooh, that's not the way those lines ought to be read. That's not the way that scene ought to be played."

We are in the real play, not in an amateur performance before an audience of amateurs. We are in the drama of politics, and it is our job to—peace that we can add to the performance, not weaken it.

Some persons, also ignorant of the real work of the National League of Women Voters, have said complacently that the organization is merely the old suffrage association under another name. This is not at all true. There are always a few irreconcilables in every

anticipate and itemize every measure that conditions may call for.

It will always be necessary both to vote with an enlightened conscience and to push with the same kind of conscience. Push, or pressure, means the frank and open expression by organized public opinion of a desire for a given legislative enactment. Its strength lies in its very openness and in the number and standing of the citizens who back it. The Federation of Women's Clubs, or the Women's Christian Temperance Union, for example, does not meet in secret session behind closed doors and decide to use "influence" on this or that member of Congress to induce him to favor a certain measure. Such organizations discuss openly, endorse openly, and push openly. They are more than glad to have it known that they are urging certain legislation with all their power of numbers.

In Washington there is talk now and then of requiring all lobbyists to register and to declare their professions, and bills to that end have been introduced on occasion. There is nothing the women who represent in Washington great national organizations of women would more gladly welcome. Every person working honestly and openly for a measure he believes to be just would welcome it.

However, most persons who are lobbyists will not admit the fact, for they are opening the legislative door marked "Pull," and pull is not a thing to be proud of. Pull is manipulation of wires; it is personal appeal, the personal appeal of those whose great influence counts for much more than their votes represent. A real law to oblige them to register would send them scurrying to cover as the bleached and slimy things bred under an old plank scramble frenziedly to find fresh darkness when the chance foot overturns their shelter. The essence of push is that it shall be exercised openly by a large body of citizens; pull is effective when exercised by persons of small groups.

No man in public life feels his dignity lowered and his integrity assailed when it becomes known that a national organization of women has urged him to support a measure and that on their representations he is supporting it. He is, on the contrary, frequently glad to be able to put the responsibility on such an organization. Nobody can call him to account for the fancied wisdom of a measure and leave him with no retort. He can say, "Well, the Mothers' Congress explained this bill to me"—for no man in public life is so much a megalomaniac that he takes to himself the credit of his own advice—and he can add, "They urge it and I am in good company."

No man, however, cares to have it known that when he balked, let us say, at supporting a measure for the benefit of the Pneumatic Shoe Horn Trust, a solitary and compromising personal agent of the head of the trust was sent down to "see" him. Those little conferences in hotel rooms in the evening do not get into print. Pull does not care to advertise the fact that two or three are gathered together to defeat the ends of good government.

We speak often of "woman's point of view," but we do not often explain what we mean by the expression. In the old days there was much sentimentality about woman and her point of view, for it was a sentimental age. Woman's nursing of the sick was poetically represented as consisting chiefly of soothing the fevered brow, when as a matter of fact, woman usually began her nursing at the

mustard foot-bath. Women have been trained in the mustard-foot-bath aspect of things, and the foot-bath has always been one from which woman herself derived no personal and direct benefit. It is idle to discuss whether women by nature are more unselfish than men, but it was admitted, I think, that women have had more training in personal service for others than men. CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

A Word about Mrs. Park

WHEN the National League of Women Voters was organized in the Autumn of 1920, the logical choice for president was Maud Wood Park. This very able woman founded the first college women suffrage association at her alma mater Radcliffe, and toured the world studying conditions among women with reference to the election franchise. She is now making an international investigation to learn what the women of America can do to insure the peace of the world. Since the death of her husband, Charles Park, a Boston architect, Mrs. Park has devoted her time and energies to the public service. Her home is in Washington, D. C.

Three new Victrola models



Victrola No. 400
Mahogany, \$250 Electric, \$290



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Mahogany, \$300 Electric, \$340

The three new Victrola models illustrated herewith incorporate Victrola musical quality in cabinets reflecting all the skill of the master designers of other generations—a perfect combination of art and utility with moderate cost, resulting from our unequalled facilities and long experience.

Fully equipped with albums, Victrola No. 2 sound-box, new improved Victor tapering tone-arm and goose-neck sound-box tube, full-floating amplifier, speed indicator and the simple, reliable Victor motor.

Built entirely in the Victor factories, which are the largest devoted entirely to the production of one musical product.

In buying a talking-machine consider that you must choose the Victrola or something you hope will do as well and remember that the Victrola—the standard by which all are judged—costs no more.

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Song of the Volga Boatmen	Chaliapin	88663	1.75
Whispering Hope	Gluck and Homer	87524	1.50
Ava Maria (Schubert)	Heifetz	74563	1.75
Minuet in G (Paderewski)	Paderewski	74533	1.75
La Capinera (The Wren)	Galli-Curci	64792	1.25
Traviata—Prelude	Victor Symphony Orchestra	35717	1.25
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National Emblem March	Arthur Pryor's Band	18498	.75
Lights Out March			



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

Victrola

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When little Billy starts to school

You probably want your children to romp and tumble about with other children as much as they please. But there are occasions when you want them to *stand out*—when you want them to appear unmistakably *your* children, in whom you have pride. Nothing makes a child stand out from the crowd like neat, clean, *fresh-looking* clothes.

If children's clothes are made white, they should be kept white. If they have colors in them, these colors should be kept fresh. And not even a good laundress can preserve whiteness and freshness if she is handicapped by her soap.

Perhaps your laundress has experimented with many soaps, and still her results are not up to the standard you set.

The choice of soap should be yours

If that is so, we suggest that from now on you select the soap yourself and on next wash-day provide her with P and G The White Naphtha Soap. Then watch what happens during the following month. By the third or fourth washing see if the original fresh whiteness does not reappear.

P and G is a most unusual soap. It washes *clean*.

That, you may say, is what every soap is supposed to do. Perhaps, but how few actually achieve genuine, *white* cleanliness—real freshness, *like new* freshness!

Acts on dirt, not on colors or fabrics

That's the kind of cleanness and freshness P and G achieves, because it acts on the *dirt*, not on fabrics or colors; it rinses out thoroughly, leaving no trace of soap, soapy tinge or odor behind it—it is a *white* soap, a *thorough-cleaning* soap, a *safe* soap for both colors and fabrics.

Besides, P and G lessens the need for constant boiling and hard rubbing. Laundresses like it because it saves their time and energy while it saves their employers' clothes.

So many millions of households have discovered the unique properties of P and G that this soap is now the *largest selling laundry and general household soap in America.*

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Paint which is cleaned without hard rubbing should last many years. The quick cleaning of "P and G" keeps paint "young."



Glassware and dishes glisten with perfect cleanliness. P and G removes grease instantly without rubbing. Leaves decorations unharmed.

*Not merely a naphtha soap,
Not merely a white laundry soap,
But the best features of both, combined.*



+



=



Speed + Safety

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Beginning a Superb Romance—the Illustrious Conrad's Own Favorite



"SHE MOVED A STEP NEARER TO HIM AND ASKED IN A LOW, CONFIDENTIAL TONE: 'HAVE YOU EVER CARRIED A HEAD ON A PIKE?' 'NO. I HAVE HEARD MEN BOAST OF HAVING DONE SO. THEY WERE MOSTLY BRAGGARTS WITH CRAVEN HEARTS. BUT WHAT IS ALL THIS TO YOU!'"

The ROVER

*Introducing the Mysterious and Lovely Arlette, Beside the Blue Mediterranean,
and Sundry Rugged Heroes of French Revolutionary Days*

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

Illustrations by Mead Schaeffer

Complete in Four Numbers—Part One



AFTER entering at break of day the inner roadstead of the port of Toulon, exchanging several loud hails with one of the guard-boats of the fleet, which directed him where he was to take up his berth, Master Gunner Peyrol let go the anchor of the sea-worn and battered ship in his charge, between the arsenal and the town, in full view of the principal quay. The course of his life, which in the opinion of any ordinary person might have been regarded as full of marvelous incidents (only he himself had never marvelled at them), had rendered him undemonstrative to such a degree that he did not even let out a sigh of relief at the plunge of the anchor.

And yet it ended a most anxious six months of knocking about at sea with valuable merchandise in a damaged hull, most of the time on short rations, always on the lookout for English cruisers, once or twice on the verge of shipwreck, and more than once on the verge of capture. But as to that, old Peyrol had made up his mind from the first to blow up his valuable charge—unemotionally, for such

A MASTER-KEY to Conrad's works, including "The Rover," will be found in this issue, in Mary Austin's interview with the novelist, entitled "What Women Don't Know About Men." Read it before beginning the story! "The Rover" offers an ideal introduction to Conrad, abounding in action, which begins before the close of this first instalment. Lovers of "Youth," "Nostromo," "Lord Jim," "Victory," etc., will find this a worthy successor.

was his character formed under the sun of the Indian Seas in lawless contests with his kind for a little loot that vanished as soon as grasped, but mainly for bare life almost as precarious to hold through its ups and downs; and which now had lasted for fifty-eight years. While his crew of half-starved seacrowns, hard as nails and ravenous as so many wolves for the delights of the shore, swarmed aloft to furl the sails, nearly as thin and as patched as the grimy shirts on their backs, Peyrol took a survey of the quay. Groups were forming along its whole stretch to gaze at the new arrival. Peyrol noted particularly a good many men in red caps, and said to himself, "Here they are."

Amongst the crews of ships that had brought the tricolor into the seas of the East there were hundreds professing sansculotte principles; boastful and declamatory beggars, he had thought them. But now he was beholding the shore ired. Those who had made the Revolution safe. The real thing, Peyrol, after taking a good long look, went below into his cabin to make himself ready to go ashore.

He shaved his big cheeks with a real English razor looted years ago from an

officer's cabin in an English East-Indian captured by a ship he was serving in. He put on a white shirt, a blue jacket with metal buttons and a high collar, a pair of white trousers, which he fastened with a red-handled handkerchief by way of a belt. With a black, shiny low-crowned hat on his head he made a very creditable prize-master. He beckoned from the poop to a boatman and got himself rowed to the quay.

By that time the man had grown to a large size. Peyrol's eyes ranged over it with no great apparent interest, tho it was a fact that he had never in all his man's life seen so many idle white people massed together to stare at a man. He had been a rover of the outer seas; he had grown into a stranger to his native country. During the few minutes it took the boatman to row him to the steps he felt like a navigator about to land on a newly discovered shore.

On putting his foot on it he was mobbed. The arrival of a prize made by a squadron of the republic in distant seas was not an every-day occurrence in Toulon. The wildest rumors had been already set flying. Peyrol elbowed himself through the crowd somehow, but it continued to move after him. A voice cried out, "Where do you come from, Citizen?"—"From the other side of the world," Peyrol boomed out.

He did not get rid of his followers till he reached the door of the Port Office. There he reported himself to the proper officials as master of a prize taken off the Cape by Citizen Renaud, Commander-in-Chief of the Republican Squadron in the Indian Seas. He had been ordered to sail for Dunkirk, but, said he, having been chased by the *sarés Anglais* three times in a fortnight between Cape Verde and Cape Spartal, he had made up his mind to run into the Mediterranean, where he had understood from a Danish frigate he had met at sea that there were no English men-of-war just then.

And here he was; and there were his ship's papers and his own papers and everything in order. He mentioned also that he was tired of rolling about the seas, and that he longed for a period of repose on shore. But till all the legal business was settled he remained in Toulon rolling about the streets at a deliberate gait, enjoying general consideration as Citizen Peyrol, and looking everybody coldly in the eye.

HIS reticence about his past was of that kind which starts a lot of mysterious stories about a man. No doubt the maritime authorities of Toulon had a less cloudy idea of Peyrol's past, tho it not necessarily have been more exact. In the various offices connected with the sea where his duties took him, the wretched scribes, and even some of the chiefs, looked very hard at him as he went in and out, dressed very neatly and always with his cudgel, which he used to leave outside the door of private offices when called in for an interview with one or another of the gold-laced lot. Having, however, cut off his queue and got in touch with some prominent patriots of the Jacobin type, Peyrol came first for people's stares and whistles. The person that came nearest to trying his composure was a certain naval captain with a patch over one eye and a very threadbare uniform coat who was doing some administrative work at the Port Office. That officer, looking up from some papers, remarked brusquely: "As a matter of fact you have been the best part of your life skinning the seas if the truth were known. You must have been a deserter from the navy at one time, whatever you may call yourself now."

There was not a quiver on the large cheeks of the gunner Peyrol.

"If there was anything of the sort it was in the time of kings and aristocrats," he said steadily. "And now I have brought in a prize, and a service-letter from Citizen Renaud, commanding in the Indian Seas. I can also give you the names of good republicans in this town who know my sentiments. Nobody can say I was ever anti-republican in my life. I knocked about the Eastern seas for forty-five years—that's true. But let me observe that it is the seamen who stayed at home that let in the English into the port of Toulon."

He paused a moment and then added: "When one thinks of that, Citizen Commandant, any little slips and fellows of my kind may have made five thousand leagues from here and twenty years ago can not have much importance in these times of equality and fraternity."

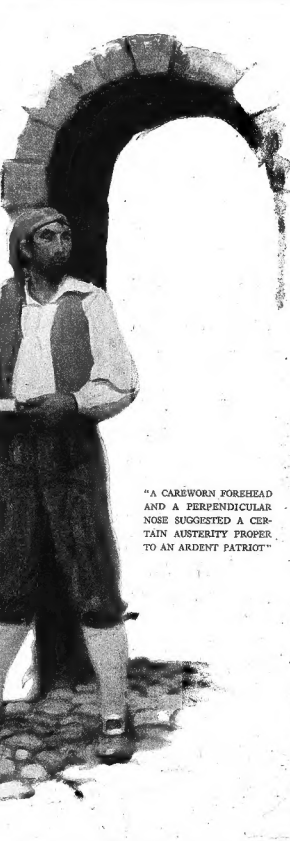
"As to fraternity," remarked the post-captain in the shabby coat, "the only one you are familiar with is the Brotherhood of the Coast, I should say."

"Everybody in the Indian Ocean except milksope and

youngsters had to be," said the untroubled Citizen Peyrol. "And we practised republican principles long before a republic was thought of: for the Brothers of the Coast were all equal and elected their own chiefs."

"They were an abominable lot of lawless ruffians," remarked the officer venomously, leaning back in his chair. "You will not dare to deny that."

Citizen Peyrol refused to take up a defensive attitude. He merely mentioned in a neutral tone that he had de-



"A CAREWORN FOREHEAD AND A PERPENDICULAR NOSE SUGGESTED A CERTAIN AUSTERITY PROPER TO AN ARDENT PATRIOT"

livered his trust to the Port Office all right, and as to his character he had a certificate of civism from his section. He was a patriot and entitled to his discharge. After being dismissed by a nod he took up his cudgel outside the door and walked out of the building with the calmness of rectitude. His large face of the Roman type betrayed nothing to the wretched quill-drivers who whispered on his passage.

As he went along the streets he looked, as usual, everybody in the eye, but that very same evening he vanished from Toulon. It wasn't that he was afraid of anything. His mind was as calm as the natural set of his florid face. Nobody could know what his forty years or more of sea life had been unless he told them himself. And of that he didn't mean to tell any more than what he had told the inquisitive captain with the patch over one eye. But he didn't want any bother for certain other reasons; and more than anything else he didn't want to be sent perhaps to serve in the fleet now fitting out in Toulon. So at dusk he passed through the gate on the road to Fréjus in a high two-wheeled cart belonging to a well-known farmer whose habitation lay that way.

His personal belongings were brought down and piled up on the tail-board of the cart by some ragamuffin patriots whom he engaged in the street for that purpose. The only indiscretion he committed was to pay them for their trouble with a large handful of assignats. From such an unmistakable seaman, however, this generosity was not so very compromising. He himself got into the cart over the wheel with such slow and ponderous movements that the friendly farmer felt called upon to remark: "Ah, we are not so young as we used to be—you and I."

"I have also an awkward wound," said Citizen Peyrol, sitting down heavily.

And so from farmer's cart to farmer's cart, setting off all alone, jogging in a cloud of dust between stone walls and through little villages well known to him from his boyhood days in a landscape of stony hills, pale rocks, and shirts of dirty green olive-trees, Citizen Peyrol went on until he got down heavily in the yard of an inn on the coast right. Near a clump of dark pines with blood-red trunks in the sunset, Peyrol perceived a rutty track branching off in the direction of the coast.

At that spot Citizen Peyrol had made up his mind to leave the highroad. Every feature of the country and the darkly wooded rises, the barren, flat expanse of stones and some bushes to his left, appealed to him with a sort of strange familiarity because they had remained unchanged since the days of his boyhood. The very cart-wheel tracks, scored deep into the stony ground, had kept their physiognomy; and far away, like a blue thread, there was the sea of the Hyères roadstead, with a lumpy indigo swelling still beyond—which was the island of Porquerolles. He had an idea that he had been born on Porquerolles, but he really did not know.

The notion of a father was utterly foreign to his mentality. What he remembered of his parents was a tall, lean, brown woman in rags, who was his mother. But then they were working together at a farm which was on the mainland. He had fragmentary memories of her picking onions or picking stones out of a field, or handling a manure-fork like a man, tireless and fierce, with wisps of grayish hair flying about her bonny face; and of himself running barefooted in connection with a flock of turkeys, with hardly any clothes on his back.

At night by the farmer's favor, they were permitted to sleep in a sort of ruinous byre built of stones and with only half a roof on it, lying side by side on some old straw on the ground. And it was on a bundle of straw that his mother had tossed off for two days and had died in the night. In the darkness her silence, her cold face, had given him an awful scare. He supposed they had buried her but he didn't know, because he had rushed out terror-stricken and wandered off as far as a little place by the sea called Almanarre, where he hid himself on board a tartan schooner lying there with no one on board. He went into the hold because he was afraid of some dogs on shore. He found down there a heap of empty sacks, which made a luxurious couch, and, being exhausted, went to sleep like a stone.

SOME time during the night the crew came on board, and the tartan sailed for Marseilles. That was another awful scare, being hauled out by the scruff of the neck on the deck and being asked who the devil he was and what he was doing there. Only from that one he could not run away. There was water all around him, and the whole world, including the coast not very far away, within a most alarming manner. Three board men stood about him, and he tried to explain to them that he had been working at Peyrol's. Peyrol was the farmer's name. The boy didn't know that he had one of his own. Moreover, he didn't know very well how to talk to people and they must have misunderstood him. Thus the name of Peyrol stuck to him for life.

There the memories of his native country stopped, overlaid by other memories with a multitude of impressions of endless oceans, of the Mozambique Channel, of Arabs and negroes, of Madagascar, of the coast of India, of islands and channels and narrow gulfs, of the rocky shore, desperate slaughter and desperate thirst; of all sorts of ships one after another: merchant ships and frigates and privateers; of reckless men and enormous sprees. In the course of years he had learned to speak intelligently and think connectedly and even to read and write after a fashion. The name of the former Peyrol, attached to his person on account of his inability to give a clear account of himself, acquired a sort of reputation both openly in the ports of the East and secretly amongst the Brothers of the Coast, that strange fraternity with something masonic and very practical in its constitution.

Round the Cape of Storms, where the Cape of Good Hope, the words republic, nation, tyranny, liberty, equality, and fraternity, and the cult of the Supreme Being came floating on board ships from home—new cries and new ideas which did not upset the slowly developed intelligence of the gunner Peyrol. They seemed disconnected bits of landscape, of which the seaman Peyrol knew very little, nothing, so to speak.

Now after nearly fifty years of lawful and lawless life Citizen Peyrol, at the yard gate of the roadside inn, looked at the late scene of his childhood. He looked at it without any animosity and a little puzzled as to his bearing amongst the features of the inn. "Yes, it must be somewhere in that direction," he thought vaguely. Decidedly he would go no further along the highroad. A few yards away the woman of the inn stood looking at him, impressed by the good clothes, the great shaggy cheeks, the well-to-do air of that seaman; and he suddenly remembered that he was a man and not a boy, with gray locks, and his rustic appearance, the might have been his mother, as he remembered her, only she wasn't in rags. "Hé! La mère!" hailed Peyrol. "Have you got a man to lend a hand with my chest into the house?"

He looked so prosperous and so authoritative that she piped without hesitation in a voice which, *Mais oui, Citizen*, he will be here in moment."

In the dusk the clump of pines across the road looked very black against the quiet, clear sky; and Citizen Peyrol gazed at the scene of his young misery with the greatest possible placidity. Here he was after nearly fifty years, and to look at things it seemed like yesterday. He felt

for all this neither love nor animosity. He felt a little funny, as it were, and the funniest thing was the thought which crossed his mind that he could indulge his fancy, (if he had a mind to) to buy up all this land to the furthest field, away over there where the track lost itself sinking into the flats bordering the sea, where the small rise at the end of the Giens Peninsula had assumed the appearance of a black cloud.

"Tell me, my friend," he said in his magisterial way to the farm-hand with a tumbled head of hair who was awaiting his good pleasure, "doesn't this track lead to Almanarre?"

"Yes," said the laborer, and Peyrol nodded. The man continued mouthing his words slowly as if unused to speech. "To Almanarre and further too, beyond the great pond right out to the end of the land, to Cape Estérel."

Peyrol was leading his big flat hairy ear. "If I had stayed in this country," he thought, "I would be talking like this fellow." And aloud he asked: "Are there any houses there, at the end of the land?"

"Why, a hamlet, a hole, just a few houses, and a farm where at one time they used to give one a glass of wine."

CITIZEN PEYROL stayed at the inn-yard gate till the night had swallowed up all those features of the land to which his eyes had clung as long as the least gleams of daylight. And even after the last gleams had gone he had remained for some time staring into the darkness, in which all he could distinguish was the white road at his feet and the black heads of pines where the cart-track dipped toward the coast. He did not go indoors till some carters who had been refreshing themselves had departed with their big two-wheeled carts, piled up high with empty wine-casks, in the direction of Fréjus. The fact that they did not remain for the night pleased Peyrol. He ate his bit of supper alone, in silence, and with a gravity which intimidated the old woman who had aroused in him the memory of his mother.

Having finished his pipe and obtained a bit of candle in a tin candlestick, Citizen Peyrol went heavily up-stairs to rein his luggage. The crazy staircase shook and groaned under his feet as tho he had been carrying a burden. The first thing he did was to close the shutters most carefully as tho he had been afraid of a breath of night air. Next he bolted the door of the room. Then sitting on the floor, with the candlestick standing between his widely straddled legs, he began to undress, flinging off his coat and dragging his shirt hastily over his head.

The secret of his heavy movements was disclosed in the fact that he had been wearing next his bare skin, like a penitent his hair shirt, a sort of waistcoat made of two

thicknesses of old sail-cloth and stitched all over, in the manner of a quilt, with tarred twine. Three horn buttons closed it in front. He undid them, and after he had slipped off the two shoulder-straps which prevented this strange garment from sagging down on his hips he started rolling it up. Notwithstanding all his care there were during this operation several faint chinks of some metal which could not have been iron.

His bare torso thrown backward and sustained by his right, big arms heavily tattooed on the white skin above the elbows, Peyrol drew a long breath into his broad chest with a pepper-and-salt pelt down the breast-bone. And not only was the breast of Citizen Peyrol relieved to the fullest of its athletic capacity, but a change had also come over his large physiognomy, on which the expression of severe stolidity had been simply the result of physical discomfort.

It isn't a trifle to have to carry girt about your ribs and hung from your shoulders a mass of mixed foreign coins equal to sixty or seventy thousand francs in hard cash; while as to the paper money of the republic Peyrol had already enough experience of it to estimate the equivalent in cart-loads. A thousand of them. Perhaps two thousand. Enough in any case to justify his flight of fancy, while looking at the countryside in the light of the sunset, that what he had on him would buy all that soil from which he had sprung: houses, woods, vines, olives, vegetable gardens, rocks, and salt lagoons—in fact the whole landscape including the animals in it.

But Peyrol did not care for the land at all. He did not want to own any part of the solid earth, for which he had no love. All he wanted from it was a quiet nook, an obscure corner out of men's sight where he could dig a hole unobserved.

That would have to be done pretty soon, he thought. One could not live for an indefinite number of days with a treasure strapped round one's chest. Meantime an utter stranger in his native country, the landing in which was perhaps the biggest adventure in his adventurous life, he threw his jacket over the rolled-up waist-coat and laid his head down on it after extinguishing the candle. The night was warm. The floor of the room happened to be of planks, not of tiles. He was no stranger to that sort of couch.

With his cudgel laid ready at his hand, Peyrol slept soundly till the noises and the voices about the house and on the road woke him up shortly after sunrise. He threw open the shutter, welcoming the morning light and the morning breeze in the full enjoyment of idleness which to a seaman of his kind is inseparable from the fact of being on shore. There was nothing to trouble his thoughts; and tho his physiognomy was far from being vacant, it did not wear the aspect of any sort of meditation.

It was by the merest accident that he had discovered

during the passage, in a secret recess within one of the lockers of his prize, two bags of mixed coins: gold mohurs, Dutch ducats, Spanish pieces, English guineas. After making that discovery he had suffered from no doubts whatever. Look big or little was a natural fact of his free-booter's life. And now when by the force of things he had become a master gunner of the navy he was not going to give up his find to confounded landmen, mere sharks, hungry quill-drivers, who would put it in their own pockets.

As to imparting the intelligence to his crew (all bad characters) he was much too wise to do anything of the kind. They would not have been above cutting his throat. An old fighting sea-dog, a Brother of the Coast, had more right to such a find than anybody on earth. So at odd times while at sea he had busied himself within the privacy of his cabin in constructing the ingenious canvas waistcoat in which he could take his treasure ashore secretly. It was bulky, but his garments were of an ample cut; and no wretched customs-guard would dare to lay hands on a successful prize-master going to the Port Admiral's offices to make his report.

The scheme had worked perfectly. He found, however, that this secret garment, which was worth precisely its weight in gold, tried his endurance more than he expected. It wearied his body and even depressed his spirits somewhat. It made him less active and also less communicative. It reminded him all the time that he must not get into trouble of any sort—keep clear of rows, of intimacies, of promiscuous jollities. This was one of the reasons why he had been anxious to get away from the town. Once, however, his head was laid on his treasure he could sleep the sleep of the just.

Nevertheless in the morning he shrank from putting it on again. With a mixture of sailor's carelessness and of old-standing belief in his own luck he simply stuffed the precious waistcoat up the flue of the empty fireplace. Then he dressed and had his breakfast. An hour later, mounted on a hired mule, he started down the track as calmly as the setting out to explore the mysteries of a desert island.

HIS aim was the end of the Giens Peninsula, which, advancing like a colossal jetty into the sea, divides the picturesque roadstead of Hyères from the headlands and curves of the coast forming the approaches of the port of Toulon. The path along which the sure-footed mule took him (for Peyrol once he had put his head the right way made no attempt at steering) descended rapidly to a plain of arid aspect, with the white gleams of the Salins in the distance, bounded by bluish hills of no great elevation. Soon all traces of human habitations disappeared from before his roaming eyes. This part of his native country



THE WILDEST RUMORS HAD BEEN ALREADY SET FLYING. PEYROL ELBOWED HIMSELF THROUGH THE CROWD SOMEHOW, BUT IT CONTINUED TO MOVE AFTER HIM. A VOICE CRIED OUT "WHERE DO YOU COME FROM, CITIZEN?"

was more foreign to him than the shores of the Mozambique Channel, the coral strands of India, the forests of Madagascar.

Before long he found himself on the neck of the Giens Peninsula, impregnated with salt and containing a large lagoon, particularly blue, darker and even more still than the expanse of the sea to the right and left of it, from which it was separated by narrow strips of land not a hundred yards wide in places. The track ran indistinct, presenting no wheel-ruts, and with patches of efflorescent salt as white as snow between the tufts of wiry grass and the particularly deep-looking bushes. The whole neck of land was so low that it seemed to have no more thickness than a sheet of paper laid on the sea.

Citizen Peyrol saw on the level of his eye, as if from a mere raft, sails of various craft, some white and some brown, while before him his native island of Porquerolles rose dull and solid beyond a wide strip of water. The mule, which knew rather better than Citizen Peyrol where he was going, took him presently among the gentle rises at the end of the peninsula.

The slopes were covered with scanty grass; crooked boundary-walls of dry stones ran across the fields, and above them, here and there, peeped a low roof of red tiles shaded by the heads of delicate acacias. At a turn of the ravine appeared a village with its few houses, mostly with their blind walls to the path, and, at first, no living soul in sight. Three tall platanes, very ragged as to their bark and very poor as to foliage, stood in a group in an open space; and Citizen Peyrol was cheered up by the sight of a dog sleeping in the shade.

The mule swayed with great determination toward a massive stone trough under the village fountain. Peyrol, looking round from the saddle while the mule drank, could see no signs of an inn. Then examining the ground nearer to him, he perceived a ragged man sitting on a stone. He had a broad leathern belt, and his legs were bare to the knees. He was contemplating the stranger on the mule with stony surprise. His dark, nut-brown face contrasted strongly with his gray shock of hair. At a sign from Peyrol he showed no reluctance, and approached him readily without changing the stony character of his stare.

THE thought that if he had remained at home he would have probably looked like that man crossed unbidden the mind of Peyrol. With that gravity from which he seldom departed he inquired if there were any inhabitants besides himself in the village. Then to Peyrol's surprise that destitute-looking idler smiled pleasantly and said that the people were out looking after their bits of land.

There was enough of the peasant-born in Peyrol, still, to remark that he had seen no man, woman, or child, or four-toothed beast for hours, and that he would hardly have thought that there was any land worth looking after anywhere around. But the other insisted. Well, they were working on it, all the same, at least those that had any. At the sound of the voices the dog got up with a strange air of being all backbone and, approaching in dismal fidelity, stood with his nose close to his master's calves.

"And you," said Peyrol, "you have no land then?" The man took his time to answer. "I have a boat."

Peyrol was surprised when the man explained that his boat was in the salt pond, large, deserted, and opaque sheet of water lying dead between the two great bays of the living sea. Peyrol wondered aloud why any one should want a boat on it.

"There is fish there," said the man.

"And is the boat all your worldly goods?" asked Peyrol.

The flies buzzed; the mule hung its head, moving its ears and flapping its thin tail languidly.

"I have a sort of hut down by the lagoon and a net or two," the man confessed, as it were.

Peyrol, looking down, completed the list by saying: "And this dog."

The man again took his time to say: "He is company."

Peyrol sat as serious as a judge. "You haven't much to make a living of," he delivered himself at last.

"However!—Is there no inn, café, or some place where one could put up for a day? I have heard up inland that there was some such place."

"I will show it to you," said the man, who then went back to where he had

been sitting and picked up a large empty basket before he led the way. His dog followed with his head and tail low, and then came Peyrol dangling his heels against the sides of the intelligent mule, which seemed to know beforehand all that was going to happen.

At the corner where the houses ended there was an old wooden cross stuck into a square block of stone. The lonely boatman of the lagoon of Pequiran pointed in the direction of a branching path where the rises terminating the peninsula sank into a sort of pass. There were leaning pines on the sky-line, and in the pass itself dark silvery-green patches of olive-orchards below a long yellow wall backed by dark cypresses, and red roofs of buildings that seemed to belong to a farm.

"Will they lodge me there?" asked Peyrol. "Why, I don't know. They will have plenty of room; that's certain. There are no travelers here. But as for a place of refreshment, it was always that. You have got only to walk in. If he isn't there the mistress is sure to be there to serve you. She belongs to the place. She was born on it. We know all about her."

"What sort of woman is she?" asked Citizen Peyrol, who was very favorably impressed by the aspect of the place.

"Well, you are going there. You shall soon see. She is young."

"And the husband?" asked Peyrol, who, looking down as it were into the other's steady upward stare, detected a flicker in the brown, slightly faded eyes. "Why are you staring at me like this? I haven't got a black skin, have I?"

The other smiled, showing in the thick pepper-and-salt growth on his face as sound a set of teeth as Citizen Peyrol himself. There was something shy in it, embarrassed, but not unfriendly, and he uttered a phrase from which Peyrol discovered that the man before him, the lonely hirsute, sunburned and hunched human being at his stirrup, nourished patriotic suspicions as to his character. And this seemed to him outrageous. He wanted to know in a severe voice whether he looked like a confounded landsman of any kind. He swore also without, however, losing any of his dignity of expression inherent in his type of features and in the very modeling of his face.

"For an aristocrat you don't look like one, but neither do you look like a farmer or a pedler or a patriot. You don't look like anything that has been seen here for years and years and years. You look like me, I dare hardly say what. You might be a priest."

Astonishment kept Peyrol perfectly quiet on his mule. "Do I dream?" he asked himself mentally. "You aren't mad?" he asked aloud. "Do you know what you are talking about? Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"All the same," persisted the other innocently, "it is much less than ten years ago since I saw one of them of the sort they call bishops that had a face exactly like yours."

Instinctively Peyrol passed his hand over his face. What could there be in it? Peyrol could not remember ever having seen a bishop in his life. The fellow stuck to his point, for he puckered his brow and murmured:

"Others too—I remember perfectly. It isn't so many years ago. Some of them skulk among the villages yet for all the chasing they get from the patriots."

The sun blazed on the boulders and stones—and bushes in the perfect stillness of the air. The mule, disregarding with republican stoicism the neighborhood of a stable within less than a hundred and twenty yards, dropped its head and even its ears and dozed as if in the middle of a desert. The dog, as if changed into stone

at his master's heels, seemed to be dozing too with his nose near the ground.

Peyrol had fallen into a deep meditation, and the boatman of the lagoon awaited the solution of his doubts without eagerness and with something like a grin within his thick beard. Peyrol's face cleared as if he had solved the problem, but there was a shade of vexation in his tones.

"Well, it can't be helped," he said. "I learned to shave from the English. I suppose that's why the matter."

At the mane of the English the boatman wrinkled up his ears. "One can't tell where they are all gone to," he murmured. "Only three years ago they swarmed about this coast in their big ships. You say nothing but then, and they were fighting all round Toulon and there, in a week or two, *crack*—nobody! Cleared out devil knows where. But perhaps you would know."

"Oh, yes," said Peyrol, "I know all about the English; don't you worry me."

"I am not troubling my head. It is for you to think about what's best to say when you speak with him up there. I mean the master of the farm."

"He can't be a better patriot than I am, for all my shaven face," said Peyrol. "That would only be strange to a savage like you."

WITH an unexpected sigh the man sat down at the foot of the cross, and, immediately, his dog went off a little way and curled himself up amongst the tufts of grass.

"We are all savages here," said the forlorn fisherman of the lagoon. "But the master up there is a patriot from the town. If you were ever to go to Toulon and ask people about him they would tell you. He first became busy purveying the guillotine when they were purifying the town from all aristocrats. That was even before the English came."

"After the English got driven out there was more of that work than the guillotine could do. They had to kill traitors in the streets, in cellars, in their beds. The corpses of men and women were lying in heaps along the quays. There were a good many of his sort that got the name of drinkers of blood. Well, he was one of the best of them. I am only just telling you."

Peyrol nodded. "That will do me all right," he said. And before he could pick up the reins and hit for his heels the mule, as tho it had just waited for his words, started off along the path.

In less than five minutes Peyrol was dismounting in front of a low, long addition to a tall farmhouse with very few windows, and flanked by walls of stones enclosing not only the yard, but apparently a field or two also. A gateway stood open to the left, but Peyrol dismounted at the door, through which he entered a bare room with rough whitewashed walls and a few wooden chairs and tables, which might have been a café. He tapped with his knuckles on the table. A woman with a fish round her neck and a striped white-and-red skirt, with black hair and a red mouth, appeared in an inner doorway.

"*Bonjour, Citoyenne*," said Peyrol. She was so started by the unusual aspect of this customer that she answered him only by a murmured "*Bonjour*," but in a moment she came forward and waited expectantly. The perfect oval of her face, the color of her smooth cheeks, and the whiteness of her throat forced from Citizen Peyrol a slight hiss through his clenched teeth.

"I am thirsty, of course," he said, "but what I really want is to know whether I can stay here."

The sound of mule's hoofs outside caused Peyrol to start, but the woman arrested him. "She is only going to the shed. She knows the way. As to what you said, the master will be here directly. Nobody ever comes here. And how long would you want to stay?"

The old rover of the sea looked at her searchingly. "To tell you the truth, Citoyenne, it may be, in a manner of speaking, forever."

She smiled in a bright flash of teeth without guile or any change in her restless eyes, that roamed about a empty room as the Peyrol had come in, attended by a crowd of shadows.

"It's like me," she said. "I lived as a child here."

"You are but little more than that now," said Peyrol, examining her with a feeling

that was no longer surprise or curiosity, but seemed to be lodged in his very heart.

"Are you a patriot?" she asked, still surveying the invisible company in the room.

Peyrol, who had thought that he had "done with all that damned nonsense," felt angry and also at a loss for an answer.

"I am a Frenchman," he said bluntly. "At last!" called out an aged woman's voice through the open inner door.

"What do you want?" she answered readily.

"There's a saddled mule come into the yard."

"All right. The man is here." Her eyes, which had steadied, began to wander again all round and about the motionless Peyrol. She moved a step nearer to him and asked in a low, confidential tone: "Have you ever carried a head on a pike?"

Peyrol, who had seen fights, massacres on land and sea, and taken part of several times in the most bloody battles, was not in attack and defense, found himself at first bereft of speech by this simple question, and next moved to speak blithely.

No. I have heard men boast of having done so. They were mostly braggers with craven hearts. But what is all this to you?"

She was not listening to him, the quick eye of her white, even teeth pressing her lower lip, her eyes never at rest. Peyrol remembered suddenly the sansculotte—the blood-drinker. Her husband. Was it possible? Well, perhaps it was possible. He could not tell. He felt his utter incompetence. As to catching her glance, you might just as well have tried to catch a wild sea-bird with your hands. And altogether she was like a sea-bird—not to be grasped.

But Peyrol knew how to be patient, with that patience that is so often a form of courage. He was known for it. It had served him well in dangerous situations. Once it had positively saved his life. Nothing but patience. He could well wait now. He waited.

And suddenly as if tamed by his patience this strange creature dropped her eyelids, advanced quite close to him, and began to finger the lapel of his coat—something that a child might have done.

Peyrol all but gasped with surprise, but he remained perfectly still. He was inclined to hold his breath. He was touched by a soft, indefinite emotion, and as her eyelids remained lowered till her black lashes seemed to lie like a shadow on her pale cheek there was no need for him to force a smile. After the first moment he was not even surprised. It was merely the sudden movement, not the nature of the act itself, that had startled him.

"Yes. You may stay. I think we shall be friends. I'll tell you about the Revolution."

At these words Peyrol, the man of violent deeds, felt something like a chill breath at the back of his head. "What's the good of that?" he said.

"It must be," she said, and backed away from him swiftly, and, without raising her eyes, turned round and was gone in a moment, so lightly that one would have thought her feet had not touched the ground. Peyrol, staring at the open kitchen door, saw after a moment an elderly woman's head, with brown thin cheeks and tied up in a colored handkerchief, peeping at him fearfully.

"A bottle of wine, please!" he shouted at it.

THE affection common to seamen of never being surprised at anything that sea or land can produce had become in Peyrol a second nature. Having learned to suppress from a child every sign of wonder before all extraordinary sights and events, all strange people, all strange customs, and the most alarming phenomena of nature (as manifested, for instance, in the violence of volcanoes or the fury of human beings), he had never been indignant—or only perhaps utterly inexpressive. He had seen so much that was bizarre or atrocious, and had heard so many astounding tales, that his usual mental reaction before a new experience was generally formulated in the words, "I'en ai vu d'autres."

The last thing which had touched him with the panic of the supernatural had been the death under a heap of rags of that gaunt, fierce woman, his mother; and the last thing that had nearly overwhelmed him, at the age of twelve, with another kind of terror was the riot of sound and the multitude of mankind on the quays in Marseilles, something perfectly inconceivable from which he had instantly taken refuge behind a stack of wheat—acres after having been chased ashore from the tartan.

He had remained there cowering till a man in a cocked hat and with a saber at his side (the boy had never seen either such a hat or such a saber in his life) had seized him by the arm close to the armpit and had hauled him down from there; a man who might have been an ogre (only Peyrol had never seen one of his age), but at any rate in his own way was alarming and wonderful beyond anything he could have imagined—if the faculty of imagination had been developed in him then.

No doubt all this was enough to make one die of fright, but that possibility never occurred to him. Neither did he go mad; but, being only a child, he had simply adapted himself, by means of passive acquiescence, to the new and inexplicable conditions of life in something like twenty-two hours. After that he had never lost his equanimity, from flying fishes to whales and on to black men and coral reefs, to decks running with blood, and thrust in open boats, was comparatively plain sailing.

By the time he had heard of a revolution in France and of certain Immortal Principles causing the death of many

people, from the mouths of seamen and travelers and year-old galleons coming out of Europe, he was ready to appreciate contemporary history in his own particular way. Mutiny and throwing officers overboard—he had seen that twice, and he was on a different side each time. As to this upset he took no side. It was too far—too big—not distinct enough. But he acquired the revolutionary jargon quickly enough and used it on occasions with secret content.

What he had gone through—from a spell of crazy love for a yellow girl to the experience of treachery from a bosom friend and shipmate (and both those things Peyrol confessed to himself he could never hope to understand), with all the



"CAPTAIN VINCENT RECEIVED HIM WITH A GRIMLY QUESTIONING LOOK. MR. BOLT'S FIRST WORDS WERE TO THE EFFECT THAT HE BELIEVED THE CONFOUNDED SPOT TO BE BEWITCHED"

graduations of varied experience of men and passions between—had put him in a kind of universal scorn, a wonderful sedative, into the strange mixture which might have been called the soul of the returned Peyrol.

Therefore he not only showed no surprise, but did not feel any when he beheld the master, in the right of his wife, of the Escadillon. The homeless Peyrol, sitting in the bare salé with a bottle of wine before him, was in the act of raising the glass to his lips when the man entered, ex-orator in the sections, leader of red-capped mobs, hunter of the ci-devants and priests, purveyor of the guillotine; in short, a blood-drinker. And Citizen Peyrol, who had never been nearer than six thousand miles as the crow flies to the realities of the Revolution, put down his glass, and in his deep, unemotional voice said, "Salut!"

The other returned a much fainter "Salut" staring at the stranger, of whom he had already heard. His almond-shaped, soft eyes were noticeably shiny, and so was to a certain extent the skin on his high but rounded cheeks, colored red like a mask of which all the rest was but a mass of clipped chestnut hair growing so close and close around the lips as to hide altogether the design of the mouth, which, if any Citizen Peyrol knew, might have been of a quite ferocious character. A care-worn forehead and a perpendicular nose suggested a certain austerity proper to an ardent patriot.

He held in his hand a long bright knife, which he laid down on one of the tables at once. He didn't seem more than thirty years old; a well-made man of medium height, with a lack of resolution in his bearing. Something like disillusion was expressed in the set of his shoulders. The effect was subtle, but Peyrol became aware of it while he explained his case and finished the tale by declaring that he was a seaman of the republic and that he had always done his duty before the enemy.

The blood-drinker had listened profoundly. The high arches of his eyebrows gave him an astonished look. He came close up to the table and spoke in a trembling voice. "You may have! But you may, all the same, be corrupt. The seamen of the republic were eaten up with corruption paid for with the gold of the tyrants. Who would they

guess?" The English entered the harbor and landed in the town without opposition. The armies of the republic drove them out, but traitors stalked in the land; it comes up out of the ground, it sits at our hearthstones, lurks in the bosom of the representatives of the people, of our fathers, of our brothers. There was a time when civic virtue flourished, but now it has got to hide its head. And I will tell you why: there has not been enough killing. It seems as if there could never be enough of it. It's discouraging. Look at what we have come to!"

His voice died in his throat as though he had suddenly lost confidence in himself.

"Bring another glass, Citizen," said Peyrol, after a short pause, "and let's drink together. We will drink to the confusion of traitors. I abhor treachery as much as any man, but now it's the other hand returned, then poured out the wine, and after they had touched glasses, he and half emptied them, he put down his own and continued:

"But you see I have nothing to do with your politics. I was at the other side of the world; therefore you can't suspect me of being a traitor. You showed no mercy, you other sansculottes, to the enemies of the republic at home, and I

killed her enemies abroad, far away. You were cutting off heads, without much compunction."

The other most unexpectedly shut his eyes for a moment, then opened them very wide. "Yes, yes," he assented very low. "Pity may be a crime."

"Yes. And I knocked the enemies of the republic on the head whenever I had them. I was very busy, inquiring about the number. It seems to me that you and I ought to get on together."

The master of Escampobar Farmhouse murmured, however, that in times like these nothing could be taken as proof positive. It behaved every time as if he were suspicious in his breast. No sign of impatience escaped Peyrol. He was rewarded for his self-restraint and the unshaken good humor with which he had conducted the discussion by carrying his point.

CITIZEN SCEVOLO BRON, for that appeared to be the name of the master of the farm, an object of fear and dislike to the other inhabitants of the Giens Peninsula, might have been influenced by a wish to have some one with whom he could exchange a few words, and to the same. No villagers ever came up to the farm, or were likely to, unless perhaps, in a body and animated with hostile intentions. They resented his presence in their part of the world suitably.

"Where do you come from?" was the last question he asked.

"I left Toulon two days ago."

Citizen Scévola struck the table with his fist, but this manifestation of energy was very momentary. "And that was the town of which by a decree not a stone upon another was to be left," he exclaimed, much depressed.

"Most of it is still standing," Peyrol assured him calmly. "I don't know whether it deserved the fate you say was

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"A Grand Woman"

BY ROBERT W. SNEDDON

Illustrations by Nat Little



HERE are propitious moments when a sound, an odor, a flash of color, a phrase of dialect or foreign language heard in passing, will suddenly half-muddle and expectant. I know that the door of the past is about to open and that with the eyes of a man I am

to see again the sights of boyhood. I am to be vouchsafed from the experience of years answers to mysteries, to learn the meaning of that which puzzled me for a little while in past days and was then sealed within my mind to await the coming of knowledge. It is as tho from the shelves of my memory I took down a dusty, long-forgotten book and to my amazement found that which I thought to be Greek was printed in a tongue perfectly familiar to me.

It was a yellow dress, the jolt and rattle of a freight-train snorting below Riverside Drive, and a swift breath of salt-laden air upon my lips that without warning carried me back to the little seaport of Carlington in the North of England.

The short, squat wagons of ore from Spain on their way to the iron-works were jolting on the uneven rails along the quayside, the tiny pug-engine snorting black smoke and steam, the rattle of chains and shock of buffer upon buffer as it turned the corner at the old house to climb the hill. A brilliant sun sparkled on the sea now filling the harbor that at low tide was an expanse of ocher-colored mud; there was the graystone sea-wall with the lighthouse at the end, and coming slowly toward us Mrs. Bird, a lace parasol tilted over her shoulders, her ripe, red lips in a dreamy smile, her yellow-silk dress swelling about her, cut sharply across one hip by the leash of the fluffy white dog she dragged behind her.

She spoke to us, and mumbling some hurried reply, we stood aside to let her pass. When her back was to us we snickered and pushed each other.

"Aw, come on," said my cousin. "Never mind her. Tug's going out."

We vaulted the low wall and ran along the quay, waving our arms.

"Captain! Wait for us. Can we go with you?"

Captain Ward, grizzled and lean, in blue coat and brass buttons, leaped over the bridge-rail and screwed up his eyes.

"Too rough for boys!" he said curtly, then after a pause, "However, tumble in if you want to be sick."

"We sha'n't be sick!" we protested, and slid aboard.

The bell clanged in the engine-room; there was a scurry of water at the stern. Round the breakwater nosed the tug, past the rusting wreck, and caught the snore and snarl of the sea.

Clinging to rail and watching Joe and Dick colling the hawser at the stern, I caught these words:

"T' lass in yellow dress must cost t' ow'd man a pretty penny."

"Takes th' eye, don't she, with her umbrellah and her dog?"

"A right gay bewitch, I says."

I was surprised at their ignorance, and, all eagerness, I slid down the iron ladder to the deck.

"Don't you know, Joe?" I cried, proud of my superior knowledge. "You're talking about Mrs. Bird, aren't you?"

Well, her little dog isn't—ain't what you said; it's a gentleman dog. I heard Mr. Beckles, the vet, tell my aunt."

Joe stared at me, then at Dick, and winked. "Quite right, son. We made a mistake, eh, Dick? The lady's dog ain't no bewitch."

Dick mumbled, spat overboard, then, returning, stared at me and scratched his beard.

"You see," I explained, "he was sick, and Mr. Beckles came to my uncle's dispensary for a powder, and that's the way I heard."

"Right smart lad, ain't he, Dick?" said Joe solemnly, and clapped me on the shoulder. "T' doctor's nephew knows what's what."

I went up the ladder, quite elated with myself. My conversation was forgotten in the excitement which followed. Half a mile out a rusty, salt-caked tramp dipped and rose like a courtesying dame. There were shoutings and halings. Dark-skinned sailors with rings in their ears like pirates gesticulated wildly. We caught their line; our hawser slid overboard and was made fast. We turned toward the breakwater.

My uncle's house was in the center of the main street. Going up three steps to the door with the knocker, if you were a patient you went to the left into the consulting-room with its charts and glass-fronted cupboards. Beyond it lay the dispensary, with shelf upon shelf of bottles and ointment-pots of blue china lettered in gold. An odor of drugs was in the air. Here, since there was no chemist's shop in the town, my aunt measured cough-mixtures and tonics, rolled pills, and with a spatula mixed healing-salves on a slab of marble.

On the right of the front door was the drawing-room, with broadened furniture, paintings of flowers—my aunt's handiwork, much china, cabinets of silver snuff-boxes, old watches, tiny cases to contain aromatic perfumes, shells, ostrich eggs, and the like. At the back of the hall was the dining-room, low and cool. At the French window stood a huge bowl of goldfish, and beyond the garden, glowing with flowers, fragrant with currant- and gooseberry-bushes, strawberry- and celery-beds.

Two ancestral pear-trees spread their shade over a tiny paved stretch on which opened the kitchen, pantry, and laundry. If you opened the door at the foot of the garden you found yourself on the edge of the beck, a tiny stream

full of minnows and tadpoles, and, crossing the shaky little bridge, a hill rose in front of you, at the top of which lay a green pond, the refuge of frogs.

When there was company to meals my cousin and I ate in the kitchen, under the eyes of the fat cook and the slender housemaid. Seated at the table, with slices of brown bread smeared with rum-butter, a delectable compound of butter, brown sugar, and rum beaten into a paste, we heard chatter and gossip that apparently went in one ear and out the other. I remember I thought Clara a pretty girl with her white skin and languid ways, and I never lathomed why she suddenly began to have fits of crying, rocking herself backward and forward in a Windsor chair. I had seen her often talking to Herbert, a young man of good family who lived a few houses away.

Herbert used to come in through the back gate of the garden and ask if Ernest was with us. Ernest was his fat brother, whom we occasionally allowed to play with us, principally because he had a wonderful farmyard of wooden animals, sheds, and barns. If Ernest wasn't with us he would ask if Clara was in the kitchen, and then give us pennies to buy chocolate at Mr. Blosson's grocery.

ONE night after we went to bed I heard loud talking, and then my uncle's voice, angry—a rare thing for him. "If I catch you here again, Herbert, I'll horsewhip you," and some one answering him in a low tone.

Two days later Clara went away mysteriously to visit her aunt, who lived somewhere away off—where I never thought to ask—and we never saw her again.

Cook was very cross and would answer no questions. Once I heard her say something to one of her friends: "Poor Clara drove away, and there's that Mrs. Bird, proud and haughty; my lady ain't no better—"

It puzzled me why she should be talking about Clara and Mrs. Bird together like that. I was sorry Clara went away, selfishly sorry because we never saw Herbert now and again, and got no pennies.

We had so much to do that we had little time to think about anything but our games. Over the stable was an attic, where we labored to set up a stage and arrange a representation of a popular entertainment then on its last legs—"Pepper's Ghost" show. There was a window frame, dusty and cobwebbed in which we saw an amazing



"THERE WAS THE GRAYSTONE SEA-WALL WITH THE LIGHTHOUSE AT THE END, AND COMING SLOWLY TOWARD US MRS. BIRD, HER RIFE, RED LIPS IN A DREAMY SMILE"

stage property. Through it the ghost within the haunted house was to appear. But we never reached a performance.

When we were not engaged upon adventures of our own invention—bathing, sailing stormy seas on the tug, paddling in the harbor, picnicking—we were set to work in the garden; or, dressed with care, faces scrubbed and glowing, hair slipped down with a hard brush, we were taken calling.

The society of Carlington was limited and select. The workers at the iron-works—mostly Roman Catholics imported from Ireland, who clattered over the cobbles in the early hours of the morning in their clogs—heavy, iron-bound leather shoes, and on Saturday nights enjoying breaches of the peace, singing, and riotously merry, were beyond the pale maintained by a community of retired sea captains, sea captains' widows, sisters, orphans, the owners of the iron-works, the harbor-master, my aunt and my uncle the doctor, and the rector of the Church of England, younger son of an old and notable family. Some concession was made unwillingly to the Methodist minister, but such was the snobbery in the city that we only played with his sons when we could get nobody else.

There was Miss Fennel, birdlike and chirping, her hands folded primly over her tiny black-silk apron, sitting in state in her little drawing-room, so full of Chinese tapestries, Mandarin coats, china, bronze ducks, pheasants, elephants, and dragons, that we never dared move from the stools on which we were planted. We ate thin bread and butter and very small pieces of rich cake, taking care to say thank you and not to drop crumbs on the carpet, listening to talk and wondering when we would be free.

On one of our visits I was waiting to carry out a long-devised project, to ask to be allowed to hold in my hands a frigate in miniature, with brass guns, even with a tiny figure on deck—perhaps Nelson—and while my aunt and Miss Fennel kept speaking I fidgeted till the moment came when in a lull I could put in a word. They were talking in low tones, and I could only catch snatches here and there: "Such a handsome man, Mr. Brewer—"

"—so gentlemanly. Only—"

"A great pity—that Mrs. Bird—"

"—housekeeper—I don't know what he'd do without her."

Miss Fennel slapped her hand upon her knee. "My

dear Emma, you surely don't think that. Housekeeper, indeed. I, for one, don't swallow that story."

"She does keep house for him," said my aunt sharply.

"Besides she is his cousin."

Miss Fennel snorted. "Very pretty. I thought you had more sense, Emma. What's this I hear? She's had the doctor to see her. What did he say about her?"

"A very pleasant, agreeable woman, and really, Elizabeth, I don't see—"

"That new silk dress never cost a penny less than five pounds. That's a fortune for a housekeeper. Besides, Agnes says—Elise told her quite simply—these French-women are terrible—"

Miss Fennel's voice dropped to a whisper: "—his own room—no sense of shame—"

My aunt coughed, and Miss Fennel shot a sharp look at us. "Little ears!" she said.

I drew a long breath. Now was my chance to get in my request.

But my aunt was quicker. "You can go home, both of you, straight home. Shake heads with Miss Fennel like little gentlemen. Off with you now."

WE SCRAMBLED out of the house. "I don't like Miss Fennel," I said, "but maybe some time she'd give me that ship. What does a woman want with a ship?"

My cousin shook his head. "She wouldn't give you a thing. All she does is drink tea and talk, talk."

"Why doesn't she like Mrs. Bird, Bird. Mrs. Bird's lots nicer than her. She gave us a bunch of grapes Monday. I think she's awful kind, and I like Mr. Brewer. He's always so jolly and makes jokes with us."

"I like her too," agreed my cousin, "and he gave me a shilling on my birthday, and I bought a cap-pistol."

"I don't see why they don't like her," I persisted.

My cousin squirmed impatiently; he was younger than I. "I know where there's a couple of big pears on the tree. Gimme a yard and I'll race you. First home gets the biggest. One—two—three!"

It must have been a week later that my uncle, who always walked with his head very high so that his beard seemed to flow out from his chin, came into the garden. My aunt, gauntless on her hands, was packing pears into baskets, pears which we were catching in a sheet, while Larry Dodd, the groom, shook the tree.

"Ah, ha!" cried my uncle, rubbing his hands; such fine strong hands they were. "We can't eat all these. You don't catch me doctoring tummyaches for young guzzlers." He tweaked my ear. "How many pears have you stowed away to-day?"

"Four," I said meekly, "little ones."

"More work for the undertaker, another little job for the tombstone-maker," hummed my uncle. "This won't do. Never in the world. Emma, make up a nice basket and send these sons of toll with it to Mr. Brewer with our compliments."

My aunt went over to him and said something in a low voice.

"Nonsense!" said my uncle sharply. "Rubbish! Dear Brewer, I am surprised. Gossiping old cats. Here, give me a nice basket."

He packed a basket with luscious pears. "Now, juvenile pirates and highway robbers, convey this to Mr. Brewer's castle on the hill, and if you eat any of these pears on the way, I'll pickle you both in glass bottles. Off with you! The animals will be fed with a couple of bull's-eyes apiece before bed. Verb. sap."



"LARRY WAS A HUNCHBACK WHO MADE SHIPS, AND HE WAS MAKING ONE APiece FOR US"

The last two words we did not understand, but the promised reward of two succulent candies spurred us on. The bull's-eyes were kept in a great glass bottle, which had to be shaken vigorously—just like a medicine-bottle—before taking, to loosen the sticky contents.

Bearing the basket on a pole supported by our shoulders, in imitation of a picture in a Sunday book, its title now forgotten, a book of Bible stories, where the Israelites were depicted laden with bunches of grapes as large as oranges, we set out. We evaded fat Ernest, who followed our passage with greedy eyes and wheedling arguments that one would never be missed, and reached Mr. Brewer's house.

The house was perched on a little hill. There was a little iron gate on the rising from Mr. Brewer's window of stone steps. Before the door was a flagstaff, while on the lawn a Japanese umbrella shaded Mr. Brewer, reclining in a steamer-chair. I am sure Mr. Brewer was asleep, for he looked at us several times before he opened his mouth in a jolly laugh.

"Two callers, my dear!" he cried out. "Ransack the pantry and tell Elise to bring out some beer. No, on second thoughts, make it lemonade."

Mrs. Bird showed at the door in a white-lace dress, and we ducked shyly. "All right, Ted," she called back, and went inside.

We delivered our message, and Mr. Brewer rose lazily, a large man who wore white vests, and always a flower in his lapel. He fumbled in his vest-pocket with a quizzical look at us. What he would have brought forth I never will know, for at that moment the iron gate clicked, and he said sharply:

"Who can that be?"

I turned to see. "It's the rector coming up," I told him.

Mr. Brewer stood very still, then slowly took his fingers from his vest pocket.

The rector came up on the lawn, a handsome man, fine of nose and face, graying hair, his clothes always spick and span. He raised his hand, and the rings on it flashed.

"How do, Brewer? May I have a word with you—alone—if you please?"

He spoke so softly and so pleasantly, with a smile for us, that we did not grasp that he wanted us to go.

"Alone!" said Mr. Brewer, staring at him. "Why? Oh, very well. Run along, boys; you'll find something in the house. See what Polly is up to? She learned a new word to-day."

"Yes, run along, boys," repeated the rector, and waved his white hand toward the house.

We went into the house, the door being open, and into the dining-room where the parrot's cage was set near the window. Mrs. Bird was standing at the window looking out through the lattice, which were only half pulled to. As she took no notice of us we shuffled our feet, and she turned.

"Mr. Brewer told us to come in," I said.

"He said Polly had a new word," added my cousin, going over to the cage. "Pretty Polly. Scratch a head, Polly!"

The parrot considered us, head on one side, then, gripping a bar with one claw, blinked and said:

"Amy! Amy!"

"It's my name," said Mrs. Bird in a queer voice, still looking out of the window.

I wanted to say that Polly must have learned it from Mr. Brewer, for he said the name in such a deep voice, but Mrs. Bird didn't seem to want to speak to us, so I said nothing, but stared about me at the prints of horses and old coaches on the walls.



"JUST AS WE GOT TO THE DOOR OF THE DINING-ROOM MR. BREWER CAME IN, WALKING VERY UPRIGHT. HE STARED OVER OUR HEADS AT MRS. BIRD, THEN STOPPED SUDDENLY"

BLACK ERIC'S SON

BY GENEVIEVE LARSSON

Illustrations by Marie Abrams Larsson



HE thick heat that had lain all day over the Wisconsin fields died down, replaced by cool shadows and the fragrance of evening. The men, hurrying from the threshing-machine, wiped their dusty faces with figured red handkerchiefs, flicked the chaff from their sleeves. Gratefully they unbuttoned their shirts, which had been closed against the swirl of refuse, baring strong throats to the sweet air. Young Eric lingered behind. He glanced over the rolling expanse of stubble. The sight gave him a feeling of emptiness. His dark, vehement face relaxed into unhappy lines. It seemed to him the broad field, with its open stubble-ends, was bleeding to death. He followed the men, rounding the corner of the barn, and crossed the yard to where the supper-table, heaped with steaming dishes, stood ready under the trees.

Eric looked anxiously from one to the other of the merry group, yearning for their companionship, yet too long used to loneliness to enter into their jokes and laughter. All day he had been waiting for some one to say, "Well, Eric, are you all ready for the festival?" Or, "You'll have to bring your gun along, Eric, and show the rest of us how to shoot!" But no one had spoken to him about it.

A hot surge of blood pounded upward to Eric's face. Ingeborg, daughter of Kaisa, dressed in white muslin dotted with sprigs of blue flowers, was bringing out *sag-dicks* for the men. She held a large tankard firmly in her hands, passed back and forth among them, laughing and jesting. A rich color came and went in her high cheeks; her full, drooping lips were very red. When she stepped into the sun its rays caught in the heavy coils of her hair, and the color shifted and merged, now red, now gold and brown, like an Autumn leaf with light shining through. It fascinated Eric. She came toward him.

"Get your cup, Eric," she called. "They're over there on the bench." She motioned to a row of tin cups on a bench near the house. "This will give you an appetite for supper!"

Eric looked into her eyes, thrilling with the unwanted attention. "I'll—wash first," he stammered. "Ah, so particular!" she teased, her eyes curling up at the corners with laughter. Then, in an indifferent tone, "Very well. On the bench there."

"I—I haven't offended you, have I, Ingeborg?" he asked humbly. "Offended me?" she asked, without looking at him. "Not in the least."

As he went to the washing-bench he kept saying to himself, "I should have taken that drink—she was kind to offer it. I never can please her."

With much rejoicing the men took their places at the long, narrow table. Preacher Louie bowed his head for grace. "Let us give thanks for our full granaries," he said, his face falling into a mask of meanness.

"Time enough for that to-morrow!" a voice called out. "You can pray all day at the festival!"

"That's right, fool, not prayers, say 'I!' " *Ja, Gud, förstå den!* Preacher Louie confidentially addressed the Lord, at the same time reaching hurriedly for a dish of fried chicken.

"Pass *syltan*, there! Ah, but you're a good cook, Olga! Silent Sven is a lucky man!"

"Always have I said so!" cackled a high voice. "Pass the herring, and give me more potatoes!"

Olga, grown rather stout and matronly with prosperity and many children, blushed like a young girl at the compliment, and ran to the house for the coffee.

"Look who's coming! If it isn't Kaisa!" cried a young fellow, his eyes fixed on the path leading up the hill.

"A choice bit of gossip she must have this time, to be in such a hurry! *Herregud*, but her tongue grows sharp with age!"

Eric shrank back in his chair as Kaisa came panting up to them. A quick feeling of apprehension overcame him. He wondered what mischief Kaisa's evil tongue had wrought for him. For she never let his neighbors forget for a moment that he was the son of Black Eric, who had rushed headlong into the river, pursued by his guilty fear.

Preacher Louie looked up, smiling at Kaisa significantly. "I was expecting you," he said.

She breathed in short gasps, hovering over them like a bird of ill omen. Then she found her voice. "What did I tell you would happen to her when she went to town?" she asked exultantly. "Ah, ha!" She drew a long breath.

"Gerdas—you mean?" Ingeborg approached her mother avidly.

A deep shadow from the western hills spread over them. It infolded Eric like a smothering blanket. He grasped at the table with one hand, looked speechlessly at Silent Sven beside him.

"This is no place—" began Silent Sven.

"Well," Kaisa went on, her voice shrill and gloating, "it's happened."

The men fell to eating again, giving even more attention to the process.

Eric was miserable. He wanted to speak up for Gerdas, his little friend, but he was not much for talk, and now they would not understand his motive. Like as not they would blame it all on him if he said a word! Before him rose an incident of ten years ago, when Gerdas, always weak and yielding where her own defense was concerned, confronted defiantly a group of children taunting him with his father's crime. "Eric can't help it!" she had shrieked, blocking their path with thin arms outflung. "You leave him alone! And his father's dead! You leave him alone!"

"And the brazen thing expected me to take her in!" cried Kaisa indignantly. "To look after her in her trouble! I told her a few things; I showed her her place!"

"The wicked should be chastened," Preacher Louie agreed piously. "She must suffer for her sin!"

Olga returned from the house, and Kaisa quickly changed to another topic. "These young ones had to have their way, of course!" she cried, as the continuing something that had gone before. "It's ill luck to us, that river! Nothing would do at the last minute but they must choose the island for our festival. To be dragged out to that island in boats is bad enough!"

"You and Preacher Louie might walk out!" facetiously suggested one of the young men. Kaisa's eyes promptly extinguished his merriment.

"And then, too," she continued, "I suppose after we get

there the insane one will come over and bother us with his wild preaching!"

Eric listened, amazed. Now he understood why no one had invited him to the picnic! They had purposely chosen the island directly in front of his cabin to flout their rejoicing in his face, to make it impossible for him to be with them. For every one knew that he had never, since the death of his father, dared to venture on the river.

Ingeborg leaned over him. "I changed the place for the festival on account of you."

"Why?" he gulped.

"To be near you, of course!" Laughing lightly, she went on her way.

A sense of excitement pervaded Eric. The hum of voices became a meaningless jumble. He was carried away on a tide of happiness until he noticed Kaisa's eyes upon him, and heard distinctly, "More like his father every day!"

He got up from the table and started down the hill. Silent Sven followed him.

"Don't run away, Eric. I want to pay you for helping out."

"I want no money," said Eric, coldly.

Silent Sven threw an arm about Eric's shoulder. "Do you think I'll let you work for nothing, as the others do?" "I'll not take money," said Eric.

"It's the same with your carpentering," Silent Sven went on. "You make such fine cabinets and tables for them all. You work on their houses, but you take no pay!"

"Well," blurted Eric. "Well, I—I want them to forget—but they never will! I've helped them with their threshing. To-morrow they celebrate their full granaries. Did they invite me?" he asked passionately.

"Oh!" Silent Sven's face broke into a smile. "Ingeborg said she wanted to see you about that. The rest of us were not to mention it to you."

"Tell her," Eric stammered in surprise, "tell her I'll wait down here for her, by this oak!"

When Silent Sven had gone Eric threw himself upon the ground. His huge body trembled. Ingeborg, the unattainable, was coming to him! Perhaps—perhaps she was fond of him! If only he could get up courage to—ask her! To put the question to her! Many times she had teased him for being faint-hearted! Now he would show her. He grew cold at the thought. Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a bottle of clear white alcohol and drained it.

When Ingeborg came he sat up, glowing with fire. Her aprigged muslin was rumpled from working in the kitchen. She sat down beside him, and he turned to her. She was like a magnet holding him with a strong current that seemed to make them one, that bound them together in a restless flame.

"I'll work no more for folks in threshing-time," she announced, petulantly. "Well, Eric, what did you want to see me about?"

"I—I thought you wanted—to see me!" he asked, fear clutching him at the coolness of her tone.

"Silent Sven said you were waiting for me," she insisted.

"Well," he faltered. "About to-morrow. Didn't you have something to tell me—about the festival?"

"No," she answered, shaking her head. Then her slanting eyes laughed into his. "Except to tell you I'm going with Preacher Louie's August!"

"Ingeborg!" he choked.

"I might slip away," she said softly. "Slip away by myself, and come over to your cabin!"

He caught her hand, spurred to a quick fire of courage. "Ingeborg, if you could find it in your heart to—marry me!" His voice grew inarticulate.

She snatched her hand from his, leaped to her feet. "You think I'd marry you, son of Black Eric? You, that everybody laughs at, that is blamed for all the mischief in the whole countryside?" She threw back her head and laughed. "You are not so faint-hearted, Eric, but you are a fool!" She fled up the hill.

A black and uncontrollable rage seized Eric. Deep purple shadows lurked in the willows at the foot of the hill as he swung down. He might hide there, and when Ingeborg came past, leap at her, and—and—His strong fingers curled and twisted. He had a picture of her throat, full and white and beautiful. He would lie in the willows and wait. He remembered all the times Ingeborg had



"SO—I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT, SON OF BLACK ERIC! THIS—THIS CREATURE CAME TO THE RIGHT ONE IN HER EVIL DOING!"



"ERIC!" CRIED SILENT SVEN, STEADYING HIM. "WHAT IS IT?" HE OPENED HIS PARCHED AND BLEEDING LIPS. "GET TO MY CABIN—SAFE THERE!" HE GASPED. "THE FLOOD—THE FLOOD!"

laughed at him. There was the time when they were but children at school. The boys had brought a huge turtle up from the river. They poked at it with sticks and it snapped back. This made the boys angry, and they pounded it viciously, until the blood oozed out at the sides, and it could no longer crawl.

Then Gerda, the timid one, came flying into their midst, pushed aside the boys with small anguished hands. Down in the dust she got on her knees, sheltering the turtle.

"Please, please take it back to the river," she pleaded, weeping convulsively.

Eric removed his coat, placed the turtle in it, and carried it to the river. Ingeborg met him on his return. "Softy!" she mocked, her eyes slanting green in the sun. "You had to go and do as she told you to! Softy!"

All the rest of the day Gerda's large eyes had followed him gratefully.

He got to thinking now of Gerda's eyes. They were fine eyes, with always a hint of grief in them. Like the eyes of the mother in the picture that hangs in the church. Crooning—wistful—holding deep secrets. It seemed now that Gerda's eyes peered at him from everywhere. They seemed to fill the whole world.

He arose, and started up the road. His fingers relaxed from their clutching movement; he held his head high, and thought himself a man, thought what it would be like to have others look upon him as a man worthy of respect. He pretended it was so, and his shoulders squared. Quere Gerda was the only one who ever gave him this feeling of confidence in himself.

AS HE neared the river his kingly stride changed to halting steps. A sick trembling crept over him. He could not look at that river. He covered his eyes with his arm, knowing that, as always, he would be forced to look at it. Cursing, he let his arm fall. Silver slippacks flashed from the water, leaped upward, were gone. Hence he could conquer his fear for that river! Boats were lying on the gleaming sand-bar. He was impelled down the embankment. He would get into a boat, as he had so often done, before it happened. Then his fear would never torture him again.

Why, as a boy he had been the finest rower of them all! He crossed the sand-bar with faltering steps. Curling waves leaped upward sucklingly. Just so they had looked when his father—Eric had been there, had seen the waves swallow him up. They seemed to be creeping toward him now, reaching out for him. He turned, black terror in his heart, and rushed with great leaps back over the sand, up the embankment, and on out to the road. He dashed past the store, did not answer Wise Olaf's

greeting from the doorway as he swung on toward his cabin.

Set up from the road about fifty yards, under large trees, was the cabin Eric himself had built. The people had blamed him for leaving his old home. But they did not understand how the river called to him. Here he could brood over it, and curse it, at his will. He slumped on the door-step, leaned his throbbing head against the wall. He could see across the river to the other side, where Johannes's hut perched uncertainly on the bank. Poor Johannes, gone crazy over religion, and always preaching wildly. Behind his hut the trees rose, and in the cleft of one a yellow star was sitting. Eric wished on the star, ashamed of his childishness.

HE BECAME conscious of a figure approaching; picking her way painfully over the stones on the path, a bundle in her hand. In his surprise he remained rooted to the spot. "Gerda!" he cried as she reached him and sank wearily down.

"Oh, Eric, Eric!" she moaned. "There is no place for me to go—no place, no place. All day I've tramped, going from one to the other—no one will take me in. I tried—to jump into the river, but it's so—dark!"

"Hush, Gerda, do not weep so!" "Then I thought of you, of how kind you always were to me. You used to let me tramp with you through the woods." Her sobs broke out afresh. "All day I've walked from house to house—"

"Did you go to Silent Sven's?" "I couldn't go there. I was—so ashamed," she answered in a low voice. "They always expected the best of me. Olga is so good—said then there are the children. I couldn't—"

"To Preacher Louie's, Gerda? He might—"

"I went there last night, and he said dreadful things. He said—"

"I can well guess!" cried Eric. He remembered once, not long ago, when he had been in church, and all were renewing their vows. Eric had knelt with the others, groping for some comfort they seemed to find. And instantly Preacher Louie's voice had rung out: "O God, forgive this erring young man all his black sins!" With a loud oath Eric had stumbled from the church.

"Yes, Gerda, I can well guess what Louie would say and do."

"And so I came to you," Gerda went on. "I had to come—there was no other way."

"You don't mean—"

"I knew you would take me in," she sighed. "But, Gerda, you can't stay here! You know what they would say, what they would think!"

"Have they ever said aught but evil, thought aught but evil, of both of us?" she cried with sudden heat. "All your life they've seen nothing in you but that you looked like your father! They've held it against you—"

"But I am like him, Gerda, not only in looks. I often feel like murdering—"

"They've made you feel so!" she answered swiftly. "They've hated you until you can't be yourself. And me? What chance did they give me? Kains took me from the orphanage, but what for? To cook and wash for her and Ingeborg! When I left for the city they prophesied this—this would happen to me! I left because I wanted to find something better; a place for myself somewhere—" The rush of words ceased.

For pity of her Eric could not speak. "Kains would not give me a chance to tell her—about it. I worked for this family. The wife had gone away. The man—the man—" she faltered, leaning her head on her hands.

"Do not try to tell me, Gerda," pleaded Eric. "The man—I could not hold my own—"

"Do not tell it me," he urged, his fingers clutching, as a frightful picture rose in his imagination.

In her abandonment of grief she paid no heed to his words. "Afterward—when he found out—this—he wanted me to go to a doctor. It seemed wrong. I could not kill—" She turned to Eric, her voice rasping with sobs. "You see it would have been wrong, don't you, Eric? His wife sent me away—"

"I am not blaming you, Gerda," said Eric, gently. "She fell in a heap at his feet. She clasped his hands and wept over them, pressing her hot face against them. "You will take care of her," she prayed.

A swift fire of protecting pity invaded Eric. He helped her to her feet, picked up her bundle of clothes.

"I—I am so hungry, Eric!" It was the cry of a famished child.

"Haven't you—didn't you any one—" "No, Eric, not all day, not yesterday. And last night I slept in the woods, near your cabin—"

WHEN Eric had lighted the candles and had the coffee boiling on the stove he turned to look at her. He was shocked at the deep hollows under her eyes, the lines of suffering about her mouth. He remembered the old Gerda, quick and eager and responsive when he had taken her on tramps through the woods. Always she had reminded him of a wild wood-creature in her flying grace. Still, there was a softer loveliness about her now. A tight cord of paid pressed around Eric's heart.

"It's nice to have you here," he said, hoping to cheer

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Ten Days of Foy

BY WALLACE IRWIN

Mr. Algernon Swinburne Kelly Gets a Hard Run for His Money at Speedy Spouting Springs

Illustrations by
Herman Pfeiffer



"THEY TOOK NO NOTICE OF HIM. WHY, INDEED, SHOULD ONE NOTICE THAT WHICH, MORALLY, HAS BEEN BLOTTED OUT?"



HAVING assisted one another in night-locking the Upas Avenue branch of the Golden Rule Groceries, two young men walked together down the Summer street and held between them a pregnant silence. The slim and modish one, whose complete name was Algernon Swinburne Kelly, held aloof as would become any

youthful business man appointed to manage the Upas Avenue branch during the fortnight's vacation of its rightful chieftain. But the tall and shabby one, whose name was Hodder, slouched along, his whole attitude indicating boyish curiosity unmitigated by any worldly ambitions.

"Smoke?" asked young Kelly at last, snapping open one of those cigaret-cases which, costing three dollars, manage at a short distance to give the look of three hunderd.

"Gold tips!" marveled Hodder, taking one. "It always pays to get the best," explained Algy. "The dence it does." Uncouth Hodder took a puff before the comment. "There's nothing special about this smoke—except the tip."

"Tastes differ," explained Hodder with lordly toleration. "They had progressed another block toward Mrs. Culver's boarding-house, where they shared a room, before Hodder eased his mind of its burdening curiosity. Algy's afternoon performance had been the talk of the grocery. Mrs. Horatio Macmonie, consort of the infamous coal baron, had come to make a row about a bottle of tarragon vinegar. She had come like an Indian, to scalp—she had gone like a dove, to coo.

From every corner of the Upas Avenue branch Algy's temporary inferiors had beheld the prodigy—how that he had soothed her with fine words, presented her with a complimentary bottle of tarragon, escorted her to her car and chattered, so that all might hear, about her fashionable adventures at Spouting Springs Hotel. The Upas branch, well aware of Algy's social ambitions, had stood agog.

Therefore Hodder's next remark, as they strolled home through sultry streets, was to the point.

"Algy, you sure had that hen hawk feeding out of your hand."

"To what hen hawk do you refer?" This was coolly asked.

"You know fast enough. Ol' Mrs. Macmonie. "Is that any way to talk about important customers?" "Since when?" She does her heavy tradin' at Sweeney's and only comes round our way to pull your leg. Do you think you won her heart with that bottle o' vinegar? You hand her vinegar; she hands you a lemon. Joke! And, say! What'll you do when the boss gets back? Think he'll stand for you givin' free souvenirs o' vinegar to the rich and grand?"

"I've charged it against my personal expenses," explained Algy, detesting Hodder at that moment. He was slow.

"You're all right, Algy." Hodder burst into natural admiration. "You sure know how to handle the big bugs."

"I've had some practice," admitted the temporary manager, speaking out of a lifetime of imaginative experience. "You can't go at those sort of people with wooden shoes, you know."

"Guess not. You vamped her like you'd known her all your life. Humdinger with the ladies! What was you talkin' about so long out by her car?"

"Well—Algy had been considering all afternoon whether to confide in Hodder the magnitude of his amazing

plans. Temptation conquered. "Well, she was sort of asking my advice about things. It seems she had come to town during the coal conference, and she was wondering if it was a good plan to send her daughter—you know, Lida—down to the Springs."

"Spouting Springs?" murmured Hodder. Then, not without bitterness, "Don't the rich get it soft!" But Algy was busied with his new-fledged dream. Soon he spoke more guardedly.

"My vacation comes along next Saturday. I don't want to go to Steam Pool—much. Nobody important stops at dumps like that."

"Whoops, baby! Goin' to Newport?"

"No. Spouting Springs."

"What's the idee?" Hodder whistled twice. "What's the use of movin' to the other end of the valley? Steam Pool used to suit you fine. And Spoutin' Springs is a millionaires' dump. Costs five dollars to draw your breath."

"That's where you're all wrong, Hodder." He was indignant with the inferior mind. "You'll never get anywhere if you're satisfied with the cheap stuff. Look at the Macmonies. They demand the best—that's what puts ambition into people. Now, look at me. I've just been raised to a hundred a month—"

"At the Springs it costs a hundred to wipe your feet."

"What do you know about the Springs?"

"Rode by there lots of times when I was at Steam Pool. Never dared to go inside the hotel, but I've rubbed at the style. Your money wouldn't last ten minutes there."

"Of course small people figure in small ways. But I go at it different. Now, look here—I've been blowing a hundred and fifty every Summer for two weeks at Steam Pool—board's only twenty a week, but there's buggy-rides and everything. Now, isn't it foolish to squander like that on nothing?"

"Steam Pool looks pretty good to me," insisted Hodder.

"Probably. But here's how I figure it: you get ten times the value out of Spouting Springs and it don't cost more than twice as much. That's a point most people don't catch—it isn't what you spend, but what you get for your money. Follow me?"

"You can buy a swell lot with the money you ain't got, can't you?"

"Who's saying anything about the money he ain't got? I've laid away about two hundred dollars this year. If I spent that much at Steam Pool they'd fall dead. The way I add it up I can do pretty well at Spouting Springs ten days—"

"For ten minutes!" snorted Hodder, and questioned on,

"What would you do with the rest of your time?"

"Well—I'd rather come back to Mrs. Culver's a little early than bum around with a lot of second-raters at Steam Pool. I'll be satisfied with my vacation, even if it is a little short. I can say I've had ten days of joy, anyhow."

"At how much a day?" Hodder grinned, showing long gums.

"At Spouting Springs? Oh—" this in an offhand manner. "I can get one of the nicest rooms in the hotel—bath right across the hall and everything—for fourteen a day."

"Ouch!" cried Hodder, and was stilled.

But that evening Hodder, who usually went to the movies, stayed home, his apparent object being to spy on Algy. In their narrow bedroom the two joggled elbows while the ambitious one, his torso stripped to an underhirt, made an inventory. Four backed and rusty golf-clubs obtruded from a canvas bag whose bottom had come off last season. A certain girl at Steam Pool had mended it

for him, but the threads were loosening again—loosening like unfaithful memories. Heigho! What awful games they had played together around Steam Pool's hairy little course!

"Hodder," said Algy, coming out of the empyrae, "do me a little favor, will you? Lend me your tennis-racket."

"You got a nerve," said Hodder appreciatively.

"Aw! right!" snarled Algy, and slapped two pairs of flannel trousers on the bed. After a while Hodder's mind underwent a mysterious reaction, causing him to saunter to his trunk and disinter the racket under discussion.

"Look here, buddy," he said, "I guess you need about everything you can carry to put on style at the Springs. Only one thing—don't you go and look this for your bill—"

"Thanks ever so much." Algy took the racket.

"And, say, Algy—his roommate inhaled a cigaret, inspiring audacity—"Is that girl at Steam Pool this year?"

"Which girl?" Algy lifted his eyebrows as the gentry are supposed to do when imperitantly quizzed.

"Aw, you know, all right. That Southern one."

"Maybe you're referring," suggested Algy, swinging the racket to test its condition, "to a Miss Marchbanks I used to know."

"Maybe I am. You used to call her Daisy."

"So I did." Algy was painfully casual. "I lost forget her first name. Yes, I suppose she's at Steam Pool."

"Is that so?" Hodder stared blankly like a great red cat. After that he made himself inconspicuous and was not heard from again until he pulled on his shapless cloth hat and guessed he'd strolled around to the Gen in time for the nine o'clock show. His departure was a relief.

The untimely mention of Miss Marchbanks aroused certain smoldering fires, burning now without heat. Memories of moonlit rides in Mr. Bowman's jucey, and of basket picnics along the Blue Ridge slopes, and of noisy dances to the wheeze of the Steam Pool phonograph. Of course she would be going back to Steam Pool. Daisy had a Steam Pool mind.

"She'll never get out of that rut," he decided a little sadly, and busied himself with an inventory of soft shirts. One, two, three, four—his count was disturbed by a retrospective glint of auburn hair and card-colored eyes. She loved candy and soda-water and funny stories and slangy popular songs. She had a noisy laugh. He could hear her banjo's plang and her Southern drawl:

Good mawins', Mistah Zip, Zip, Zippy
With yo' hair cut just as short as mine

"Fudge!" said Algy to himself. "It's just as well I let that drop!"

Thus mused Napoleon after dismissing a once satisfactory Josephine. To gain the greater prize the smaller ones must be cast aside without foolish human regrets.

AS FAR as Honeycutt, Va., where you change cars for Spouting Springs and inferior points, Algy's trip was a success—with qualifications. At the last moment Hodder had come racing across the platform, his cloth hat awry, his necktie about his ears. Algy, who was stepping into the Pullman, turned at the howl, louder than any brakeman's:

"Goo-by, Algy! Remember me to all the gang at Steam Pool!"

Steam Pool! What did Hodder want to say that for? Algy made the best of it and swaggered into the train. All eyes were on him, he felt, as he followed the porter to his seat—number 131. Inner tumults subsided when the

colored man—in the confusion he had given him a dollar bill—backed away with, "Thank you, Cap'n! Thank you!" In his military service Algy had never been addressed by so important a title. It heartened him.

He was conscious, too, that his luggage attracted favorable attention. Across the aisle from him a pretty girl in blue was quite ignoring a bald gentleman with banker's side-whiskers and was giving Algy her serious attention. Her eyes, when they met his, fell and centered themselves on his socks. He was wearing the ones with apple-green stripes, and secretly he blessed them.

But those eyes were not long for him. When next he looked their way he found that they were where any young woman's should be nowadays—on the pages of a rather too candid British magazine. Crisply, and with a becoming display of lavender cuffs, Algy unfolded a morning paper, turned to the financial page, and glanced sternly down the stock reports. The old gentleman beside the girl in blue was doing the same. What better occupation for a man of affairs on his way to Spouting Springs! Standard Oil of New Jersey, Algy found, had advanced a quarter of a cent. He must give that matter more attention in the future.

The car was comfortably full of passengers of an aggressively capitalistic type; old ladies with bulging jowls, old gentlemen in platoriatric waistcoats, young ladies with short hair and heelless shoes, and most important of all, in Algy's estimation, broad-shouldered heroes of court and course who traveled in their golf-suits as they do to waste no time between the railroad-station and Spouting Springs lakes. These many specimens of our country life were loose-woven, baggy breeches like twin gunny-sacks, gathered in at the waist. They worried Algy a little. Shortly before the first call for luncheon the tallest, handsomest, and reddest of the outdoor gods came slouching over in garments that suggested rompers.

"Good morning, Miss Macmonigle!" he said. The girl in blue looked up, and so did Algy Kelly. So that was it! He was on the train with Horatio Macmonigle's surprisingly important daughter. He studied her around the corner of his paper and decided that she was perfect.

True, there was a certain resemblance to the stern-faced woman with the vinegar-bottle such a resemblance as the mountain lake bears to the furrowed crag which it reflects—forever on its sweet, blue surface. Not that there was anything blue about Miss Macmonigle's face, which flushed rosy.

At Honeycreek station Algy found himself standing amidst his luggage, little more than arm's length from Miss Macmonigle and the stout gentleman, who didn't seem more than half to appreciate her. She looked around at Algy with something like a smile. His heart sought boot-

"Uncle Bob," he overheard her complaint, which was like a little song, "don't you think we'll have time to change these seats? They're on the sunny side—hot as mustard."

This was Algy's chance, plainly offered by a doting

Providence. His straw hat came off so recklessly as to ruin the careful arrangement of his hair.

"Won't you take mine?" he implored!

"No, thanks." Her smile wasn't so kind after all. "We're sitting together. You're very good." She said the last as the goodnews were in the worst possible form.

WHEN the pumpkin-colored coaches of the A. and Z. came rattling in, Algy was among the last to enter his car. As he staggered down the aisle, a bag in either hand, a tennis-racket under his arm, his golf-clubs took advantage of the situation to trip him up and send him sprawling. Fortunately he landed in his own seat. It was number 23.

A group of young people, who had come in with the train and were skylarking at his end of the car, were so ill-mannered as to laugh quite boisterously. Publicity of this sort annoyed him, so he swung the other way. Somebody in that noisy corner was whanging a banjo to a penetrating contralto:

Settin' in jail,
Mah look to de wall,
It was a cross-eyed gal
De cause of it all.

Curiosity conquering pride, Algy peered around at "the cause of it all." He caught her looking straight at him, her large red mouth open in an ecstasy of song, her claret-colored eyes glinting dangerously like the wine they imitated. She had bobbed her reddish hair since last he saw her, and he wasn't sure he liked it. Now, with Miss Macmonigle bobbed hair was all right; somehow it added to her refined appearance. But Daisy—well, a loud girl like that couldn't afford to.

"Look who's here, girls! It can't be Algy Kelly!" Daisy Marchbanks shouted this aloud.

A cry went up from the Steam Pool gang, segregated in their corner. Pattie Conway, looking very hideous, had a young man on her arm of her chair. Algy vaguely remembered him. He lacked the Spouting Springs finish; so did they all.

Nicely imitating the shambling gait of the hero in the baggy breeches, Algy crossed to the noisy corner.

"How do you do, Miss Marchbanks?" "Talk of the devil!" she cried affably, and her voice carried to every corner of the Pullman car. "All the way up we've been saying that Steam Pool wouldn't be the same old place without our Algy. 'Got the room you had last Summer?"

"Well, not exactly," he faltered, lowering his voice. "Better look out or you won't get in!" she fairly shouted. "Sit down, Algy—here's the room on the arm of my chair."

He remained aloof, difficult, half determined to dismiss these underlings with a cutting remark. But he thought better of it and accepted Daisy's well-meant offer.

"You know Billy Hill?" Of course—he was there last year. You'll be crazy about the gang this season."

"And all the old ones back," chimed in Pattie. "Harry Swinger—everybody. Still sing whisky tenor, Algy?"

"My voice isn't much good any more," he explained. "What a shame!" cried Miss Marchbanks. "We wanted you to do a stunt for the vaudeville."

Things weren't going very well. Everybody looked embarrassed.

"We'll all be mighty glad to see you back, anyhow," Daisy protested.

"I shan't be going to Steam Pool this year," said Algy, taking this opportunity to speak out.

"Oh, Algy!" It was Pattie who rebuked him. "You're not thinking of one of those horrid old boarding-houses!"

"Hardly that. I'm stopping off at Spouting Springs." He said it rather dashingly, and had he been smoking he might have accompanied the remark with a careless

flick of the ash. He could almost feel Miss Macmonigle's admiring eyes on the smail of his face. Nobody spoke for a minute.

"Where'd you get that idea?" asked Mr. Hill. "Well," drawled Algy, and the slowness of his words belied the speed of his imagination. "Y'see I've been at the managing end all this year; we've doubled our business, and I got quite a lot of responsibility, being in the firm. Two or three times they've been after me to knock off for a couple o' weeks, but that ain't my way. I'm kind of a building man; I get a grip on anything—bad for the nerves, tho. But things are slackening up since the recognition, and the gang asked me down to Spouting Springs for a week or ten days. I'll get in some golf and sport around a little with the gang."

His tentative powers failed him there, and he observed that Daisy's eyes had shifted toward his leaky golf-bag. "Pretty rotten-looking bag," he cut ahead of her threatened comment. "But I just had to pack and run." The Hill boy snickered. Daisy Marchbanks still held her tongue, a dangerous state of affairs. Her retired adorer sidgled. In a saving moment Billy Hill came to his feet.

"Wasn't that Sid Downy just went through? I'll go tell 'em." And he started down the aisle, followed by Pattie.

When they were left to themselves Daisy lowered her voice at last and pointed toward the vacant chair.

"You sit there," she commanded, and when he obeyed, "Isn't it glorious!" she marvelled. Innocence shone in her bold, bright eyes.

"What's that?" Somehow he was afraid. "The way you're going right up and all. It seems only last week when you were in the grocery business—driving a wagon, wasn't it?"

"I never drove a wagon," he objected haughtily. "I thought they always began that way, the self-made millionaires. My father drove a wagon for a feed-store when he was a boy. But he never got to be a millionaire. You have to start awfully young, haven't you? Now, at your age—"

"I'm twenty-six," he supplied, and only lied a year. He found her looking at him with the eyes of an indulgent maiden aunt. Quer. She couldn't have been more than twenty-two herself.

"But at your age! You're president of something, aren't you?"

"General manager," he admitted. "The Golden Rule corporation is different from the old folks. They believe in pushing the young men to the front—the live wires, I mean."

Miss Marchbanks plucked dreamily at her banjo.

"If I were you," she said suddenly, breaking a sweat bar in twain, "I wouldn't come to Steam Pool this Summer."

"Why not?" This was unexpected. "We haven't got much to offer. I read in the papers that Spouting Springs never had such a gay season. And we—all at Steam Pool are just plain folks."

"Oh, I'm just riding over there one of these days."

"Then you brought your own horses?"

"Not this year. I'm staying such a short time."

"You wouldn't think of riding those livery-nags! What would people say? Maybe your friends will loan you a couple. Who are they, Algy?"

"Some railroad people. I don't think you know them."

"I don't know any railroad people higher than a conductor." Again she began strumming that annoying banjo, only to pounce out with, "Better go back to your seat, Algy."

He sprang to his feet and would have been ever so majestic had she not spoiled it all with her next remark. "Everybody's looking at you. What'll they think? They're Spoutin' Springers, and if once they get you down as a Steam Pooler you're gone. Long gone, boy! Good-by, Algy. Drop me a picture post-card once in a while."

"Oh, I'll be over," he blurted, backing away.

"Awfully nice of you to say so! But of course you won't. A young bachelor's time is so taken up."

He got back to his seat, and behind that barricade was



"MISS MACMONIGLE'S GUESTS BEGAN TROOPING IN, BRILLIANT AND TALKATIVE AS SO MANY TROPIC BIRDS AT FEEDING-TIME. NOBLE V WAISTCOATS WALKED JOYOUSLY BESIDE EVENING BODICES OF AURORAL HUES. EVERYBODY SEEMED TO HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY TO HER—SOMETHING OF A CONGRATULATORY NATURE. HE CAME OUT OF HIS MISERY LONG ENOUGH TO WONDER"

aware that she had burst noisily into song. Great Scott! She was attracted to the attention of the whole car. "Then you'll re-mem-mum-mum-ba me!" she wailed feelingly to the delight of all but one. She was eccentric, but she had a lovely voice.

When he was at last free to get off at Spouting Springs he gave the Steam Pool party, in passing, a stately bow and was rewarded in kind. Once on the platform, he walked stealthily away, his back tingling with that nervous dread which a man feels when he wears a silk hat on a snowy day; a snowball may fly at him from any corner. But to his relief no car windows were opened; no voices mocked him from behind with burlesque farewells.

Never before had he given Daisy Marchbanks credit for so much subtlety.

HIS visit to Spouting Springs was, in its dramatic sense, a tale of pursuit—pursuit as stealthily as that of the Bornean head-hunter shadowing his victim through an empire of dismal glades. In one stillfully managed head-hunter the pursued is quite unaware of danger, and so it was in the case of Miss Lida Macmonnie, trailed noiselessly by the fell destroyer Love.

For to Algernon Swinburne Kelly the serenely perfect heiress, first glimpsed against the background of a plush chaise longue in a room and that's what Love is.

From the instant when he set foot on the crimson-carpeted lobby of Spouting Springs Hotel the luring Lida Macmonnie began singing in his ears an ambitious and difficult theme. It inspired him to magnificent gestures, blind extravagances. For example, there was the affair of the room clock's desk. He had just dipped his pen to sign flourishingly upon the register when a glance around discovered Miss Macmonnie chatting amiably as she entwined the waist of some sprightly acquaintance. He could feel her vibrations on his wrist—vibrations have an unfortunate habit of traveling one way only—and the sensation inspired him to sign his full name. It seemed to impress the clerk.

"We thought, Mr. Kelly, that you mightn't like room 368. It has no bath. But we can show you 426." He might have been mentioning crown jewels. "Fine bath and view of the lawn. Only slight difference—seventeen dollars."

"A day or a week?" Mr. Kelly was tempted to ask, but instead he barked, "Fine! I'll take it."

Only at the elevator did he chance a backward look to study the effect. Lida Macmonnie gossiped serenely on, her pale patrician eyes in quite another direction. Even then he admired her breeding. Lida Macmonnie stans.

The bedroom, he found, was two feet wider than the parlor at Mrs. Culver's boarding-house. Over the greenish bed hung the portrait of a French empress, giving tone. The bathroom gloved, immaculate as an Easter lily. But his view of the lawn inflated him most with pleasant decisions of grandeur. Down there in a bowl of emerald velvet the elect were taking tea. White-trousers, fluffy-skirted, they lolled at painted tables under gorgeously striped umbrellas while man-servants in snowy jackets hurried with trays to refresh their majesties. The lone spectator drew a deep breath. Somewhere in that bright company Lida Macmonnie held court! Our young adventurer hurried out of his city clothes and pulled on his fresh-cut pair of flannel trousers, garments which he mistreated now for the first time. They seemed a little thin. Was it an illusion, created by the afternoon sun, which struck in from behind, or did a faint silhouette of his intimate person show through the handsome mesh? He had got those trousers on credit, and they would cost him four dollars a pair, when paid for. Garments like that had seemed all right at Steam Pool.

But in the distance he saw her Lady Lida—he had decided to call her that—flirting with the broad-shouldered hero who had saluted her on the train. Algay took an instinctive dislike to the man, whose name was Terence Overman. He got Overman's name and pedigree from a tell-boy whom he tipped a dollar for bringing up his baggage. The curly athlete had won some golf trophies, it would appear, and he never let the world forget it. His baggy breeches irritated Algay like an intentional affront, and they turned his mind morbidly upon the question of his own apparel.

Apparently speaking, he surrendered his flannel trousers without a struggle. They were a failure. And what about his knickerbockers? They too had been all right according to the exact standards of Steam Pool. He gazed across the lawn to see numerous worldly gentlemen attired in loose-kneed, baggy trousers; in complexion they were white or cream and in quality they were the best of the market. Look like cloth exposed lingerie. He thought of his own unhappy breeks, cut to cling like the skin of a sausage. They were anathema.

In his room he came upon a colored valet who had just hung up his dinner-suit with a series of mellow "Yessahs," suggesting large tips. When the man had withdrawn in an ecstasy of politeness Algay inspected the

dinner-suit and decided that it would pass. He rather fancied his appearance with it on; but he had no sooner stepped into the elevator and glanced furtively at a group of evening-clad youths than he was warned of worse things to come.

Nobody in Spouting Springs wore a dinner-jacket like his—the sort which latches with a little silk cord across the front. That powerful god of taste, Everybody, was wearing a single button, a silk-covered waistcoat where all the world could see and approve. And Algay's waistcoat! It was alphabetically impossible—cut in a U where it should have been cut in a V! The head waiter must have noticed that anomaly, for his welcoming smile was like a sneer when he led the way through acres of dining-room and seated the solitary guest at a Lilliputian table two yards from the swinging door through which the waiters came and went.

There was a dance that night, and he watched it, huddled behind a row of golden chairs. His dinner-jacket weighed upon him like a coat of mail. Lida Macmonnie reigned supreme. Dripping with lacy silver, she shimmered across the ballroom floor, hordes of beautiful V waistcoats hovering near to seize her as she passed. Algay sat like a stone and glared at rows of wallflowers, too reticent or ill-favored to be danced with. He arose once and took a step toward them, but the great room with its Ionic pillars and gilded ceiling frowned disapproval. So he went to bed and called it a day.

Next morning, which was Sunday, he had to choose between his skin-tight knickerbockers and his transparent



"I LIKE IT HERE. IT'S A GOOD REST AFTER ALL THAT JAZZ STUFF"

channels. He decided on the former, and wore them down to breakfast. Afterward he went out on the veranda, finished the paper, and was beginning to feel that his knickerbockers weren't so tight after all, when he spied Mr. Terence Overman in spotless white and smoking a bulldog pipe with a surface all over knobs like a drunkard's nose. "Good morning," Algay ventured, because the god wore a benign expression at that moment. "Overman turned his bull-neck and took a full minute before making a reply which should have required no extensive calculation.

"Good morning."

Thus far and no further. No immediate food for conversation presenting itself, the two stood in company front, the ends of their toes just under the edge of the veranda. Overman put his hands in his pockets, and Algay, finding no better use for his own, did the same. They loitered rather well together, he thought, and his eyes traveled languidly across the lawn to behold a line of people, some of them wearing gaudy bath-robbs, filing slowly toward a handsome white building with a Doric facade. The scene suggested priestly rites in the temple of Poseidon.

"Bah! Love!" drawled Algay—Overman seemed to call for that—"what're they going to—church?"

"Bath-house," said Overman, no waster of words.

"To—to bathe?"

"Yes. Bath-house—to bathe."

With the air of one who has addressed an idiot child and found it tiresome, Overman stalked away into the hotel. But Algay wasn't resentful; his eyes and his thoughts were following the procession. The bath-house, apparently, was the thing; its fashionable possibilities enchanted him. An instant later he was following the parade into the door of the impressive monument to cleanliness.

"Your appointment-card, if you please!" A bearded scientific gentleman faced him, frowning.

"I only want a bath," Algay announced faintly.

The large room was empty, save for potted palms; therefore the applicant felt some confidence when the serious one explained, "If you want a hydrophatic you'll require Dr. Spilling's diagnosis."

"Is it free?" This was a whisper.

"Is what free?"

"E—medical advice."

Algay could hear light footsteps on the porch, and he was tempted to run away. The scientist puffed out his hairy cheeks, then his tone came bell-like:

"Free? Physicians don't work for nothing. However,

if you are unable to pay much—"

Just then Love, striding in a frock of polka-dotted linen, tripped in through the door. The Lady Lida had never looked more like a princess than at that moment. Algay attempted a bow, but it missed utterly.

"I want a hydrophatic—everything that's coming—the whole works!" he shouted, and plunged toward the white door marked "Dr. Spilling's office."

He spent an hour awaiting his turn. Finally the distinguished hydrophat examined him and pronounced him perfectly well, save for a nervous heart. Algay could have told him that. But Dr. Spilling dismissed him with expensive gestures as he prated of special electric baths and rare massages.

It was a beautiful sound, but Algay had no intention of taking any sort of treatment outside his own tub, for which he was paying three extra dollars a day. His visit to Dr. Spilling had been merely by way of a gesture under the nose of Lida Macmonnie. Love is the oftenest like that, a spendthrift bent on its own bankruptcy.

After luncheon, finding no more lively occupation, he plunged into the mountain trails, grew footsore, and plunged back into the main highway toward Steam Pool. He was conscious of dashing horsemen riding by, of droves in full limousines. Then, a little further up the road, he heard the sound of singing voices, closely harmonized. A banjo strummed.

Some prescience warned Algay Kelly, and he dodged behind a wayside tree just as a yellow phantom with a malarious negro on the box came rolling into view. The music increased with the vehicle's approach; the seats were running over a shirt-sleeved youth who sat beside an equal number of joyous maidens, bareheaded and singing at the top of their lungs.

"So-sweet Ang-e-e-line!" It pulsed through the Summer air still passing golfers either smiling or frowning, according to their sense of humor. Algay did not smile.

In the very center of the musical group a vigorous head of auburn hair nodded to the banjo's time. Something he saw stirred Algay to an unreasonable fury. From the center of the group it looked very much as the tall fellow Hill had his arm around Daisy Marchbanks's waist.

"Common!" muttered the spy, none too softly, but was grimly glad that she hadn't seen him, alone and neglected on his boasted sporting holiday.

MONDAY and Tuesday and Wednesday had been much the same as Sunday, save for certain outing and dancing and a slightly growing interest in Algay Kelly.

Early Monday morning he had visited the haberdasher and invested in a pair of baggy, immodest knickerbockers. He strode in them to the club-house, his legs, a golf-swing on his shoulder. To play on the course, he found, it was necessary for one to obtain a "week-end" card for the merely nominal sum of ten dollars. Disdainful Terence Overman was in the locker-room, listening, so the price was paid with something of a flourish, in full. The next day, a light remark to the effect that it was a fine day for a golf, the god replied, "Is it?" quite audibly and went about his celestial business.

Algay stood in the driving-box and swung his club with that clumsy feeling which the best of us have on a strange course when invisible eyes seem to pry into our blades of grass.

Mother Nature was making faces at our every preliminary swing. He persevered, however, and the solitary game went fairly well up to the third hole, when his only respectable brassy shot soared like a bullet down the fairway and skidded the hat of a young lady in red who was beating the rough for a lost ball. Immediately he saw his mistake; he had all but brainied Miss Lida Macmonnie.

"Awfully sorry!" He came up to her sheepishly, as Overman might have done. "How stupid of me!"

"Wasn't it?" She went on coming the rough.

"Can't I help look for your ball?"

"The caddy will find it, thanks." She might have said.

"The caddy's a good fellow, so long as he's her one."

At that instant she reminded him of her mother, mentioning tarragon vinegar. The game lost all its charm but he went doggedly on, nursing the thought that it was just as much his course as hers. In this he was wrong, but when he lost his own ball he was worried badly by the masterful cry of "Fore!" One ball, then another went whizzing by his head. Then Terence Overman, conducting Miss Macmonnie very tenderly toward the green, killed all the joy of life for the mute, inglorious spectator. The took no notice of him. Why, indeed, should one notice that which, morally, has been blotted out?

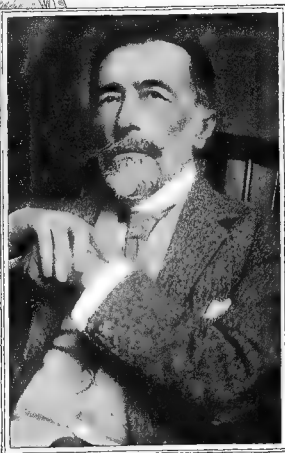
CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

Joseph Conrad Tells What Women Don't Know About Men



An Interview with
Joseph Conrad and
an Interpretation of
His Characters

BY MARY AUSTIN



JOSEPH CONRAD

Mary Austin, who wrote this revealing study of Mr. Conrad's mind and work, is a distinguished American writer. Mr. Conrad's new serial, "The Rover," begins on page 5 of this issue



OR some time now people have been asking what has become of the tremendous political accomplishment we expected of women as soon as they had the vote. Not only has very little been accomplished, but every feminist activity seems to have suffered a check. When I was in England recently I made a point of inquiring about the progress of feminism there, and not only was there no visible progress, but the sense of direction seemed to be entirely lost. Some of the leaders whose names were international watchwords a few years ago had so completely disappeared that it was difficult for me to find out whether they were still alive. Of course, in England one has to reckon with the spiritual fatigues of the War; but because I knew that there was more than that behind the loss of activity in the United States, I felt certain war fatigue wasn't all there was behind the same condition in England.

By degrees, by many quiet talks with women whose minds are fired with the desire to see women take a larger place in the world affairs, I found out what, besides war weariness, had slowed down the pace of women's attempt to change the face of society. Englishwomen do not talk so much nor so well as American women, but they think more and on a broader basis of information.

So in the course of three or four months I discovered that English feminists as well as American had changed the quality of their thinking about men.

You remember what we used to think in the old days of the suffrage campaign. It was almost a formula that men were too emotional to be trusted entirely with the business of running society. Probably most women by the time they reach forty are convinced that, emotionally, men never grew up, and that in consequence they are always playing a kind of boy's game with great issues, ending often in a boy's stupid, wasteful fight. We wanted the vote so we could change all that.

Then suddenly came the War and taught us that all these qualities that we thought men ought to grow

out of were tied up with all the fine, high-minded things that we can't possibly do without. In short, what women everywhere found out, is that we don't know enough about men; that we know very little about them, in fact; that we can't and oughtn't to go ahead trying to make them all over until we understand them a little better as men, the way men are always trying to understand women. Look at the number of books that men have written about women, trying to find out what they are, what their place is in society. And can you think of one book that is all about men, just as men, how they came to be what they are, why they are, and what we must conclude about them?

There isn't any one book. But there are a number of such books, all written by one man, who hadn't any idea when he was writing them that he was con-

tributing to the feminist movement. They are written as novels, and the critics are saying of them that there are no novels in the English language that run to so high an average of value just as novels, packed with story interest, and written in a style of amazing, of almost overpowering beauty.

But the whole twenty volumes are so filled with knowledge of men, their ways, their thoughts, their stupidities and aspirations, that if I were making a test for eligibility in a League of Women Voters I would put the question "Have you read the novels of Joseph Conrad?" near the top.

Nobody could have been more surprised than Mr. Conrad when I put this to him at his home at Bishopscourt, near Canterbury, in Kent. Mr. Conrad has no understanding whatever of the American woman and her difficulties of social adjustment. He threw up his hands; his great romantic eyes flashed with bewilderment. "Why? Why?" he demanded, "should there be any difficulty?" But he was too kind, really, to suggest that it is the modern woman's fault. Yet Mr. Conrad himself illustrates in his own life one of those things that many women find so difficult to accept in men, the irrational, indefensible call of the spirit of adventure.

He was born Korzeniowski, in the Ukraine, and named Teodor Jozef Konrad by his parents, who were implicated in the last Polish rebellion, for which his father was imprisoned. Otherwise they lived the life of Polish intellectuals, part of the time in exile and always in more or less difficulty. From the beginning the boy Jozef wished to go to sea, and in spite of parental objection shipped for Marseilles at the age of sixteen.

Three years later he arrived in England without a word of English, entered the Merchant service, and became a naturalized British subject the year he also became ship's master, in 1894. Early in 1900 he was obliged by ill health to leave the seafaring life and to begin that writing career which has placed him at the very top of the list of romantic novelists. In 1906 he married, and has lived since mostly in Kent, a county of low green hills and a sky delicately veiled by reflections from the neighboring sea.

Nothing is too good to be said of the literary quality of Mr. Conrad's novels, but ~~not~~ as a literary man that he makes his greatest claim on our interest and attention, and it is not for that I am recommending him to be read by women. It is because he is, more than any writer living, the prophet of the man's adventure. To read even one of his stories is to be restored at once to that sense of the balanced arrangement of things in which there is a man's way and a woman's way of approaching life, and a special way of serving the Master of Life, which is the masculine privilege, just as much as the privilege of bringing life into being is woman's service.

Women, probably because they realize themselves best as the center of the family, are always trying to deal with society as if they were the center of that too. Women want to start from the home, and lay out society in a kind of pleasant mixed garden, with flowers between the cabages and a hedge around the whole. Whenever they come up against traits in men which interfere with this nice arrangement, women have been disposed to think these traits ought to be educated out of the men or prohibited out of them. It is because women everywhere are beginning to suspect that there is something mistaken in this attitude that I am recommending them to read Conrad.

I stumbled onto this myself in 1904 reading "Typhoon," my first Conrad novel. It is one of the shorter books, but takes hold of you with all the force of experience.

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THE NOVELIST AND HIS SON AT THEIR HOME AT BISHOPSCOURT, NEAR CANTERBURY, IN THE COUNTY OF KENT, ENGLAND

Photo by Paul Thompson

The Excitement-Eaters

*A Swift-Moving Tale of the
Goings-On Among the
Devil-May-Care
Younger Set*

BY

DOROTHY SPEARE

Illustrations by Hibberd V. B. Kline

Complete in Four Instalments

PART TWO



THE taxi whirled to the station Jerry had but one thought—to reach Steve before he did any one of the things which his pitiful letter had seemed to threaten. Considering the mood into which Ruth's dismissal had flung him, Jerry was filled with anxious surmise as to how a weekend with Harry Hanigan, Steve's chauffeur, might end. She had known all along that Ruth would do this—must inevitably do it.

The taxi passed Willie Pryde loitering along the road. He evidently saw her, for on a sudden he gathered energy and ran after the taxi, shouting and waving his cane. The chauffeur jarringly stopped the car.

"I've just been looking for you," Willie began in his most welcoming voice.

"Well, get all in instead of half, and you may catch it," Jerry snapped.

Willie clambered in. The driver slammed the door and they were off again.

Jerry's irritation at the interruption was matched by her perplexity. Willie had registered three different stories in as many minutes. She had passed him when he was peacefully doing nothing but airing his new walking-suit. She was sure of that. He had hailed her with the absurd declaration that he had "just been looking for her." Yet she was convinced that, until she had announced her intention of making the twelve-fifty, going to town had not been Willie's intention.

Was Willie the utter idiot he looked and acted? Was

he pursuing her with an eye to flirtation—or—what? Conjecture about him had always failed to satisfy her. Her naturally keen mind, sharpened by constant analysis of people, grew suddenly suspicious. Willie had assuredly been tagging her of late. She could remember many instances. His maneuverings filled her with annoyance, and, curiously, there was something about him that she instinctively liked.

They caught the train by a narrow margin.

"I was wishing I could see you before I had to go in town," Willie began, once they were installed; "I couldn't find a thing to do anywhere. Went up to Cora White's, but Tanky Delabarre was blotting out the landscape, so I decided to drift along. Every now and then this place gets lonely as the deuce."

"You mean—Tanky Delabarre and—Mrs. Fred White?" Jerry questioned. "Why should you, feel like a third with them?"

Willie shrugged his shoulders. "Fred White plays golf too much. So Cora is a widow most of the time."

"Willie, you spread more juicy bits than any man I ever saw," Jerry reflected.

Her words seemed to place a barrier between them, as far as conversation went, for Willie immediately retired into his shell and stayed there until the ride dragged to an end.

Jerry was planning how to get rid of him when Willie said farewell in his blandest tones and merged with the throng. She sighed her relief and struggled to the nearest line of telephone-booths, and was connected with Harry Hanigan's house, only to learn that "he was out and it was indefinite when he would return."

Her next step was to investigate some of the city's favorite hotels. As she slipped fleetly through the crowded streets she had an absurd sensation of being followed.

On Saturday afternoons, especially during the college season, certain New York hotels were used to encourage strange activities. Boon coterie of young men would swarm into the city and pool their efforts in renting rooms in some centrally located hostelry. Perhaps twenty or more would congregate in one sitting-room, around which flowed conviviality and the cause of their joy. Groups came and went in rising hilarity and merriment.

Jerry knew that Harry Hanigan, who was a faithful



"HE CROSSED TO JERRY'S SIDE, CARRESSING HER WITH HIS GLANCE. 'DON'T YOU THINK WE'D BETTER BE GOING, DEAR? I KNOW YOU MUST BE TIRED'"

young man about town and who scrupulously carried out every detail necessary to this distinction, had a special room at a certain hotel, whither he usually repaired with a few choice spirits. He had clung to this same room number—a famous one—dispensed among the elect as one might dispense a password. It amounted to a club, a gathering-place for youths who were in search of companionship of their own kind.

IT WAS this famous room number that Jerry called on entering the hotel; there was a chance that revelry might be starting from there. The operator rang several times, and finally nodded to Jerry: "Booth 2."

"Hello! Hello! And again hello!" a merry voice proclaimed as Jerry took up the receiver.

"Hello! Is Harry Hanigan there?" Jerry pleasantly inquired.

"Several times," the voice replied, but Jerry had gone.

To defeat hotel regulations, she then followed a line of devious procedure—a plan devised on her way to the hotel. Taking the elevator to the floor below that of Harry's room, and walking unobserved through long red corridors, she came to a stairway in the back and scaled one flight. As she passed a maid she pretended to look in her bag for a room key, then turned suddenly down the wrong corridor and, waiting until the maid had departed, retraced her steps and beat a synopated measure to Harry's door. It was thrown open on her salute, and she stopped inside, closing it swiftly behind her in order to drown the welcoming shriek that greeted her entrance.

"Jerry!"

"A voice from the grave!" Jerry! Of all the good sports—! Harry, short and fatter than ever, hailed her warmly. "How'd you ever angle up here?"

There were about ten men grouped around the sitting-

This Is How It All Started

MRS. PHILIP LANCASTER, known as "Jerry," is a leader of the younger married set of the New York suburb of Eastport. At a dinner-party given by Cora White, wife of Fred White, Jerry's "too confidently" cut gown and Willie Pryde's prying eyes provoke Lancaster's criticism; Pryde being the reporter of the Eastport *Gossip*. A dance at the country club follows, and Jerry is greeted by a party of Yale students as a former pal. Her husband becomes angry because a student slaps her familiarly on her unadorned back. Lancaster joins his law partner, Rob Carter, and aristocratic Mrs. Carter, of whom Jerry is jealous. At an orgy about the punch-bowl Jerry makes a sensation by singing a song. Tracy Villiers, husband of Elaine Villiers, is conspicuous for his drunken antics. Other persons present include Johnnie Overton, Andy and Janet Clarke, and Tanky Delabarre. Returning home, Phil suggests to Jerry that they both swear off liquor. Jerry's thoughts go back to her youth in New York as a newgirl, as a messenger at Charlotte's, and later as a designer in this

dressmaking salon. There Phil first saw her; later heard her sing as a war entertainer in a cabaret; gave her books; finally married her.

At a bridge luncheon at Janet Clarke's the day after the dance, appear Ruth Taylor and her admirer, Steve Mitchell, a former friend of Jerry's. Steve confesses to Jerry an affair with a mill girl, Lacey O'Brien. Jerry advises him not to tell Ruth.

Taking train for New York one morning, Jerry hears gossip about her reunion with the students at the dance; reads an item about it in the Eastport *Gossip*. Reaching the city, Jerry visits her old haunts, sees Lacey O'Brien, and announces on her return home that Lacey is coming to help her for a month and learn dressmaking. Phil says that his cousin Evadne, from Boston, who has reduced her mother to nervous prostration, is coming to spend the Summer. Jerry is called suddenly to New York, leaving enclosed a letter from Steve Mitchell telling of Ruth's rejection of him on account of Lacey O'Brien. While Lacey, who reads the letter, is weeping, Evadne—"Little Eva"—arrives.

room, which was blanketed with smoke—two or three familiar faces and Steve who waved to her from the window. She returned a casual greeting to him, while noting that to the outward eye he looked almost as usual. A bit pale perhaps; but every one looked pale in the thick smoke. A row of bottles graced the window-sill. Steve was past any condition of excitation.

"I was blowing by, and I couldn't keep from happening in," said Harry composedly. "Has this Saturday afternoon club been going on all year?" She was pressed into a chair.

"Only on special occasions," Harry told her. "You've certainly hit the right time. To-day's too reeking for anything else, and we have with us a few congenial spirits who are going to ride the glad sea-waves."

Steve had begun to drink again, Jerry noticed, and no one was paying any attention to him.

"Allow me to present a few of the most representative of the frivolous college youth of the day," Harry said smoothly, with a wave of his pudgy hand. "Also I have the honor to call to your notice Mr. Babe Day, master of professional baseball, and the Hooligan brothers, lately of the Frolic, who were just about to give their famous falling act, accompanied by me without my consent, when you swam in upon the scene."

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"I'm—just having—a laughing—jag!" she gasped. "I was up here to keep you from flying off on the four winds and look at the mess I'm in. Those chaps don't know I didn't drink a drop."

"You mean to say you came up there because you thought I—?" Steve's words left him in easy, alcoholic anger, then took a new track. "Jerry, you're losing your wits—to come chasing after me when I couldn't have been with a more harmless gang. You're losing your wits, and I thought you were one person who never would!"

"I'm not losing my wits!" Jerry retorted fiercely. "I'm only—finding them, that's all! You say you couldn't have been with a more harmless gang, but I'd like to know what good that'd done you if you'd gone on the way you were started? I never saw any one leave the barriers so well on the way to the finish! You'd have quered yourself some way or other, don't I know? Do you want to wait up to-morrow and not remember anything that went on to-day? Do you want to have one of those awful blanks that means you'll never know what's happened to you?"

"JERRY on a temperance lecture!" Steve sneered. "If you thought I was fool enough to pull anything wild like that, knowing me as well as you do, you haven't the judgment you once had. That's all I can say."

Silence beat in upon them both. Jerry put her head out

awkwardly upon hers. A taxi shot by them at the same moment, and Jerry was dully conscious of the fact that her from its depth. "Jerry—please forget the stuff I said a while back. You're right—I'll admit that now, the I don't feel like thanking you even yet. There's no one going over old stuff about desecrating the shock that way. I'll admit it shows no backbone—and she wouldn't like it."

There was a pause, while Steve thought and Jerry stirred restlessly. Finally she looked at her watch. "I just happened to think that a kid cousin of mine was due around noon, and I want there to meet her. And Phil doesn't know where I am. I've got to start toward home."

Steve leaned out and told the driver to reverse his tactics and make for the Grand Central Station. Then he surveyed Jerry with eyes that had grown not only sober but quiet. "You came way in to town and then left for a dumb-bell like me? That was a pretty big piece of work, Jerry. I don't know another girl who'd have done it."

"And few you'd want to see doing it," Jerry said, filling out his train of thought.

He laughed unwillingly. "Doggone it, Jerry, you give a fellow no peace!"

"Do I look to you as if I'd recovered from your immediate emergency?" she inquired. Now that the excitement had ceased to be absorbing she was becoming decidedly nervous over what she had left unfinished at home. Evadne arriving without a welcome. Phil returning to find her, Jerry, gone, with no explanation.

It was five o'clock now. The time she reached home it would be too late to do anything about dinner. Lace would have gone ahead—Lace, with her hair in experience—Lace, who always muffed something unless Jerry stood over her and told her what to do. And if, on top of everything, she arrived home in a distracted state! But she was determined not to annoy Phil again. Steve looked at her over, giving an approving nod.

"You're all serene. I'll take you home, old girl, if you say the word. I'll get nothing else to do but cry into the pillow."

"No, thanks just the same. I don't need your escort." Steve did not know that Jerry had taken Lace into her home; she had written him no more than that she had told Lace about him and had found her a position. "And remember what I said, Steve, about Ruth. She'll take you back. I'm really sure of that!"

"I'll never forget anything you've said, Jerry, but I can't believe you—that she'll ever—take me back."

Jerry made no response as they threaded their way through dashing groups and descended to the street level. It was almost time for her local, so she gave Steve her hand and they parted as two women would have.

"You said some things worth thinking over, Jerry—about being what one person most wants you to be. It was sort of that feeling that made me tell her. I—I'm going to think it all over. I don't believe in rash promises, and so I'm not even going to say that I'll not go back and look for the rest of the gang this afternoon; but if I do join 'em I'll be merely tagging along and not putting away hardy a thing."

He left her, and she boarded the train with a sigh. Steve would understand. Jerry did not go through with the usual business of regretting her decision. Already he could stand aside and view his tragedy with a smiling face, in spite of a quivering lip.

Jerry accomplished little by her home-ward trip to the city, by her invasion of the drinking-bout—little save injury to herself. The only consolation was that there was no telling what Steve might have done in the heedless mood that had engulged him—no telling what might have happened to him. She tried to console herself with that assurance, but she was feeling exceedingly uneasy about the whole business. An unsteady footfall overtopped by a blithe voice noised in upon her thought. "Mrs. Lancaster! I was hoping I'd find some life on this train!" And Tracy Villiers sank down beside her



"THE OLD CREEPERS" ASSUMED THE ATTITUDE THAT MANNERS AMONG THE YOUTH OF THE DAY WERE A LOST ART OR A DEAD LANGUAGE"

of the window. She felt the need of air. They had covered several miles before she spoke, slowly, almost painfully.

"People never think they're going to slip up, but they do sometimes, all the same. When I got your note this A. M., everything else went out of my head but the thought that I had to get to you before you flung away—got to you and tell you this—Ruth'll take you back again. In the meantime why not be as she'd like you to be? Then there'll be nothing more to have to tell her. And, Steve—people who go off like that show that there wasn't much in their love. Real love—I've loved it out—is wanting to be what one person most wants you to be. Take it from one who knows. It's hard to come back to that way of thinking—if you do leave off in the low moment."

"Jerry!" Steve's anger was gone. He put his hand



"HOW COULD SHE DREAM THAT ELISIE'S GRATITUDE WOULD REPAY HER IN SUCH SPIRIT? IF SHE COULD UNDERSTAND THE MOTIVE SHE COULD COMBAT IT. BUT—THIS!"

She could hear Mrs. Carter's fine voice saying, "But, my dear heart, what can this Steve Mitchell possibly mean to you?"

"Mean to me!" Jerry would reply, honestly amazed. "Why, nothing. You know—every one knows—that no man but Phil means anything to me!"

"I beg your pardon," the other voice would respond, "but every one does not know. People in a community like this can not peer into each other's heart; they must judge by actions. And what did you do this afternoon? You went into a man's hotel room and joined an enthusiastic party where you were the only girl. Who would believe in your good intentions if the facts were to be made public?"

If the facts were to be made public! There was Willie—and that feeling of being followed! For a moment Jerry forgot everything. She let herself go in a flood of profanity. Words she had learned in her bitter childhood came back to her lips. She wore herself out and leaned back on the bed, hysterical with the realization that only by such a reversion to type could she silence the accusing voice of Mrs. Carter—the voice of the woman that should have been Phil's wife.

Tears cut through her eyes onto her cheeks in long spurts. She knew that she should tell Phil what she had done that afternoon, but she could not do so. For if she told him, how could he help but make that odious comparison which Jerry was beginning to imagine ever stalked beside her?

Bob Carter's wife did not dash to the front door and greet him in a negligee. Jerry was never going to let that particular mistake happen again. Bob Carter's wife would never have imperiled her reputation by appearing at a drinking-bout. And only a few days ago Jerry had sworn not to repeat that particular offense.

"Good night!" said Jerry wearily.

It seemed almost a signal. Below, the tinkle of the piano ceased, she could hear Little Eva's fresh voice taking leave of Phil.

Jerry's pride would not allow Phil to find her a tear-stained, tousled wreck among the pillows. She rushed to her dressing-table, and for a moment the powder and military brushes flew. When he finally came in he found her smoking his cigarettes with a stolid air that made him pause.

He had not long to wait. Almost immediately she burst forth into a narration of the day's events, speaking so rapidly that the words caught up with each other and then lost themselves in slang short circuits.

However, she managed to make herself clear, and ended the story with a flip of her cigarette.

"There I am, you see," she said lightly, "involved in another mess, and, Phil, the funny part of it is that all the fool afternoon I thought I was doing straight errand-of-mercy stuff!"

Phil had not uttered a word as she told her story. She knew that he considered interruption one of the seven cardinal sins; and now he stood looking down at her with impassive face and lips firmly compressed. It seemed almost as if he had taken a vow not to speak. Jerry had grown very white, then she assumed a defiant attitude

and blew out a cloud of smoke. It was a gesture of pitiful bravado. Phil's eyes, following the smoke as it curved over her dressing-table and out of the window, softened, and his face relaxed.

"Jerry, dear," he said finally, "let me tell you how I regard the whole affair. As a generous, eager gesture of yours in your effort to help this boy. If it could be misinterpreted that's just one of the things to check up to the experience column."

"What do you mean?" said Jerry, still glassy-eyed and casually smoking. "I've had experience enough and here I go off again!"

For answer he took her in his arms; but her body remained tense, scorning the proposition of his embrace. "Darling, you can't win the game through one defeat. There have got to be several, but I'm standing by, ready when you need me."

For one long moment Jerry remained rigid, as the wonder of Phil's forbearance and the comfort of his attitude unfolded her more strongly, more surely than his arms. He understood! His comprehension and unangered faith built a bulwark behind which she suddenly knew herself to be impregnable. That she could have considered not telling him!

For the first time in their married life she felt something deeper than the cry of the body, something deeper than the yearning of the heart. It was a spark of fire that trembled between her and Phil.

And the fire was white; and then it passed, leaving Jerry breathless with new questions to be satisfied.

"Phil," she said tremulously, "I can't describe what you've done to me. I feel as if from now on I shall never be alone—wherever I am—as if you were really part of me. From now on I'll never be alone—or afraid!"

"Jerry, I believe that's marriage," said Phil.

MEN who stand up superbly in the crises of life are wont to cavil at the details of living. So Jerry reflected when Phil objected to having to take in Elsie's dinner-party on the ground that he couldn't stand the pace after a hard day at the office.

His objections were received with gales of unsympathetic laughter from his wife.

"I've explained to you fifty times, Phil, that I couldn't think quick enough to pass back a refusal when Elsie asked me. And, anyway, it's a good chance for Evadne to meet every one; she's dying of dry-rot with just us."

It had not occurred to Jerry that she herself should give a dinner for Evadne.

"Well, then, a good scheme would be to let Evadne go alone," said Phil, still sulky.

Jerry was gratified with his sulkiness; it reduced him to the level of a child and always came after he had been up in the heights, oppressing her a little with the difference in their ages. She kissed him now and pushed her new dinner-gown over her head. A few last touches to her hair and they left the room strewn with a cheerful jumble of Jerry's clothes—Phil's were always in place, somehow—and went down stairs.

Evadne was not visible as yet; she always took ages to

make her toilet. Jerry went into the kitchen to give orders for breakfast. She found Lace, in the twilight, bent over a paper-covered novel, her face a flash of excitement. Jerry glanced at the title: "Mated Too Hated."

"Where'd you attach yourself to that?" she asked peremptorily.

"Evadne gave it to me." It was plain that Lace resented the interruption.

Impatience gripped Jerry. Evadne, with her up-to-date conversation and fairylike appearance, had absolutely made an impression on Lace that could be used for good or evil. So far, to judge by the effect, it had not been good.

"Waste of time, such stuff!" she snapped, then came to a full stop because she did not know how to go on.

Lace received her statement with some surprise. "But isn't all reading a waste of time? I always thought so, and Evadne says it is, if you've got brains."

"Evadne thinks she's got so many brains she can beat the system," Jerry replied tersely. "You finish that book, and then read one of mine. You can tell the difference by the way it affects you."

She strode out of the kitchen just in time to meet Evadne coming down stairs—Evadne in fluffiest baby-blue which reflected and reinforced her eyes.

"Why did you give Lace a dime novel?" Jerry demanded without preamble.

Evadne shrugged her shoulders. "That's a good book. I got quite a kick out of it myself. 'What's your objection?'"

"You read it and laugh at it. Lace reads it and thinks it's real life. She doesn't know enough about real life as it is." Jerry's voice was tense.

"Oh—doesn't she?" Little Eva surveyed Jerry quietly. "I never told you this, but the day I came I found her soaking the pillows of your davenport with real tears. I think maybe she knows too much about real life, Cousin Jerry, and I am trying to snap her out of it."

Phil intervened at this point by pulling out his watch and announcing that they were late. In the car he and Eva became involved in a discussion of time. Promptness was one of Phil's principles; but Little Eva maintained that time was given for us to use, and like fire, we should control it and not let it control us.

This left Jerry free to ponder over the Lace-Evadne situation, which the dime-novel episode had warned her was getting slightly out of hand. Life was getting too full of worries. There was the added apprehension which the thought of Willie brought. However, she would not tell Phil of her misgivings in that direction until they were verified.

The young Villiers had been presented with a house—the wedding-gift of Papa Lark—a white cement edifice which stood triumphant at the head of Roselower Lane, Eastport's smartest also not most ornate thoroughfare. The furnishings were hectorially spasmotic, but one suspected that the rooms one did not see contained less effort. A neat colored girl, whom Jerry recognized as the Eastport accommodator, opened the door and told them where to leave their wraps. Tracy's wife certainly had been flying high, and Jerry wondered idly what had been the fate of the five-hundred-dollar dress.

Elsie, as she came forth to greet them in the drawing-

room was the answer—Elsie with the suave demeanor and confident smile of the well-groomed woman. Undoubtedly she was wearing that expensive gown. With her experience in judging prices, material, and work, Jerry could appraise it accurately. It was of gold cloth, ardent and shimmering, without a detail of trimming anywhere. Jerry stared at it with the interest of an artist. Genius of draping, fold on fold and line on line, had made the gown an achievement. The inexperienced eye might wonder what gave it distinction. Jerry knew. She even guessed that it was from the house of Charlotte. There was about it that marvelous absence of any stitch—that invisible work by which Charlotte had first become famous. And who but Charlotte arrived at such distinction by line alone?

Elsie was a glittering triangle; her gown killed the dresses of all the other women. It was only when Jerry presented Evadne that Elsie's assurance crumbled beneath the younger girl's pretty deference to a matron.

Here was the same circle that she felt was slowly tightening about her and Phil; Janet and Andy Clarke, a sprightly debutante, and the Useless Club in full force. She nodded to Willie with a spurt of apprehension. Willie's countenance was bland and open, as he and Johnnie Overton stood apart from the others and eyed the party in frank hope that something better was going to turn up. At the sight of Little Eva their countenances quickened. In a far corner of the room Cora White and Tanky Delabarre were talking intently. Jerry noted that Cora had withdrawn as far as possible from Elsie's transcendent dress. Cora had draped herself luridly on a chaise-longue and was looking up at Tanky with eyes narrowed over her drooping feather fan. As Elsie grudgingly piloted Evadne around the circle Jerry stood to one side and continued her survey.

Tanky Delabarre was by far the most useless-looking of all the Useless Club. He was a puffly youth with a face that had settled into flaccid lines of self-indulgence—eyes bloodshot and slightly popping, a mouth full and loose, and hands that trembled as he lit his cigaret. This decay at the age of twenty-four! Jerry shifted her gaze to Fred White, who was talking to Ruth Taylor.

IT WAS the first time Jerry had seen Ruth since the day at the country club. Jerry was about to turn away with an impatient shrug when Ruth's gaze met hers. She came toward Jerry. In the same moment Tracy whooped down on them with a tray of glasses.

"Come on—every one's got to think every one else is funny to-night!"

Jerry, with a motion of her head, disclaimed a share in the tray. Ruth spoke gently, forbearingly: "Thank you, Tracy, but you know I never take anything."

Tracy lowered the tray and brought his attention to bear on her. He was evidently exasperated. Probably Jerry estimated this had been his continual state since last Saturday.

"Why, Ruth, you little liar," he said with enthusiasm. "I've put up with your whims and fancies long enough, but don't try and deceive your uncle Tracy. He knows it all—he knows—he knows!"

Ruth regarded him patiently as he continued on his way singing a refrain—"He knows—he knows!" Then she turned to Jerry.

"May I see you after dinner, Mrs. Lancaster—alone?" Ruth asked. A pause, then Jerry spoke.

"All right. How can we fix it?"

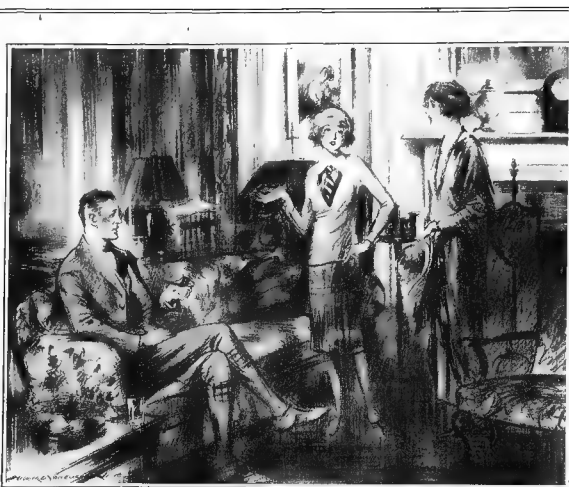
"If they dance we can slip away somehow. I want to see you very much."

"Just as you say," Jerry responded and turned to greet Johnnie Overton.

"You have the pleasure of my taking you in," Johnnie announced. "I think you must have spoken to our hostess and arranged it. A popular young man like me is quite used to such little attentions."

Jerry did not bother to rise to this sally, but stared after Ruth. What could she have to say? The idea that Steve might have told Ruth of his confidings to Jerry was ridiculous. Then what—

"Your cousin is the best-regulated piece of works I've



"OH, DEAR! YOU TWO ARE REALLY THE DIGNIFIED KIND THAT DON'T KISS IN FRONT OF PEOPLE!"

seen in many a year," Johnnie was saying. "I haven't had such a thrill since I went to my first musical comedy. Where does she come from?"

"Boston." Jerry supplied the information and looked around for Little Eva as they came into the dining-room and took their places. Johnnie remarked that he was glad to see that good could come from evil.

"Some dress, that thing of Elsie's," Johnnie went on. "She's struck a major chord at last."

Elsie, at the head of the table, had assigned to herself another member of the Useless Club and was flirting with new-found assurance. Jerry looked at Tracy, who, at the foot, had resumed his pastime of baiting Ruth. She wondered how the question of the dress had been settled—where the five hundred dollars was going to come from— with this party on top of it all. Elsie must have had a present from the family or something.

It was amusing to watch the dent Little Eva was making in the party. The married girls had regarded her with alarm and were now being defensively sweet to her; the débutantes had looked her over with suspicion and then ignored her. The men all bent toward her in delighted attention. Her little, birdlike head, trimmed with even bands of shiny sand-colored hair, was lifted high and challengingly as she glanced about the table and gave smooth, pertinent response to the remarks leveled at her from all sides. Suddenly her voice rang out.

"Engaged? May?"

Every one stopped to listen—even the débutantes.

"I suppose I will come to it, but not until much later in life. Being engaged is like virtue, you know, a condition of settled moral choice."

There was a little waver about the table before the laughter broke—the waver of distinct impression. Johnnie chuckled in Jerry's ear.

Elsie's voice suddenly shrilled a dissonance.

"That sounds well, Miss Drew, when you're visiting the Lancasters!"

The strain of discussion broke into laughter at Jerry and Phil's expense. Phil met Jerry's message of estrangement across the table and, in an unobtrusive fashion, took command of the conversation.

Evadne was the type of girl no woman could enjoy, Jerry decided. There were girls she knew who were attractive equally to men and women, but Little Eva made a woman feel old and dull, heavy of wit. Her prettiness alone made the feminine throat ache for longing to flaunt just that appeal herself; and she made man, so Jerry thought on looking around the dinner-table, want to appropriate that appeal for himself.

It was with unconcealed relief that the girls finally sojourned to the drawing-room. Little Eva alone murmured her resentment.

The débutantes immediately gathered around the piano, scattering the sheets of popular music that were spilled over it. Elsie appropriated the bench before any one else could do so, and let her fingers roll over the keys. Cora smiled and pointed to the group.

"They're bored with us," she said. "We've got nothing in common with débutantes any more."

Elsie objected. "Then why do you think I asked them to my dinner-party?"

"To get the extra unattached men, my dear," said Cora soothingly. "Don't explain; we all know."

Janet intervened before Elsie could give arrow for dart. "Here we are, the same bunch that was roasting things before going to the Sanderson ball—the same four of us!"

Cora turned to Jerry. "I keep remembering your remark that night about nobody dancing with you after you're married. It means a lot. Sometimes I think if I could go to a dance again with 'Miss' attached to my name—meet new men who would rush me and whisk me around. There's nothing like it!—to speed the morning in cold cream and kid curls and get in your dearest work in the small



"MY DEAR CHILD," HE SAID, "IT IS NOT YOUR FAULT THAT ELSIE TURNED INTO A LITTLE JUDAS."

hours—a different man and something different to do every evening—but it's all over now. I admit frankly I'm bored to death!"

"Oh, well, you get a lot for what you give up," Janet Clarke began; but Cora raised an objection. "That's in a pigeonhole by itself and comes out when he comes home. How did the women use to work it when love was only a part of the man's life and their whole existence? At ten o'clock I'm through with housework. And I have nothing to do until it's time to get supper."

"Well, I must say it takes me more time than that," Elsie demurred, while Jerry grinned: "It doesn't me, but it ought to," to take you as long as it does me, Elsie, since you've got a cook," Cora retorted. Elsie colored through her rouge and looked down at her dress.

"I get your point, Cora," said Janet. "I thought that was married I'd be busy all the time with my house. And it doesn't take up any time at all. 'What on earth did our mothers do?'"

"They didn't have the modern housekeeping short-cuts," said Jerry. The discussion interested her. "Was Cora trying to justify herself for her flirtation with Tanky?"

"Yes, that's just what I thought, Janet," Cora was saying, "and then the baby came. I thought that would take all my time. But it doesn't, even when I took lots of care of him myself. And, I tell you, I'm so bored I can hardly—"

"Have you got a baby?" Jerry demanded in amazement. She had never heard mention of it before, even when she had been a guest in Cora's house.

Cora nodded. "I pride myself on not being boring and talking about him all the time. That's the way the older people are—all they do is sit around and talk about their children and other people's children! They make me sick. Do you know, girls, it's an awful thing to be bored with yourself the way I am. I'm so uninteresting, and I never knew it until I got married! When you're a devil all you've got to do is to be a good dancer and have a snappy line. After you're married, then you find out whether you've got anything else that will interest people!" She motioned toward the debutantes around the piano. "I wish I was back there again. Life was simple then, anyhow. We knew just what was expected of us."

"I WISH you'd see, Cora," Elsie complained. "You're making my head ache, and you're saying an awful lot of things with little sense. What you mean, I suppose, is that Fred's playing golf all the time bores you, but you have Tanky to entertain while Fred's gone, which is more than most of us can say."

Cora sent her slipper spinning across the floor. "That's not what I was driving at—all. You know you're bored as I am, Elsie Lark Villiers—if not more. But every one's afraid to say what they really think about married life, and I've said it, that's all."

She rose to collect her pump as the door opened at the far end of the room and the men began to dawdle in. "I'm twenty-three and better-looking than I ever was, and my fun's all over, and I'm bored. I've grieved my baby's not a girl, so that I'll have to live to see her go through the same thing."

Tanky was approaching them. With a little sigh Cora mechanically unfurled her fan.

"Come up to my room to see me sometime afternoon," Jerry said suddenly. "I'd like to slum a few words around with you."

Her invitation created a mild sensation with the three girls, as it was the first that had come from her.

"All right," said Cora. "any time you say. Hello, little sister, to Tanky and to you, and to your elbow!"

"Quick, Cora! I've saved something for you. Greater love hath no man than this—come with papa!"

She followed his lead, voicing wild enthusiasm.

"Prohibition is a great thing," Jerry mused, and turned to Elsie, who had taken a step backward and turned toward the men before they could get to the piano and Little Eva. Somehow Elsie's heels must have caught in her train, for there was a sudden sound of ripping cloth. Elsie recoiled again instead of coming to a dead stop, and, with her hands playing as if the floor were a sea of lava, the dress tore from their gorgeously simple lines and fell away, leaving on one side only the raw material hanging from the shoulder, baglike, ruined. Elsie stared down upon it in ghastly stupefaction.

Charlotte's was Jerry's first thought. Now she was positive that it had been a Charlotte model, the prof being the one long thread that was used in the side-draping, the unraveling of which had played such havoc.

A guess that seemed to come into Jerry's mind as he looked at Elsie. Her face was a horrid green from which the rouge smears screamed as her frightened eyes met Jerry's.

"I was going to take it back to-morrow!" The words came in a tone whisper that sought for pity.

It found no such response in Jerry, who with the quickness of the professional at the dishonesty practised by a patron. As Elsie stood swaying, undecided whether to give in or faint, Janet Clarke's arms steadied her. Exclamations burst forth from all sides, in sky-rockets of tact.

Then Janet interposed her voice and dance. Come on, Elsie, and change your dress."

The crowd veered back to the piano, all but Jerry, who followed them with quick, nervous strides. When they started up the stairs Elsie was weeping without reservation. "I'm going to see a doctor and get it back!" she wailed. "And the worst of it is I told Tracy that mother was going to give me the money for it; and I wouldn't dare even to ask mother—she just gave me the money for this p-party!" Janet shook her head sympathetically.

"Tough luck, Elsie! If it was only some ordinary rip-

ping that you could tack up; but that whole side of tricky draping—"

"That's just it! Don't I know? The people in at Charlotte's swear no one can duplicate their models!"

A burst of laughter came from Elsie. They were on the upper landing now, making for Elsie's room, and Janet turned on Jerry a questioning glance. Jerry answered:

"Put away the handkerchief, Elsie. If there's enough gold thread hanging to that dress I can fix it for you. I'll have it fixed at Jerry, but Janet took her words from her lips. "You don't mean you can really fix it so it will look like anything!"

"I mean I can throw it together just the way it was before—in the face of their incredulity Jerry spoke with some impudence. "I glimpsed his lines down-stairs; I know just how the thing was whirled through that work was careless, too, putting in the thread so loose it could crawl away like that. I'll have it in a firm and anchor it down."

Elsie's tears were drying in with her rouge. "Why," she proclaimed, in a new alert voice, "you sound—quite—professional!"

"I am," they were in Elsie's room by now, and Jerry went to the bureau for the pin-cushion.

"I am going to pin this up on your—stand with it," Elsie assumed an attitude of repose, but she stared down at Jerry in amazement, watching the

trained fingers running over the dress, gathering up bunches here and there, pulling some of the lines into shadow, throwing others into prominence.

No wonder she could judge her demonstration anything but the most expert.

After ten minutes of concentration Jerry straightened up. "Take it off now and I'll sew it up," she said.

"So did I wonder why she was doing this for Elsie—Elsie, whom she did not like and who re-

sented Elsie's uncle. She had no sympathy for Elsie's position; her sympathies were all for Charlotte. She knew how often the house was imposed upon, and resentment at Elsie's demonstration.

Yet here she was helping Elsie—a party to her deception—for no other reason than a sudden impulse of pity toward Tracy—Tracy, slumping down in his seat on the train and muttering words of discouragement about marriage and matrimony.

Jerry took out the gold thread that was trailing loose on the lining of the dress, and with the needle that Elsie pressed into her hands plucked what was to the watching girls unknown, mysterious depths between the lining and the gold cloth. As the needle marched and detoured she threw out curt words:

"Doesn't do to try this sort of thing, Elsie. Something always slips up. It's—rotten, too. Oh, of course, I know lots of people do it. So do the shops know that. That's why they hold you up to you people. They wouldn't do the things you do."

Elsie made no reply to these remarks, but watched Jerry and her work more closely.

Half-hour before Jerry halted. Then she thrust the shining mass upon Elsie.

"Put that on and let's see if it's right," she commanded. Elsie obeyed and ran to the mirror before Janet had snapped the last hook. She gasped.

Perceive the difference, all about her in the identical lines that had achieved their effect earlier in the evening. There was that same inevitability of stitch and workmanship—the same simplicity born of genius.

"Why, you wouldn't know!" Janet gasped.

Elsie, standing hand on hips, regarded the effect doubtfully. "I did something. You're a bit one-sided, Elsie; and I favored you when I was pinning that up. The dress is a better fit for you now, but not quite the same as for as the dress goes. However, I guess it won't be limped."

"You're very grateful to you, Jerry," Elsie said in an odd tone. "I don't see how you did it. Her voice lingered on that last.

For the first time Jerry's attention left the dress and took in Elsie. She shrugged her shoulders. "It's all right now, who's about to go out."

"Wait for us," said Elsie, patting her face with the powder-puff. Jerry looked her surprise.

"Aren't you going to change that dress?"

"Of course not," Elsie returned coldly. "It's all fixed now, who's about to go out. I'm certain of getting my scare's worth out of the dress this evening!"

Jerry did not speak. Her amazement was wordless, but Janet filled in their silence with gushes over Jerry's cleverness. Instinctively Jerry was aware that the event of the gown had widened the gulf of antagonism between Elsie and herself.

Downstairs they were dancing. Little Eva was nowhere in sight; Phil had escaped from the debutante and was talking to Tracy in a secluded corner of the room.

Ruth Taylor detached herself from her dancing-partner as Jerry hesitated on the threshold and walked over to her.

"May I see you now?" she asked patiently. "Jerry nodded, and together the girls went out into the hall.

"In this room," directed Ruth; "no one's in here."

It was a small, darkish cubby-hole, manned by two uncomfortable gilt chairs.

Ruth pulled the perishes together and turned to Jerry. "Have you seen this week's *Gossip*, Miss Lancaster?"

"It came out to-day."

"No, I never see it," Jerry responded.

"It's a darkish spread itself over Ruth's young cheeks. With a quick gesture she pulled from the bosom of her diamond-gown a crumpled sheet in bold-faced type.

"Will you please read that?" she demanded.

"The 'understanding'—it might stand for 'engagement,' save that the word has gone out of fashion."

"But our most superior sons and gentle debs is off, we hear. Why, is not generally known."

"The disturbance seems, however, to date from the time when the young man in a hundred ways—Willie, who now has an old friend, a popular young married girl recently came to our midst."

Saturday there was a party to celebrate the breaking up of things, a party which will be written down as famous in the annals of New York. The before-mentioned young married girl was the heroine of this story, which took place in New York's biggest hotel—and, of course, the rejected suitor was the hero. There was enough liquor assembled to drown them both, but they emerged bright and smiling, being famous absorbers. The *Gossip* wishes to put in the plea, which we are sure the debutantes will echo, that the young married girls of this happy community turn their energies toward attracting their husbands again. They will find enough work to occupy them there, and things will not get so complicated."

The paper fell from Jerry's suddenly nerveless hand to the floor, whether Ruth retrieved it.

Jerry was dumb with shock from a sudden realization. Willie Pryde was the Eastport *Gossip*. Certainly shook her with terror. Willie, the *Gossip*—had been shown in a hundred ways—Willie, who now has an old friend, a popular young married girl recently came to our midst."

Ruth was speaking with restraint. "I see that it was you. Of course, I thought it must have been. It was unusual of the *Gossip* to print names, but I saw you people will read this carefully enough to see my contention. That is one thing to be thankful for, I suppose. How they ferret these things out is beyond me."

Jerry was still struggling with her discovery. "It says they print nothing, but fact," Ruth's patient voice went on. "and I feel, Mrs. Lancaster, that I have a right to know if that is true—about the party at the hotel."

Jerry looked at her with some curiosity, but her voice was quiet, controlled when she spoke.

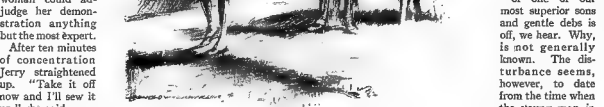
"THAT she tells the truth, but not the whole truth, as you can see for yourself from its implication that I was responsible for the split between you and Steve. When you broke with Steve he wrote me about it and I went to town to find him. I stepped in on him before he got really drunk. When I mentioned you he agreed that he wouldn't like what he was doing and snapped out of it. That's all there was to the thing. And might I slip in this question, 'why did you want to hear all this? You've sent him away—or maybe you were thinking I was?'"

Ruth shook her head. "No—no, I—I wasn't thinking it over. I couldn't—I won't let myself."

Jerry moved to the door. "It's a question a lot of girls have to decide," she said imperiously.

Ruth's hand came out, imploring. "No—no! Not

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38



"EVADNE HAD WORKED HARD AROUND THE GOLF-COURSE WITH JOHNNIE OVERTON MOST OF THE DAY"

"Keep Off the Set"

Here's High Comedy in Hollywood, with "Frozen Face" in Action and Jimmie's Bride Not Altogether Out of It, Either

BY LOUIS WEADOCK

Illustrations by Clarence Rowe



"YOU'LL LAY OFF THE HERO STUFF, WAS THIS LADY'S UNGRATEFUL REPLY AS SHE WRIGGLED FROM HIS GRASP"



MR. A. ZECK, the president of the Zeck Film Corporation, Inc., dusted his cloth-topped, patent-leather shoes with his lavender-silk handkerchief, put his feet on his desk, and stared past them at a broad-shouldered young man who, from the only window in the office, was looking out upon the skyscrapers

of lower Manhattan. "And there is something else again, Mr. James Thornwell Bryson," said Mr. Zeck. "If you should do me the favor to go to California to-morrow, and that stuck-up leading man there should try one of his artistic trunions on you, I would be much obliged if you would punch him in the jaw. If I didn't have to stay here to be in court all the time, I'd go out there and do it myself."

"But you didn't hire me to punch anybody in the jaw," remonstrated young Mr. Bryson. "You hired me to do publicity here in New York."

"When you was in the army did they let you pick out your own battles?" retorted his employer. "I didn't hire you just to write pieces for the papers. Maybe that's what you thought, but I got better ideas. Since the trouble in Hollywood is getting worse and more of it, I have decided to make you my general, all-around, confidential man, and from what I'm hearing from Hollywood I needed the biggest and the best. I could find."

"I never pretended to be one of the best—" began the new press-agent.

"They can't come much bigger than you," interrupted Mr. Zeck soothingly, "and if you was only a little louder I would be perfectly satisfied. If you don't make a noise in Hollywood nobody will hear you."

"But I don't want to go to Hollywood—"

"That don't make so much difference," broke in Mr. Zeck with rising impatience. "Our six-hundred-dollar-a-week leading man probably don't want to get punched in the jaw, but that's what's going to happen to him."

"I don't want to do it."

"I don't care whether you punch him in the jaw or not," replied Mr. Zeck. "I think maybe you'd better use your own judgment. Punch him wherever you feel like, but if you don't go out there to-morrow and do something to him 'Hopeless Husbands' will never get finished. You don't mind sitting down, do you? You're shutting off my sunlight."

Bryson dropped fretfully into a chair on the side of the desk opposite Mr. Zeck, who, that their view of each other might be unobstructed, obligingly shifted the presidential feat.

"You told me yourself that the leading man is no worse than the star," said the younger man. "You don't expect me to punch Miss Clark in the jaw, do you?"

Mr. Zeck was shocked. "To try it would be suicide," he explained. "She spoiled an awful good director for me once by hitting him with a stage-brace. You can't give her what she deserves unless you got a battle-ship in every hand. With her you got to use diplomacy. If I was you I'd make love to her."

"Me?" cried Bryson, even his grammar recoiling from the monstrous suggestion.

"You," declared the unruffled Mr. Zeck. "She'll like it."

"But I won't like it!" flared the other, rising angrily. "Sit down," advised his less excitable employer. "How do you know? You ain't tried yet."

The broad-shouldered young man sat down, but made no attempt to answer.

"I told you that in the moving-picture business you've got to have loudness," went on Mr. Zeck, "but I didn't

tell you to begin practising on me. This is something that needs deep thinking, and deep thinking and loud talking don't go together. Maybe the love-making idea ain't so good at that. I forgot that Clark has got herself another fiancée."

"Another fiancée?" hazarded his listener.

"Another fiancée," said Mr. Zeck. "But maybe he don't count. He ain't in the business. He ain't in any business. He's just got money."

"That's not the point."

"It's the point with Cissy Clark," insisted the magnate. "I mean it's the point with outsiders. If you're in the business and she lies you, she wants to pay all the checks. She can afford to. She's got a big house all full of swimming-pools and she supports lots of relatives and she owns three cars and she don't owe a cent on one of them."

"I don't care if she has three hundred cars," exploded Bryson. "What do you suppose my wife—"

"Oh!" cried Mr. Zeck in real concern. "I'd forgot you got a wife."

"I hadn't," said Bryson proudly, and, for a moment, withdrew his thoughts from mundane affairs. "I have been married two weeks and three days," he added when he came out of his trance.

"Hum!" said Mr. Zeck. "You got married four days after you came to work here."

Again Bryson was in the silence.

"You know you're working here now," Mr. Zeck reminded him, and, having recaptured his attention, went on: "If I'd remembered about your wife, I wouldn't have said a word. Of course your wife wouldn't like it. If it was me, my wife wouldn't like it either, and we've been married twenty-four years. We don't count the days no more—just the years—sometimes we skip a year."

Bryson smiled, and Mr. Zeck smiled with him. "You'll come to it yourself, some time, Mr. James Thornwell Bryson," he said amiably. "You don't think you will, but you will. How old is your wife, now?"

"Twenty," answered the fond husband, managing, by some lover's magic, to make that word express his firm belief that, of all possible ages, twenty is the most desirable.

Mr. Zeck, also, had views on the subject. He stated them. "She's old enough to have some sense," said he, "but you never can tell about ladies. Is she crazy about pictures?"

"Twenty," answered the fond husband, managing,

by some lover's magic, to make

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"She's not crazy about anything," fumed Bryson, stirring restlessly.

"You ain't answered my question," said Mr. Zeck. "What I want to know is whether she is goofy about pictures?"

Bryson stared at him in silence, silence which he intended as a rebuke, but which Mr. Zeck must have construed as an admission by his new director of publicity and advertising that he was not yet familiar with the vocabulary of the studios.

"Goofy" is picture talk for 'nutty' and 'cuckoo' and old-fashioned words like that," Mr. Zeck was kind enough to explain. "It is important that I know whether your wife is goofy about—"

"Mrs. Bryson is not goofy about anything," declared Mr. Bryson haughtily, and added, in a tone that was a tribute to Mrs. Bryson's superior qualities: "She does not care for pictures."

"I'm awful glad to hear it," was the surprising comment of the man who had grown wealthy producing them. He took his feet from the desk and, crossing to Bryson, laid his hand on the shoulder of that puzzled young man.

"If she don't like pictures she won't bother herself to interfere with your business," he said, dropping his voice to a confidential whisper. "Personally I have seen a lot of young fellers, bright young fellers like you, who have had wives that have interfered them out of jobs."

Bryson, who was thinking of a different sort of wife, said nothing.

"And there is something else again," went on Mr. Zeck, still in that guarded undertone. "If your wife don't care nothing about pictures she won't care whether you go to California for a couple of weeks."

Bryson's only reply was to stand up and walk to the window, where he turned his resentful back upon Mr. Zeck. It had been enough to discuss his wife at all, but to discuss her in a whisper seemed indecent. While he was mentally apologizing to her, he heard again the voice of the persevering producer. It now was pitched in a higher

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25



"I HAVE NEVER MURDERED YET. YOU JUST TRY SHOOTING THIS STUFF THIS AFTERNOON AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS. I'LL WALK INTO THE SCENE. I'LL WRECK THESE BOXES"



All the rich tomato goodness!

The ruddy, juicy, tempting fruit, sun-ripened on the vines to delicious perfection! Made into Campbell's Tomato Soup the very day it is plucked! Each tomato washed five times in clear, pure running water! All skin, seeds and core fibre strained out from this smooth, rich puree! Golden butter, fresh from the country, blended in! The favorite soup of millions—and no wonder!

Swinging gait and healthy stride
Ruddy cheeks that glow with pride—
You can tell from my good looks
I let Campbell's be my cooks!



12 cents a can

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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key, as it always was when Mr. Zeck talked about money or about anything that money could buy.

"If you'll go out there and make those actors and actresses of mine stop fighting and get to work," he said cheerfully and distinctly. "I wouldn't be surprised if I would give you a handsome wedding-present, handsome and at the same time something you can use."

Mr. Zeck had lifted his voice in vain.

"Your brother-in-law told me he'd like to go," remarked the ungrateful press-agent, continuing to look out of the window.

"Who? Bennie?" cried the man behind him, in a voice of dismay. "Believe it or not, I wouldn't send Bennie as far away as Philadelphia; no, not as far away as Jersey City. To settle that war in Hollywood needs a man. They got enough jazz-players out there already."

"But he said—" began Bryson, obeying an instinct that always made him defend the absent.

"It don't make no difference what he said!" proclaimed Mr. Zeck, smiting the desk. "He's only my brother-in-law. Who ever pays any attention to brother-in-laws?"

Bryson, intending to indicate that in spite of this unflattering opinion of brothers-in-law he was inflexible in his determination not to go to California, shook his head.

"I knew you'd agree with me," cried Mr. Zeck. "I knew you'd admit that I couldn't send Bennie. I knew—"

Bryson wheeled on him. "Listen, Mr. Zeck," he said, controlling his voice with some difficulty. "I don't seem to have made myself clear. Will you please try to understand that I don't want to go to California? I'm so anxious to stay in New York that I'll resign rather—"

"He'll resign!" wailed Mr. Zeck, who could not control his voice at all. "He'll walk off the lot on me. He'll resign. He'll leave me in the lurches. This is positively terrible."

Indeed it was so terrible that Mr. Zeck, shaking with emotion, put his arms on his desk, put his head on his arms, and began to cry. "He won't go to California and save me thousands and thousands and thousands of dollars," he kept saying until Bryson, feeling like a criminal, snatched him.

"Mr. Zeck!"

"Oh, he speaks rough to me," moaned the grief-stricken man.

"Stop acting!" commanded Bryson, not because he thought Mr. Zeck was acting, but because he had heard that the best way to stop hysteria is to be brutal. He had been too brutal.

The face that Mr. Zeck lifted to him was stained with tears. "Acting?" echoed Mr. Zeck dazedly. "From the heart I am acting."

Bryson could not look at him, but he could not help hearing him as again he took up his accusing wail: "He won't go to California and save me thousands and thousands and thousands—"

"Stop it!" clamored Bryson. "I don't know what I'll do. I had no idea this was so serious."

Mr. Zeck's grief, while it blinded his eyes, had not impaired his intellect. He seized quickly upon this symptom of indecision. "Practically it's a matter of life and death," he said, jabbing his eyes with his lavender handkerchief, but failing to do as neat a job as he had done with his shoes. "If 'Hopeless Husbands' don't get finished I'll miss my release date."

"I'll talk to my wife," wavered Bryson, so disturbed that he forgot to call her "Mrs. Bryson."

"Don't talk to her," pleaded Mr. Zeck brokenly. "Take her with you!"

"I can't afford to," confessed her husband, who, altho his eyes were turned toward Jersey City was not seeing Jersey City, but a smiling landscape dotted with orange-groves and with white bungalows half buried in roses. "I wish I could, but I can't."

"I can!" cried Mr. Zeck. "I'll pay all the expenses; only get started."

His voice was steady now, and so was Bryson's voice as he answered: "We'll start to-morrow."

"Goody!" exclaimed the producer, bubbling with happiness. "Get that picture done if you have to punch everybody in the jaw."

"I'll do the best I can," promised Bryson, and, catching up his hat, he moved toward the door.

"Do even better than that," exhorted his grief-stricken employer, "and don't take no bluffs from anybody and don't let your wife interfere with you."

Bryson smiled at his earnestness. "She won't try," he said confidently, his hand on the door-knob.

"Don't let her," insisted Mr. Zeck, and waved him out.

Bryson, his mind full of his wife, was half-way down the corridor when Mr. Zeck came pattering after him.

"I forgot two things," he explained, breathlessly. "I forgot to shake hands, which would be bad luck if I didn't do it, and I forgot to remind you that in everything that comes up you are my general, all-around, confidential man. Use your own judgment."

Bryson shook hands and, nodding sagaciously, backed into the waiting elevator. It was crowded with passengers, all of whom had heard Mr. Zeck's speech of farewell and now looked with interest at his trusted employee. They lost none of their interest when Mr. Zeck shouted down the shaft: "And there is something else again. Don't let that new wife of yours interfere with you in any way, shape, manner, or form."

UPON a bright and fragrant morning, two weeks later, J. Thornwell Bryson, waiting in the lobby of the Hollywood Hotel for the studio car which was to take him to work, thought of Mr. Zeck's valetistic and smiled.

"Happy, Jimmie?" asked a gay little voice.

He looked down at the prettiest girl in the lobby. "Very," he said softly. "I wonder if Blessing is happy?"

"Blessing is happy," she assured him.

He sighed. "Here comes the car," he said.

"Blessing will be at the window when her big boy comes home," she promised.

"She won't be lonesome?"

She shook the prettiest head in the lobby. "But she'd like one tiny kiss to live on," she whispered.

She got it and a hug to go with it and another kiss thrown from the big blue car with the nickel trimmings and Mr. Zeck's monogram done, appropriately enough, in brass, and a final wave of her husband's hand as the car fled westward in the boulevard.

"Eighty-three," murmured Mrs. J. Thornwell Bryson. "It won't be long till it's five-thirty. Then he'll be home again."

Not until the car was out of sight did she leave the sun-splashed porch. Over her arm was her husband's overcoat, which he had handed to a Filipino bell-boy to take up-stairs, and which she had rescued from the boy. As she walked through the lobby, trying to hum a little tune and finding that the only air she could remember was the wedding-march, she slyly hugged the overcoat, and as she went down the corridor on the second floor she wiped her eyes on one of the sleeves.

This was the wife against whose interference in any way, shape, manner, or form Mr. Zeck had privately, and, alas! publicly warned his general, all-around, confidential man.

Mr. Zeck should have been one of those pretty little birds that were in melodious conference in the acacia- and pine- and palm-trees outside the hotel windows. A bird's-eye view of the parting on the porch, or one of the lonely little figure going down the corridor, would have convinced him that Blessing Bryson was not of the fiber of which needleless wives are made. But, unfortunately for all concerned, Mr. Zeck was not a pretty little bird.

The obstinacy with which he clung to his belief that, sooner or later, Bryson's wife would interfere with



"HIT 'EM," YELLED A PLAT-FACED MAN. THE LIGHTS FLASHED ON—RANKS, SPOTS, BABY SPOTS.

Bryson's business, was a quality less common among larks than linnets than among some other creatures who have more legs and longer ears and whose voices are not so sweet. During the four days that the Brysons were on the train and the ten days they had been in Hollywood, it had settled into a stubborn determination to free the husband from the ever-present danger of his wife's influence.

Mr. Zeck had made up his mind that Mrs. Bryson should return to New York. And whenever Mr. Zeck really made up his mind, whenever he decided to apply all his energies to a feat which he described as "hewing to the lines and letting the kindlings fall where they wanted to," it was impossible for anybody, even for Mr. Zeck himself, to foresee the consequences of that momentous decision. Only one thing was certain. Mr. Zeck would not change his mind. In that respect he comported very favorably with the firmest individualist that ever stood on two feet or four.

Telegrams from New York to Hollywood, which could not cost less than the minimum rate of one dollar and thirty cents for ten words, and telephone-messages, which always cost more than the minimum of fifteen dollars and sixty-five cents for three minutes, had interfered grievously with the young man whom Mr. Zeck had authorized to use his own judgment; but, of interference, direct or indirect, from Blessing Bryson there had been none.

Bryson, fretting under the constant nagging from New York, often wondered what would have happened before this, had not the same world that contained Mr. Zeck, who thought that he knew all about motion-pictures, contained, three thousand miles closer to his own heart, a half-shy but wholly desirable darling who knew little about them and cared less. That she cared for him was sufficient. When they were together they found topics more to their taste than the pictures, and he had never told her, and she had never guessed, that at the studio things were going from bad to worse.

Now, as she closed the door behind her, and looked with misty eyes about the room in which she and her husband had been so happy during these last few days when they had been pretending that they were upon their wedding-journey, Blessing Bryson wondered too what she would have done had not the same world that contained her wonderful husband, contained also a generous-hearted employer who had insisted that he would send this wonderful husband to California unless she agreed to go with him, an employer whose clean business methods and exemplary family life her husband had praised so highly.

As she pressed her cheek against the overcoat that always looked so well on this wonderful husband, and then draped it over one of her own silk-bowed hangers, she made a guess at what she would have done.

"I would have died," she said, simply. "I would have died. Lonely people often die."

From one of her black-leather bags she transferred to her dressing-table a photograph, framed in silver, placing it firmly in front of the pigskin traveling-clock. It had reminded her that he, whose portrait was set as an indifferent substitute for himself, had been gone less than five minutes.

"Jimmie, dear," she said, beginning her daily game of make-believe, "I'll just pretend that you're too busy to talk to me. If you don't talk I won't be the least bit hurt. You know I never talk to you about your business and now you can have your turn not to talk about mine. Really, I'd rather you wouldn't. I'd much rather have you wait till I have learned almost as much about your business as Mr. Zeck knows, and then I can help you like he helps you."

Fortified by her one-sided conference, she frowned in a businesslike manner, and, curling up on one foot in a wicker



"THE CAMERAS CLICKED UNTIL Cissy Clark and Bobbie Adams had laughed and cried, hugged, and kissed enough to satisfy the Plat-Faced Man."

EVERY YOUNG WIFE MUST MAKE THIS DECISION

What will her face be in one-in-five - in ten years' time?

NEW surroundings—new responsibilities—new adjustments to life. And with all these a new loveliness in her face. Yet in a few years it has gone!—What has become of it?

Should she have trusted this loveliness to keep on renewing itself through the strain of her new responsibilities? Did she allow the soft brilliance of her clear skin to give place to a dull pallor—its smoothness to be marred by little roughnesses? So many girls lose this young freshness in the first few years of marriage.

But today they know that this loveliness must be guarded—that it will be lost unless the right care be given.

Many a wife has learned that she can keep her skin supple and lovely by giving it regularly the two fundamental things it needs to keep it, young—a perfect cleansing at night and a delicate freshening and protection for the day. And she has learned that the Pond's Method of two creams, based on these two essentials of her skin, brings more wonderful results than any other.

Two Creams—each different—each marvelous in its effect on her skin

Two Creams she would not give up for any others in the world! First the exquisite cleansing of Pond's Cold Cream that leaves her skin so delightfully fresh, so luxuriously soft. Then the instant freshening she adores, with Pond's Vanishing Cream, and its careful protection that she has learned prevents coarsening. These two creams keep for her the smoothness of texture and that particular fresh transparency that she wants to be her charm ten years from now as it is today.

Actresses have proved their value

Actresses whose beauty is so important in their profession, and who have studied their skin with care, know the value of these Two Creams based on the fundamental needs of the skin—perfect cleansing, delicate protection.

Many have written telling how they have found they can depend absolutely on this method.

Mae Murray, one of the most alluring of screen stars, says, "I have found that Pond's Two Creams give the complexion a lovely freshness and smoothness."

Evelyn Gosnell, with International Films, who has the charm of a very fair delicate skin, says, "I find the delicate freshness of Pond's Vanishing Cream delightful. It keeps my skin soft and young, and holds the powder for hours. I use Pond's Cold Cream, too, to cleanse the skin and to keep it always clear and smooth."



Photo by Lejeune A. Miller Studios

Many young women are finding this way to keep their skin exquisitely smooth and young. Read about this famous method

DECIDE TO USE THIS FAMOUS METHOD

Keep your skin charmingly young—for years

Do this tonight. With the finger tips apply Pond's Cold Cream freely. The very fine oil in it softens your skin and penetrates every pore. Let it stay on a minute—now wipe it off with a soft cloth. The black that comes off shows you how carefully this cream cleanses. Do this twice. Your skin looks fresh and is beautifully supple.

Then in the morning, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly over your whole face. Now if you wish, rouge—powder. How smooth and velvety your face feels to your hand. What a fresh and charming complexion the mirror reflects. The appearance of your skin and the compliments of your friends for as long as you use these Two Creams will prove to you how wonderful they keep your skin.

Begin tonight to use Pond's Two Creams regularly—begin to keep your face supple and young as it should be. Buy both creams in any drug or department store. Their delicate texture cannot clog the pores or cause the growth of hair. The Pond's Extract Company, 131 Hudson Street, New York.

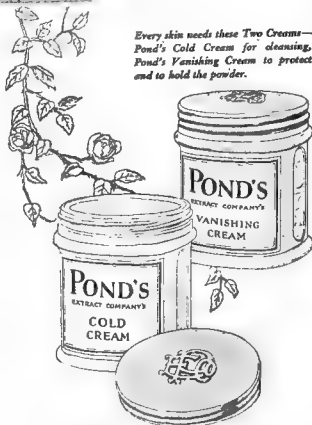
Neck and arms must be
not less lovely

When the face is lovely the neck and arms must not be disappointing. Every night cleanse your neck and the exposed part of the chest, where the skin tends to grow coarser grained, carefully with Pond's Cold Cream.

Use a touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream on the throat and above the line of your frock to hold the powder and to protect your skin from the roughening effect of the wind. Pond's Vanishing Cream on your shoulders and arms will hold the powder smoothly all evening.

Elbowers too must be kept white and smooth, fine skinned, with Pond's Cold Cream.

Every skin needs these Two Creams—Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing, Pond's Vanishing Cream to protect and to hold the powder.



GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON WITH 10c TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co., 131 Hudson St., New York
Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet use.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....

Gossard

Corsets and Brassieres



YOUTH is always in Style

YOUTH never goes out of style. Modes change, styles change, but the slender lines of girlhood are always desired.

"Being slim, may be a matter of pounds; but looking slim is a matter of where those pounds are placed." Gossard Corsets and Brassieres offer an easy way to keep the figure youthful. They do not permit one's figure to "let down" and "spread."

Gossards, correctly fitted, insure good lines no matter which frock is selected from the wardrobe. There are new things about Gossards this season that make them even more necessary and desirable than in the past. The Gossard back is, as always, a thing of beauty. The new soft front is straight, giving a flat abdomen without any restriction over digestive organs. Combined with absolute freedom of breathing and body movement, Gossards give support against fatigue and insurance against unbeautiful lines.

Good stores everywhere sell Gossards, the original front lacing corsets. They are made for nine ideal figure types and in a full range of sizes and prices.

Ask your own corsetiere for the booklet, "The Gentle Art of Looking Your Best," by Jane Hill. If she is out of copies write The H. W. Gossard Co., 1006 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

The H. W. GOSSARD CO.
Chicago London New York Sydney Toronto Buenos Aires

GOSSARD CORSETS AND BRASSIERES ARE MOST APPRECIATED BY WOMEN WHO HAVE MOST PRIDE IN THEIR APPEARANCE

What Women Don't Know About Men

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

You feel as battered as the ship that weathered the typhoon in the story. But at the bottom of my mind, after my excitement over it as a piece of writing had worn down, I found myself feeling somehow ashamed of myself. I kept getting back to the book to see why, or to find an excuse for feeling differently, but I had to read three or four more Conrad books to find out what was the matter.

"Typhoon" begins with Captain McWhir in the merchant steamer *Nan Shan* on his way to the port of Foochow with two hundred Chinese coolies on their way home from work in various tropic colonies. The captain is short, stout, his hair and beard curly, "his whole appearance the exact counterpart of his mind . . . simple, ordinary, and unrefined," the last man you would think of for the hero of a novel if you saw him going ashore in clothes that appeared always a little too small for him, grasping a partially unrolled umbrella in his huge, hairy fist.

THE story begins when McWhir discovered a typhoon moving across the track of the *Nan Shan*. Mr. Conrad makes it plain that there might have been a way, by the practice of what is known as "storm strategy," to avoid the storm; but McWhir, with that sublime stupidity that exasperates women almost to death, decides that the only way for him to make the typhoon is to go through it. The captain is a good seaman, and manages his ship in a stolid, unimaginative way, as if the most terrible of Pacific storms were what Christian Scientists would call "an error of moral mind."

You could say of Captain McWhir that he did not know enough to be scared. But since the Belgians stood up to the Germans, somehow we have come to realize that not knowing enough to be scared is often the salvable thing that we do know enough to value as the best things of civilization.

McWhir saves his ship, his crew, and his coolies, and the reader's respect. When his second officer, not a regular member of the ship's crew, but picked up at the last port of call to fill a place made vacant by accident, shows the yellow streak that is in him the captain announces down the engine-room tube that the "second mate's lost his nerve" with the simple comment that under the circumstances it is "damned awkward." And his sole further action is to send the man without his breakfast immediately on arrival at Foochow. Losing your nerve is simply one of the things that is not done at sea, not at least among seamen.

When the tossing of the ship breaks open the coolies' chests, and the whole two hundred of them engage in a free fight for the dollars scattered between the decks, McWhir sends the first mate into that pandemonium of men gone mad with greed and terror, to pick up the money and bring it to him because he "can't have any fighting aboard." By the same unimaginative honesty he compels the coolies to accept his division of the money when the storm is over.

It is impossible to convey any sense of the story in these few words. After bringing the reader through the typhoon, the author takes a twist out of the woman reader's concept of herself by giving several extracts from his letters written to her by Captain McWhir, his mate, and his engineer to the women for whom men are supposed to face the "impenetrable strength and immoderate wrath, the wrath that passes exhausted but never appeased, the wrath and fury of the passionate."

It was in the men's account of what they had been through that I discovered, when I read it, why "Typhoon" made me feel ashamed. I suspected myself of not having any more real understanding or appreciation of the lives of ordinary men than Mrs. McWhir, "tolling in a gilt and plush-buttoned chair in a forty-pound house in a London suburb," dividing her time between spending the captain's money in the shops and dreading the time when he comes home to stay. Personally McWhir would have bored me to death, and after reading "Typhoon" I began to be bored with the kind of man who could do what McWhir did, was evidence of my own shallow understanding of men.

If "Typhoon" doesn't do the same thing for you, read "The Nigger of the Narcissus," which was first published in this country under the title "The Nigger of the Sea." A better title because it is no better written is that perpetual adolescence of men, which has made women think men aren't entirely equal to the unaided management of society, better handled. There is no woman at all in "The Nigger of the Narcissus," not even a wife aboard. All the characters are of the type of men neither you nor any of your acquaintances would marry, the kind you turn over to them as in trouble, because your very superiority over them makes you incapable of knowing anything about either their needs or their disasters.

Singleton, tattooed like a cannibal chief all over his powerful chest and enormous biceps, his skin gleaming like satin between the blue and red patterns of enormous blackened bands of iron

stained with tobacco-juice that trickled down the long beard . . . who from the day he was cast on the island till the day he shipped another was seldom in a condition to distinguish daylight. Or another, Donkin, a white eyes, whose eyes, under the weight of his battered hat, the worst tale of his crew suffered in fringes, he looked as if he had known all the days of his life that he was a fool, his neck was loose and thin, rare hair hung about his jaw; his shoulders were peaked and drooped like the broken wings of a bird.

The "Nigger" is a St. Kitt's negro, James Wait, who ships as an able seaman, but turns out to be far gone in tuberculosis. The story is all about how Wait made himself the center of the ship's interest and compassion. A solitary negro in a crew even of such white men as I have described is a lonely soul. Nobody talks to him. But the "Nigger of the Narcissus" has the wit to make chums with Death. He had a genuine negro love for the dramatic, and by means of the majesty of his approaching death he bought himself the human consideration which he so craved. The crew nursed him, they fed him, they stole, they endured all sorts of petty discomforts to make his last hours easy. At times they suspected him of murdering, but always after he had revolt they returned to the slavery of compassion.

These men weren't the sole proprietors of mercy! That negro turned every man of the crew around on his finger by the natural tenderness that there is in them. In them, by sheer, native masculinity, not induced in them by culture or refinement, was the power to make them.

What these men chiefly knew of women was that they were not to be trifled with. They had all of them committed most of the more common minor offenses; they were none of them acquainted with the refinement of life as we know it. Most of them; but in their treatment of James Wait there was the noble, uncalculated refinement of the uneducated. When there was dirty weather they went through two or three feeble, faddish days with the rain, and the uneducated men and children. Neither the storm nor the raging ingratitude of Wait touched their compassion for him, nor the ship's discipline.

That is what finally gets you in these sea stories, the way men of the coarser strain hold together. You expect that they will scatter and into the mouth of Big Briarty, out of his men's ship's officers, Conrad puts this reason for it. "We are grateful to you for your kindness, but the thing that holds us together is just the name for that kind of decency."

BUT you can't read one of Conrad's stories of common sailors, suffering every decision of life in their own hands, and death, far from any conscious touch of society, knowing almost nothing about it with the holding together a spirit these few called all manner of fine names in the newspapers, and not feel that there is more in them than even Conrad realized. If you have worked with organized women, you can't read one of the best of the first quality, women who have had great experience in group activity, can achieve a sense, untrained solidarity like that. Women as ordinary in mind and character as these seamen would go to pieces in no time.

Several times I have suspected that men invented society. Women, I feel sure, would have been perfectly content to live along in their separate caves, just keeping up a calling acquaintance with one another, but men must have decided the cave and invented something much bigger than any one of them they find their men people. Their realization in being true to it. That must have been a way of it. What a man must be much older than the English merchant seaman for men like McWhir and the rest of the men in the story of finding it necessary to discuss, without thinking themselves up to it in any way, a thinking well of themselves on account of it.

Without, I am sure, being conscious of it himself, Mr. Conrad makes the old villains in his stories men who have been unfaithful to this bond. Their villainy consists in giving away to the second officer in "Typhoon," or in trying to start something for themselves outside the bond, like the tenderer in "The Nigger of the Sea," or like poor Lord Jim, betraying the bond for once in their lives, and spending the rest of the time struggling to make up for it. Perhaps that is why there is something in the women's sense of the very thing, which I am sure, Mr. Conrad never meant, for, as I have explained, he does not know enough to realize that their own failing is to betray the social bond, and then try to save their faces with lies or petty intrigues.

Because he never understands that modern American women are trying to do it to get their own sense of the way the men have made, and become part

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

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What Women Don't Know About Men

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

Just as a romance "The Rescue" is so interesting that it must be read several times, but its chief value to women is as a study of the romantic in man. About the time "The Rescue" was published another English novelist, May Sinclair, wrote a novel called "The Romantic," which showed the romantic element in man to be what most women—we may as well admit it—think it is, an element of weakness, a sign that the particular man who has it is not quite equal to the realities of life. Miss Sinclair made out her case in regard to the man in her story, but she didn't make out any such case for all men as Mr. Conrad does in "The Rescue."

"Notrom," "Lord Jim," and a half dozen others of his tales, and most terribly in "Heart of Darkness."

The romantic element as Conrad shows it is the same thing that thoughtful women had a glimpse of in men during the War. It is called God, the Life Force, the Red God, whatever you choose to call it; the call of man to his destiny as plain as the call of a child to a woman.

Mr. Conrad himself had that call. When he was so little a boy that he could just reach to the nap on the table, he put his finger on the mouth of the Kongo—not even knowing—and announced, "I shall do that." Actually, that was the moment where after a terrible experience he found himself broken in lamellah that he was obliged to retire from the sea and take up writing as a method of earning his living.

A LITTLE later the lad, born and brought up in a family of revolutionary intellectuals in a country with a emancipist, decided that he must go to sea in the English merchant service. His experienced and disappointed father failed to shake his purpose, and he locked to them like turning his back on everything they valued. But that was the very Red Gods of Conrad to become the greatest English romanticist. No doubt, when he wrote in the preface to "Chance," that one of his novels which brought him his greatest popularity, "the play of man's mind," too great for his fears and too mysterious for his understanding, "he was thinking of his own experience."

Too great for his fears, "I don't know anything that has been said about men in war that expresses better the way in which our young men went at their destiny, terribly afraid as many of them were, but going under the pressure of something 'too great for fear.' I don't know anything in a woman's life comparable to this experience of men, unless it may be having a child. A woman might fear to mislead, but she has taken hold of her life as to go on through with it. Mr. Conrad shows men in the grip of something as relentless and much more mysterious. There was no better device of the romantic in man than the sentence written by Mr. Conrad about Tom Lingard, "ready for the shadowy impulses of his own heart."

Now that women have got into the habit of thinking of the impulses of the masculine mind as something that ought to be suppressed, especially in husbands. They are forever busy setting up all sorts of prohibitions and censures against men following any impulses whatever. Joseph Conrad's mother, if she had been alive, would probably have resisted with all her strength the impulse which led him to go to sea. But the Red Gods save by the proper, unimpulsive men, men that have been blue-penciled and edited and censored by women, to lay their great adventures on the wayward of heart.

What Mr. Conrad makes you see is that if Lord Jim and Tom Lingard and even the unspeakable Mr. Kurtz had been any less than they are at their worst, they would never have been equal to what they were at their best. And it is a shadowy glimpse of this truth that came to many of our women during the War that has had its place in checking the kind of "Lord Jim" which had for its object the making over of mankind on the former specifications. It is just possible that the great adventures will stop coming when they no longer find impulsive men's hearts to judge in.

I do not mean to say that Mr. Conrad does not show how men come to grief over their impulses, and wreck the lives of others, as Tom Lingard did with Rajah Ratu and Immanuel. Almost always this happens under the influence of a woman who fails to understand that the heart of man is made pliable for other purposes than for her to play upon. Really most women think men's hearts are given over to love with, when by such evidence as Mr. Conrad offers, it looks as though men's hearts were made to do business with, the business of life and destiny.

In "Heart of Darkness," we are shown Mr. Kurtz going into the Kongo country with the high notion of conquering it to himself. But his very susceptibility that made him undertake such a mission makes Mr. Kurtz subject to the mysterious wild riles of a savage people, the charm of a black, savage priestess. These things take hold of Mr. Kurtz without diminishing his sense of his own high purpose. The man who is sent to take Mr. Kurtz away from the enchantment of the Kongo

does not succeed in taking him away alive, but he returns from telling the white woman who loved Kurtz about the negro priestess. For no woman would have understood why Mr. Kurtz had to cross the frontier of race and mingle his heart with the "Heart of Darkness." No woman of the same intellectual capacity would have done such a thing. Women have got into the habit of being too good to do such things. Mr. Conrad probably thinks they are too good for it, because he seldom shows a woman crossing lines of any sort or making experiments in life on her own account.

He does not understand the disposition of the modern woman to be romantic the way men are, by experimenting in life, and so he fails to understand the romantic temperament in a woman when he sees it.

In the "Arrow of Gold" Rita is that sort of a woman. Rita is also what is known as an unusual woman, but as she is shown to us only as she appears to a man who is in love with her, we never know what Mr. Conrad knows how bad she is. I asked him pointblank, "just how bad is Rita?"

He answered by asking me, "She was certainly a great deal better or a great deal worse than the young man who broke his heart over her realized. What interested me in Mr. Conrad's account of her was that the *apparent* good or bad according to the nature of the men talking about her."

The fact is, because this has been a worrying problem to many women, how to make men see that there are qualities of goodness and goodness in women that have nothing to do with the effect they produce upon men. His analysis of women seldom attempts to show us why they produce one effect or the other. I suspect he would not, but then I am unacquainted with any man novelist who does. Mr. Conrad draws a good man ever more and better than the other kind, but it is evident that he is not a man of a very serious, and likes them better for being so.

What I suspect is that if the most charming traits of Conrad's women were put together, they would make a fairly complete picture of a woman. They are, I think, complete, because Mrs. Conrad has a sense of humor which I don't recall in any of her husband's women. When we were talking about the practical difficulties of art's life, we were in the walled garden of Oswald. Mr. Conrad said to his wife, "She makes a kind of peace in my life. I don't know where else I can see his men struggling toward this charmed circle of a woman's peace—Lord Jim and Tom Lingard and even the unspeakable Mr. Verloc."

In his mind, the greatest man's story ever written—there is a woman who has never known any such peace for herself, who manages somehow to avoid it like a blessed influence on all who find men better in her than in any other. To find a woman who is, or thinks herself, the center of man's activity, Conrad's women are never worried by any need to "inspire" them. As a matter of fact, I doubt if Joseph Conrad ever heard that silly fiction that men are "inspired" by women. He shows men devoted to their own ends and duties, and he shows sacrifices for them, but, good or bad, all Conrad's men are self-starters.

That is what I have really been trying to get at all through this article, that there are springs of activity in men that women know very little about, that they haven't respected as they should, and that they must learn to respect before trying to make over a society that is composed, fifty per cent., of men.

WOMEN are often heard complaining that men are too much of a mystery to women but a sex evaluation. Men judge women by whether they would or would not like to be men never have any real understanding of men. I have known five or six novels of Conrad, I begin to wonder if he had not been a woman. Men in precisely that fashion. We think of the romantic impulsiveness of men as being a "Lord Jim" and "Heart of Darkness" and "The Rescue" as something that unfits men for business and never of their being the very quality by which the earth is mastered and made to do business with.

We see the spirit of life working to call the child of a Polish revolutionist to be the great master of English romanticism, but we utterly fail to see that it is precisely the *man's* sort of a man in the heart of poor Mr. Kurtz which made him subject to unspeakable degradation. I may say, because am conscious myself of having passed through all these phases.

Probably wouldn't be making this admission, however, if I hadn't discovered that a good many thinking women, the sort of women who ought to be leading in the new movements and are holding back because of this new insight, are realizing that what women need just now is, not more conviction about the merits of women, but a deeper understanding of the men of men. I know of no shorter method of acquiring that understanding than by reading Joseph Conrad's tales to any of them.



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| 1 Cup Grape-Nuts | 1 Sliced Orange |
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Cut the fruit, add lemon-juice, mix with Grape-Nuts, and serve on bed of lettuce with Cream Salad Dressing. Makes four to six portions.

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He spent the rest of his afternoon on the lawn, occupying a solitary chair while the band played sterner, fast passages from "Tannhäuser." Girls in pink and girls in blue flanked handsome young men who banded skilful nothings. But Algy Kelly had been crowded to the edge of the lawn, where he sat alone under a tree and held his lemnoide in his lap.

On Tuesday afternoon, on that same lawn, he met with a mild adventure. He came out rather late that day, having fallen asleep in his room for the lack of other occupation. Many of the tables were empty, he found, and when he seated himself at one of these and ordered his customary lemnoide, he was surprised to find that a fat, elderly gentleman with a very low collar, a very slender black necktie and a very broad black hat had come over and slid into the chair next to him. A stain of brown at a corner of his crooked mouth indicated that he chewed tobacco from the ragged end of an unlighted cigar.

"Sam, you rascal!"

"Yassuh, Kunnelt! Yassuh!" The rascal came scuttling. It was quite like "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"Ginger ale and ice—bring two glasses. If you don't mind, suh." This last to Algy.

Algy didn't mind in the least. Indeed, he could have wept for joy—some one was offering to buy him a drink!

"I reckon you don't mind a nip of Bourbon with yo' belly-wash!" insisted the Kunnelt, fisting him with rheumy eyes as he extended a purplish somewhat palid hand. "My name's Colfax."

"And mine's Kelly. His fingers were crumpled in the big palm, and Algy had a suspicion that the Kunnelt had already tasted Bourbon and had taken him for some one else.

"Kelby! Not one of the Virginia Kellys?"

"Well—" Algy crossed his knees and lit a cigar rather dashingly—"we're of the Northern branch."

"Now, Sam, you rascal," commanded Colonel Colfax, addressing the approaching writer, who, grinning like a Cheshire cat, set down two glasses. "Turn yo' back eyes to the sky. I'm goin' to po'. Jest say when, suh."

He had brought out a fat pewter flask and was covering a block of ice with rich red liquor.

"When?" gasped Algy; the tall glass was half full.

"Shucks!" the Kunnelt kept on pouring. "Nevah leave too much room for your ginger ale—only order it to find those durned prohibitionists."

THE glasses were filled to Colonel Colfax's satisfaction, and Algy took his first sip, a long, languid one, somewhat spiced with a cough. He admired himself in this little more style. A group of young women strolled by; the one nearest was Miss Macmonie, who failed to look around.

"Hyas for look!" asked Colonel Colfax.

"Oh, couple o' weeks. I was kind of overworked—you see, I've got a pretty big job on my hands—I mean for a pretty my age. I'm with the Golden Rule corporation, you know—with stores all over the country. I'm on the managing end."

"Groceries," mused the Kunnelt, fishing the identifying word out of his memory. "Well, that's right smart of a trade-chain groceries. Makes your business look kind o' simple like tiddlywinks."

"What's yours?" Algy found it opportune to ask.

"Railroadin'," drawled the Kunnelt, and before his inquirer could go any further, "D'you like this?"

"It's fine."

"Used to be," Colonel Colfax's smooth baby's face wrinkled savagely like a wounded Rattlesnake used to be so thick as flies. But what is it now? Notin'."

"Shucks! I'm sendin' my family over to Susan Pool next week. Get yo' money's worth there like a gentleman. But hyas!"

"A lot of New York society comes here," protested Algy by way of defending his ideal.

"Yess," drawled the Kunnelt, "and a lot o' locusts come to Egypt." He poured out the second glass, tasted it, and changed the subject. "Play poker?"

"Well, sometimes."

"I'm in room fo' nineteen. Game runnin' there most any night. Or maybe yo' re one o' them bridge hounds."

"Oh, I play both," admitted Algy with a larger strength. Inwardly he decided to avoid room 470. For all he knew Colonel Colfax was a professional gambler.

"Might as well spend yo' wealth at poker as give it all away to the dinn' room niggers. Look hyas, look hyas—ever enter that hand's cave down yoder?" A shaking finger was pointing toward the elegant Doric bath-house.

"Why, yes, I'm taking a little hydro-pneumatic there."

"A little hydro-pneumatic? You're payin' off the bonded indebtedness of the State that po' white who calls himself Dr. Spilling has the low-down authority to ask for a medical examination!"

"I didn't ask," stamped Algy from

Ten Days of Joy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

"Twenty-five dollars, suh. Twenty-five dollars for takin' yo' pulse." Algy's look must have been unwholesome, for Kunnelt showed over his fist. "Hyas, see what a what you need. Let me po' you out a little nip."

IT WAS Wednesday at that hour of mid-afternoon when the colored employees of Southern Bell crossed slowly into the lap of Mother Africa and fell asleep. Spouting Springs was very quiet under mellow serenity. Nothing was seen or heard of its guests save for Colonel Colfax who had collapsed into a red rocker on the veranda, the fat had closed about his eyes, and his mouth was open to catch volcanic noisest across a mountain air that was otherwise still.

From opposite directions along the road, two vigorous young people approached the spot where the Kunnelt kept in his red rocker. Their meeting was not by appointment, but it should have been, so poignant were the emotions in Algy's breast at sight of Lady Lisa. She greeted him with a little bow and a searching discovery.

Should he speak to her? He had not forgotten those scornful glances of yesterday, searing the green grass of the driveway. His breast still smarted with the scorching; he must either decide to drop her or he must boldly, mercifully be decided to say her back in her own coin. His eyes lowered, his ears alert, he heard her life belt tapping on the boards, even as he possessed. Under the brim of his hat he could see her stout, shining at him as he under a grayish skirt; then he went past her.

"Are you the man from Lewis's?" Her voice came sweetly, distinctly, and she must have heard him, but it seemed to summons drive him back, leaving him. He would. Ulysses behaved no differently when his gallantry and some what ang-shot of the sky.

"From Lewis's—oh, how stupid of me!" He looked straight at her, his eyes the appealing eyes above a pair of dimples.

"How could I have made such a mistake?" she asked.

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It's all in the crinkles

2-wavy

4-wavy

6-wavy

8-wavy

10-wavy

12-wavy

14-wavy

16-wavy

18-wavy

20-wavy

22-wavy

24-wavy

26-wavy

28-wavy

30-wavy



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Popular Sizes—Popular Prices

6 x 9	feet \$ 9.00	The rugs illustrated are made	12½ x 3	feet \$ 60
7½ x 9	feet 11.25	only in the five large sizes. The	3 x 3	feet 1.40
9 x 9	feet 13.50	small rugs are made in other de-	3 x 4½	feet 1.95
9 x 10½	feet 15.75	signs to harmonize with them.	3 x 6	feet 2.50
9 x 12	feet 18.00			

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
ART-RUGS



Ten Days of Foy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32



friendly wave of the hand, speeding her knight on his errand of love.

All the way down the glen to Lewis's shop, which stood amidst a chaos of white-washed shacks beside a polluted stream, Algy's imagination carried him on a coal-black stallion with Spanish silver trappings. Her riding-breeches, nestled against his heart, gave wings to his dream. He'd hire a horse that very hour and come prancing along the bridge-path in time to overtake her in her four o'clock gallop. Perhaps he would discover that cur Overman annoying her with bold speeches. "You cad!" the knight on the black stallion was talking now—"there isn't room in Spouting Springs for you and me, Terence Overman!"

This telling rebuke brought him to a rambling hut, plainly if eccentrically labeled "J. Lewis, Tailor," and there he found Mr. Lewis, who had done work on Algy's dinner-suit, languidly propelling a flatiron as he discussed race-horses with a circle of negroes, outlined like shadows against the whitewashed wall. Algy's accusations somewhat pleased Mr. Lewis.

"Haw, haw, hee! I dee-clare I mos' fergot them pants, Mistah Kelly. Evvy-buddy want sompn done at once."

"You promised to send for them."

"Did I?" He rolled his yellowish eyes.

"So I did. I did indeed. I done tole Abe to go fetch 'em right aftah lunch. Yes, sah. He gone to sleep, I reckon. Hi, Abel!" An elderly negro's head came round the corner. "Abe, stir yo' stumps now and press them pants. Miss Macmonigle obliged to have 'em at her do' in five minutes. Spring away, nigger!"

In spite of Mr. Lewis's conclusive manner Algy lingered, doubly held by the sanctity of his trust and the magnitude of his new idea.

"I say, Lewis," he resumed carelessly, sidling up to the ironing-table, "you don't happen to know of anybody round here who'd rent me some riding-togs?"

"Ridin'-tawgs, Mistah Kelly?" Lewis stared thoughtfully. "No, sah. Ain't nobuddy round heah rentin' none."

"I just thought maybe I might get hold of some for the afternoon—breeches and boots and that sort of thing."

"Ain't nobuddy got none, I reckon," Lewis was repeating this formula when a look of benevolence not unmixed with craft rippled across his freckled face. "Ain't nobuddy—cep'n' maybe I got a pair o' them britches what a gelman left las' Spring and ain't come back fo'."

"Let's see 'em." Algy remained a cool customer.

The tailor led him into a sordid back room, and after rummaging among trunks, Morris chairs, and sheet-iron stoves, shook out a pair of hideously wrinkled breeches.

"He done took away them boots, I reckon," said Lewis. "Maybe them pants needs takin' up—"

A NOISE in the front office caused Lewis to start away, leaving his client to struggle with the breeches, which were, as he had suspected, a trifle large. When he got them on they felt about his calves like empty shrouds; the waistband stood out from his figure in a way which suggested any hogshead into which he might have stepped.

"Lewis!" he called hoarsely, but Lewis was apparently engaged with more important business out front. A deep voice was lecturing against the negro's polite protestations. "No, suh! You done fergot an' took 'em away last Aperl. They ain't no pants like what you say. No, suh."

The nature of the discussion became plainer to Algy Kelly, and he began a desperate struggle to free his legs of the damning evidence. But a rusty safety-pin refused to come undone. Enormous footsteps sounded outside, then the door flew open, and a large, an overpoweringly large figure stood glowering upon him.

"What are you doing with my riding-breeches?" Algy saw him plainly now—Terence Overman.

"I—I was trying them on," came a weak reply.

"Well, try them off, if you don't mind."

"Say, look here!" At that instant the safety-pin worked loose with undignified results. Rage flamed in Algy's cheeks, and he snarled, "Who do you think you're talking to?"

"Does it matter?" asked the great one, and his smile was worse than his frown had been. "They don't come within a mile of fitting you. Hustle a little, if you will, I'm late already—two can't wear those things, you know."

"Not while I'm in 'em," Algy was quick enough to say as he pulled them off and tossed them across the room.

When he was dressed and within leaping distance of the door he consoled himself with a parting shot.

"You couldn't give 'em to me, you big stiff!"

Having challenged Nemesis, he withdrew without one backward glance. Why Nemesis, aroused, did not follow to destroy was a matter of conjecture.

Ill news awaited Algy at the hotel, where

he found a terse telegram from Hodder. "Nothing doing anywhere." He understood the code, which was in reply to yesterday's night-letter supplicating a loan of twenty-five dollars. Without Hodder's help he saw no way to remain much longer at Spouting Springs. Possibly he had already outspent his fortune. Five days had gone. His delirium was waning.

Haunted by doubts, he hurried over to the cashier's desk and asked for his bill, inclusive of dinner.

"Going out to-night, Mr. Kelly?" asked the cashier.

"I ain't sure. Maybe I'll visit some friends."

At sight of the long, ruled slip, liberally inked with items, his nervousness became acute. The addition was plain enough, written in a bookkeeper's elegant hand—one hundred and thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents. He took the bill outside and consulted his wallet. Including small change, he found one hundred and twenty-four dollars and thirty cents.

It required no expert accountant to discover his deficit of thirteen dollars and twenty cents. A dollar tip here, another there, five dollars to attract a head waiter's patronizing attention, eighteen for a pair of knickerbockers he wasn't at all sure he liked—it had gone like dream money in a dream world. The sight of Lida Macmonigle had bred delusions of grandeur, a spendthrift mania for large gestures—and hang the price. Well, we all have to pay the hangman, sooner or later.

HIS colorless reflections were brightened by the sight of two handsome equestrians who came around the driveway, leaped nimbly from their horses, and tossed their bridle-reins into the hands of waiting attendants. Through it all Miss Lida Macmonigle continued to flirt with Mr. Terence Overman, making pretty, greenish eyes at him. She could scarcely have failed to see Algy, for he arose to greet her when she came up the steps; but that fellow Overman was saying something at the instant. It must have been witty; for laughter tinkled like little bells.

On his way up in the elevator Algy overheard an old lady gossiping with another old lady.

"—and I think that Macmonigle girl is spoiled— They'll have the whole ballroom to-night. Elizabeth says she's invited all the young people. Hasn't missed one—"

Algy was a trifle early when he slunk into the dining-room that evening. One side of the big hall had been set with a long table, banked with roses. The lone spectator gazed from his distance, Tantalus chained within sight of banquets. In this case the chains were spiritual—or were they entirely so? Certainly he would be held in ransom until he found ways and means of paying his hotel bill.

Miss Macmonigle's guests began trooping in, brilliant and talkative as so many tropic birds at feeding-time. Noble V waistcoats walked joyously beside evening bodices of auroral hues. Algy took note of the outlanders at small tables, isolated like himself; they were all middle-aged or elderly. All but Algy. And after what he had done for Lida that afternoon.

She came in just then, a pearly wreath in her hair, her royal person clad in orchid silk. Everybody seemed to have something to say to her—something of a congratulatory nature. He came out of his misery long enough to wonder. Was this her birthday? Or her engagement?

He glared along the table where Lida's guests were now seating themselves; the hated Overman wasn't beside her, and that was some satisfaction. Uncle Bob, his face glowing like a red cabbage, was trying to be a boy again, to renew his youth in the smiles of a damsel at his left.

She was rather easy to look at—upon that thought Algy's eyes ceased to rove and, figuratively speaking, rubbed themselves.

Who was that beside the elderly flirt, shaking her auburn mane, using her claret-colored eyes to good advantage?

Daisy Marchbanks! How in the world did she get there? How came Steam Pool to be in Spouting Springs when never the twain should meet? From his humble table by the pantry door Algy gaped in a sort of dull hypnosis. It couldn't be Daisy—but yet it was. Nobody but Daisy could laugh like that!

Then fear crept in. If he could recognize Daisy from where he sat, she in turn could recognize him. He experienced some of the self-consciousness which a worm must feel when he wriggles within sight of his unfair competitor, man. Fear grew to a monomania. At any minute the entire tableful might turn and peer at him as he sat there, solitary, snubbed, isolated, in social quarantine. He considered escape. But how? He couldn't walk out by the long table, marching in review its entire length. So far as Lida or Overman or Uncle Bob were concerned, he didn't care. But rather than have Daisy Marchbanks behold his outcast state in Spouting Springs, he would have walked cross-lots over burning plowshares.

He squirmed in his chair—was she looking his way? Madness came upon him. He let his knife and fork fall dead upon a plate of young turkey which he had scarcely tasted.

"I'm through with this darned hotel!" he muttered. "Through! Through!" and, lowering his head like a charging buffalo, he went into the pantry's swinging door. A waiter with a heavy tray, receiving the full force of his charge, went down in a blaze of gravy. Even in the frenzy of escape Algy had not forgotten the first law of fashionable hotel life.

"I'll pay for the damage!" he shouted, and scuttled across the kitchen, down the back stairs.

Out on the terrace the skies were featureless, curtains of gray, unpinned by any star. And so was the wanderer's mood as he considered what to do with his undesirable self. He had a return-ticket, but it was in his room; no train left before eight in the morning. He was tempted to march away, just as he was, straight into the sanctuary of Virginia's woods; he pictured himself being found some years later, a wild man in a tattered dinner-suit, living on berries.

TWO hours must have passed for him in this lawless mood. Then thunder began to roll, and a splash of rain turned his eyes again toward the hotel. Attracted like a moth to light, he glanced up at a fourth-floor window which was conspicuously ablaze. Four elderly gentlemen were distinctly visible, taking their places around a table. The fattest one—unmistakably Colonel Colfax—was counting out something from a brown box; an instant later somebody pulled down the shade.

Room 419! From his outer darkness Algy remembered the invitation to a poker game. Why not? Driven by that recklessness which inspires the king of a ruined principality to stake his mortgage on the green cloth, he hurried back to the hotel. Music sounded in a distant ballroom, and from a more intimate sitting-room came a banjo's plang, sour and lively above the distant din.

Good mawnin', Mistah Zip, Zip, Zippy. With yo' hair cut jes as short as minel

Daisy, apparently, had become the life of the party.

Two minutes later Algy was knocking at Room 419.

It was a trifle after eleven when a wild-eyed young man in a rain-coat rushed across the lobby.

"I want to pay my bill and get out," he explained hoarsely, and on the counter he tossed a wad of bank-notes, gnarled and ruffled like a head of lettuce.

"Going out to-night, Mr. Kelly?" began the night clerk.

"Right now—as soon as I can get an auto."

"The cashier's gone—but if you're in a hurry—"Algy thought he looked a little

suspiciously at his money. "Where shall I communicate with you?"

"Steam Pool!" Algy hurled it in his face. "Um. Pretty bad storm—car might come pretty high."

"I can pay for it."

Indeed he could. He had just counted his balance. He had fifty-seven dollars and twenty cents after paying his score. Automobile bills deducted, there was plenty for nine days at Steam Pool.

So that was settled. When he went outside to meet his car he found the storm howling theatrically, whipping the valley with thoughts of rain. The headlights of his hired flivver peered through it all like one of night's devouring monsters—or like the amiable dragon that carried poor Medea away from a world of troubles.

"Steam Pool!" he shouted above the elemental din, and the car skidded toward unknown perils.

ALL along the mountain road came memories of that providential meeting in room 419. Feverishly he summoned visions of the four old gamblers, prosperous gentlemen with veiny poker-faces, who gazed like experienced sphinxes upon dollar antes and ten-dollar limits. They played for blood. But in their company Algy had become just another sphinx, feeding in dollar after dollar without a flutter of his stony brow. Dollar after dollar they had worn him down, these leagued fatalists.

Night-riding through a mountain storm, he forgot immediate perils in the fire of his rebel thoughts. Colonel Colfax would never speak to him again; neither would the loose-jawed real-estate dealer from Norfolk or the red-nosed Judge from Richmond. He was a piker, a short-sport—what did he care? He was through with them—he'd made a clean sweep of Spouting Springs society.

Recollections of his last five minutes in room 419 brought chuckles of sly comfort. A mighty jack-pot, brilliant with blue and yellow chips, lay heaped on the table. Twice his own pile had been swept away and twice he had gone to the banker. They were playing deuces wild—and not a deuce in the pack more maniacal than Algy Kelly had been at the moment when he had held up a deuce and an eight-spot, then paid ten dollars for the privilege of calling for three cards. "Once in a while a two-spot's good as an ace," he had philosophized.

Colonel Colfax, who had opened the pot, began with a bet of ten dollars; two competitors had slapped down their hands, but the man from Richmond had quietly raised ten. Stony-eyed and stony-fisted Algy had shoved out a pile of chips.

"Not raisin' again?" The Kunnel looked worried.

"Just to make it interestin'," Algy had drawled nonchalantly. He was a good sportsman at that moment.

There had been something tremendously gallant about those old gamblers; they unbent momentarily, revealing pity for the rash adventurer. "See you," grunted the Kunnel, and "See you," mumbled the Judge, only his nose betraying emotion.

Algy's heart had contracted like a squeezed sponge as the Kunnel laid down his cards—three kings and two fours; the Judge threw his out slowly, dramatically, one at a time—three tens and a deuce.

"What's the other one?" Algy had inquired, surprised at his own coolness.

"Just a seven."

"No good." Our hero's voice came thick as he laid his cards on the table.

"My brothahs!" The Kunnel had said it like a prayer. "That po' little boy's got five eights!"

And so indeed he had, according to the rules of deuces wild—in his blind desperation Algy had drawn a deuce and a pair of eights from the pack!

So that was that. With hands that trembled a little the winner had reached out and gathered in the chips; and with the motion had come another of those inspirations, provoking Destiny.

"I—I don't know what's the matter with me," he sighed.

"Buck-ague," drawled the Kunnel. "I had it at yo' age."

"I think maybe I got to quit."

"We all are playin' till twelve, I reckon," suggested the Kunnel. The old gamblers exchanged glances.

"I—I know. But something's the matter with me. I got an awful headache—nearly blind or something." This was all too true.

"Then you desiah to cash in, suh?" The Kunnel had become terribly formal. "Very well, suh. If you'll do us gentlemen the honah of countin' yo' chips."

It had been all very confusing, but after a period of computation Algy had clutched hungrily at the heap of green and yellow money shoved disdainfully under his nose. Eagerly he had crammed it into his pocket and bidden his hosts good night. They had not answered or turned their heads.

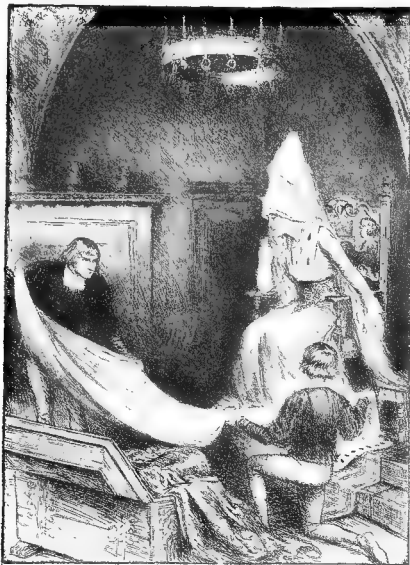
And now, as he charged down the rain-swept valley, the refugee played with those memories, feeling no shame. Why should

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

Women's Clubs, Attention!

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S \$1,000 prize competition closes September 15, 1923. The prize will be awarded to the women's club, affiliated with the General Federation, which is shown to have rendered its own community the greatest service during the twelve months closing with the date mentioned. All papers and photographs pertaining to the competition must reach the Club Editor at the office of Pictorial Review on or before September 15, 1923.

Please carefully observe the rules and conditions. A circular stating these in full will be mailed on application to the Club Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.



THE FLORENTINE MERCHANT GUARANTEED HIS SILKS WITH HIS PERSONAL SAFETY

When Lorenzo the Magnificent ruled in Florence, noblemen chose their gowns from silks displayed by command in their private apartments.

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Well dressed American women of today choose their silks in great shops far from the weaving looms. The personal responsibility of the medieval guildsman is replaced by the good faith of the modern manufacturer, and the name "Belding's" woven in the selvage of her silks is a guarantee of quality as absolute as was the personal warrant of Florentine.

No quality manufacturer can supply every shop, but some shop near you is ready now to show you Belding's Silks designed for your gowns, linings, and lingerie—ask for Belding's and be sure to find the name on the selvage.

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Ten Days of Joy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

he? Does the escaped prisoner blush for the cunning ruse by which he has evaded his keepers?

The night was dreadful, yet he sat in the heart of it, insanely triumphant. Nobody at Spouting Springs would ever speak to him again. Hurrah! Figuratively speaking, he had burned the hotel behind him and looted as he ran. It was a reckless drive, that midnight charge toward freedom and Steam Pool. Imbued with his passenger's dampness, the driver put on full speed and all but wrecked his car in a series of slippery turns. Down converging gorges at sharp angles, with the road invisible, monsters swooped and belloved while the skies emptied themselves in typhoons and tidal waves.

"Let 'er blow!" commanded the refugee, who, like Lear, was quite in harmony with the battle of earth and sky.

THE Tuesday which followed Algy's black Wednesday found him in his right knickerbockers carrying his leaky golf-bag over the hills toward Steam Pool course. He was full of Summer indolence and he seemed to have gained in weight. The sheep-track which he took toward the links was a devils and roundabout one. He had half-promised to play with Patsie Conway, but he hoped to be delayed. Ten minutes before he had seen Miss Marchbanks wandering this way alone and alone—both states unusual to her.

In the pine-grove, directly behind the old Presbyterian church, he thought he saw a vermilion flash of color, like her sweater. He slackened his pace, and simulated interest in the horizon—the line was going to make it too easy for her or lead her to believe that he was in pursuit. She had played high horse with him long enough.

His strategy succeeded in a measure, for before he had reached the top of the slope she came out, swinging a top-basket with one hand and eating an apple with the other.

"Hello, Alg," she said indifferently. "One of your chums is a slutt!" through the hole in your bag. Is that the latest style at Spoutin' Springs?"

He was about to say, "Cheese it," but abandoned that resource for milder words. "I'll have to get a new one, I guess," he said.

"Oh, I don't know. I reckon it could be mended."

With this surmise she unbent sufficiently to examine the poor, broken thing. All of which was very encouraging on the part of a young lady who, since Algy's mid-night ride down the wind-swept valley, had refused to walk, talk, dance, or drive with him, and had concealed her reasons.

"I reckon," she persisted, dumping his chums on the ground and holding the bag upside down. "It's a pretty po' specimen—that's a fact—but where there's life there's hope."

The verdict applied perfectly to himself, Algy thought.

"I'd appreciate it very much if you'd mend it again," he said. "I've kept it all this time because you—"

"Spoutin' Springs!" she laughed, but she gathered the bag under her arm and started toward the woods.

"What's the big idea?" He began following at her heels.

"I can't work in this glare, foolish—or maybe you don't want it mended."

"Oh, yes I do. Honest."

"This is my stone," she said, pointing to a mossy boulder which a red squirrel had just quit for their benefit.

SHE settled into a rocky hollow which fit her like an armchair. Algy sprawled on the pine-needles at her feet and watched her selecting thread from the little top-basket she carried. It was plain to him, this homely little scene; it suggested domestic coverage and comeliness and somebody he'd be glad to come home to.

"Daisy," he began, "why are you sore at me?"

"Who said I was sore?" The pleasant dream was on her top, for he saw in her eyes something beyond the usual fire of Steam Pool's favorite cut-up.

"Something on your mind."

"How do you know I've got a mind?"

"You've got more sense in a minute than I'll ever learn."

"Spoutin' again?"

"No. Cross my heart. But you've been sore of upstage."

"You do hate to see other people upstage, don't you?" He wondered at that instant if she had really seen him in the special quarantine during the Macmonie party.

"After the high life up at the Springs I don't see what we'd at the Pool have to offer. I didn't want you to be wastin' your time on me—we mustn't seem right slow to you."

This swelled his conceit to a last, exasperating point.

"I like it here. It's a good rest; after that jazz stut; something doing every minute."

"I didn't see you at Lida Macmonie's party." The shot came almost noiselessly, as the prodded by a live coal in the eye.

"No, I was all dated up that night," he drawled, then added the casual question, "How did you know about it?"

"The party? Oh, I was there."

"I didn't know you ran with that gang."

"I don't, it can help it. You see Lida is a sort of round-the-corner cousin of mine. She's a dull one."

"Never found her so," he admitted dolefully.

"Well, she's been teasin' me to come over with my bangs. So, I went. I don't think she'll ask me again."

"Why not?"

"Oh, when I played the young buns I wanted to sing and waltz 'em. I reckon I broke up the ball."

Her needle at this while was working rapidly through the canvas, executing a strange cross-stitch.

"You sort of broke up the ball for me, too," he said.

"You?" She looked suddenly, sharply up.

"I thought you said you didn't go to the party."

"Oh, that was just a sort of parable—what I was trying to say—look here, Daisy."

His sudden vehemence gained all her attention, and the limp bag fell into her lap.

"I've been giving you an awful lot of guff, and I want to come through straight, keep it all after we've been and—well, Daisy, will you marry me?"

"The simplest most half-way and devoted her expression to astonishment."

"Say, boy! What's Spoutin' Springs got to do with my sayin' you?"

"I don't know. It's just made me feel like I've got to have you."

"And we got a reason as most lovers give. It did it with Daisy Marchbanks, for she learned down very gently and pulled the pulpit in and put her breast."

"Of co'se I'll marry you, you po' babe."

"He said, 'Who else is goin' to take care of you?'"

ONLY manhood prevented him from burying his face in her lap and crying out his absurd mind after he had said to her for a time, he crocheted again at her feet and said:

"I mean the time at the Springs I wanted to come over here. Nothing was any good without you."

"Hurry, hurry, hurry, and took up her sewing again. "When I saw you—"

"Then you saw me at the hotel?"

"No, but I made you jump like that I meant, when I saw you on the train I do."

"Why?"

"People who go to Spoutin' Springs get a lot of funny notions."

"I had a lot," he admitted thoughtfully, then traced himself to the quarry.

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Play Fair with the Youngsters



THERE they go trudging off to school with shining morning faces—books tucked under arms—your greatest treasures—our country's Future Citizens! What a wonderful privilege to have these little lives in your keeping.

Do you love them enough—these children of yours? Are you going to play fair with them? Are you going to make sure that they are physically able to stand the strain of the school year?

Just because they have rosy cheeks and bright eyes, don't make the common mistake of taking it for granted that your youngsters must be perfectly well. What do you know about eyes, throats, ears, teeth, lungs, hearts, posture, etc.?

Wherever tests have been made, records usually show that the boys and girls who are backward in their studies are suffering from some physical defect which, if taken in time, could be easily corrected. They aren't *dull*—they're *sick*.

These helpless little children are dependent upon you to save them from the lifelong unhappy consequences of neglected health and neglected education. Do not let sickness keep your boys and girls from getting the education they will need in future years.

Health Examinations in Schools

Splendid work is being done in some places in advising parents as to what

is the *real* trouble with their children. Many little lives have been saved through free health examinations in schools.



©FRANK MCGONNELL

And He was a Sickly Child!

Can you imagine that the Theodore Roosevelt you have always known—the man of indomitable strength—the fearless reader and deer and thinker—was a delicate, fragile child?

Some parents might have sighed over the fact that little Teddy was so sickly and let it go at that. Instead, Theodore Roosevelt's parents gave him the special care and attention that he needed and he grew strong and well. Theodore Roosevelt, famous President of the United States, student and naturalist, intrepid hunter and explorer, athlete, leader of men, might have been a useless bit of driftwood in the stream of life had his parents been less wise. They built his body first. His schooling followed.

In writing of his delicate boyhood, Theodore Roosevelt said, "The recollection of my experience gives me a lesson, promptly with those who are trying in our public schools and elsewhere to remove the physical cause of delinquency in children, who are often unjustly blamed for being obstinate or unamiable or stupid."

The teachers and committees responsible for this work need all the help and co-operation you can give them. Formerly, a good many

honest thinking people held the idea that health was purely a personal matter—to be dealt with at home. It is not. The health of the children in your schools concerns *every one* in your community. You know the danger of everybody's business being nobody's business. It is *your* job to do your part.

Things You Can Do

Make sure that *your* children are in fit condition to go back to school. There are four things at least to do immediately.

1. **Eyes.** Children who cannot see clearly are under a constant nervous strain which is bound to affect the health. Have your children's eyes examined by a competent eye specialist.

2. **Throats.** Have your children examined for adenoids and diseased tonsils. Total deafness and many serious illnesses often come from neglecting this danger zone.

3. **Ears.** Thousands of children are thought dull in school because they cannot hear distinctly. If anything is wrong with your child's hearing consult a specialist.

4. **Teeth.** Much sickness comes from decayed teeth. Physicians say that poison may be carried in the blood from the tooth to other parts of the body. Take your children to a dentist. Teach them the necessity of brushing the teeth thoroughly—night and morning.

Send your boys and girls back to school this fall as healthy as possible. The day is not far off when these youngsters of ours will be the backbone of the Nation—make them strong!

Dr. S. Josephine Baker, former Director of the Bureau of Child Hygiene of New York City, states that "approximately 35% of the children of school age have one or more physical abnormalities;" and she adds that this condition is "universal". There is a remarkable uniformity in various communities as to the percentage of the physical defects that are found each year.

According to the law of averages, 35% of the school children in your own town or city are suffering from some disability which, if not corrected, will hold them back in their studies. Where tests have been made results prove that an immediate

gain in weight and height follows the correction of physical defects.

It is most important that health examinations be made regularly in the public schools for the sake of those children who could not otherwise be taken care of. In many cities this work is first undertaken by a group of benevolent, public-spirited men and women who through private donations have supported a program of medical examinations and free clinics in the public schools. The work is usually taken over later by the city and an appropriation voted to cover necessary expenses. That may be the way in which the work can best be begun in your community.

Important as it is to safeguard the health of school children, the best time for preventive work is in pre-school days—from babyhood to six years. Just as the best time to take care of the health of the baby is before it is born, so the best time to take care of the school child is before it enters school, rather than after.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has published three booklets on the care of children which it will be glad to send you—"Care of the Teeth," "Tonsils and Adenoids" and "Eyesight and Health." You will find them helpful.

HALEY FISKE, President.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK
Biggest in the World. More Assets. More Policyholders. More Insurance in force. More new Insurance each year.



The Excitement-Eaters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23



many! I don't like to hear any one say that. I see you think I—I'm prudish and everything. It's—not that. It's something I can't help. I fell in love with something that—when Steve told me—ceased to be. What I'd been in love with—had gone."

Silence while Jerry looked at her incredulously.

"And, anyway, if it hadn't gone," Ruth implored, her color deepening, "if it *hadn't* gone—some one's got to do—what I'm doing! Nowadays every one talks about the double standard. Most girls can't stay up on the pedestal where men have put them—they're coming down to the men's side. They want to be their pals. I can't be like that. I can't believe that things improve that way. And yet I can't take the middle course, the course women have always taken—sweet, lovely woman shutting eyes and ears to men's faults because they're only men! That hasn't worked out, either—for the women. I've got to be—this way! Some one has got to!"

Jerry surveyed Ruth's creed with genuine astonishment. Never before had she heard ideas of this sort expressed. It was certainly—well—unusual, and she found herself unwillingly liking Ruth. It was unfortunate that Ruth created the impression of being so smug. Such people seldom carried others with them. But now with the irritating veneer gone, Ruth was almost human.

"Just one thing," said Jerry, "why did you want to hear about this party, if you've sent Steve away forever?"

Ruth looked at her, breathing slowly in an effort to regain her composure. "Because I—I wanted to have—as good a memory of him—as possible!" she said in a low voice. Her mouth was firm, but a tear rolled down one cheek.

Jerry felt helpless in the face of this situation. She was not the one to comfort Ruth. And supposing Willie should come in upon them now? Willie was everywhere; the chances were he was already on the scent of just this situation. Jerry turned away. "I'm awfully sorry, but we've got to go back," she said, and left Ruth struggling with her tears.

THE dance had ended, and in the drawing-room a group was gathered about the phonograph, looking over records. Willie, Jerry noticed with a spurt of thankfulness, was among the group. Phil and Tracy, through with their chat, were sauntering across the floor. Elsie stood facing the crowd with an air of displaying her dress, hand on hip, head thrown back.

"I have never seen anything like it," Elsie's voice was proclaiming, reed-like and insistent. "Charlotte swears no one can duplicate her lines, and the way Jerry Lancaster got to work on the thing was absolutely professional! Look at it—and you saw it when it ripped. She did it in half an hour. My dressmaker couldn't have done it in a day—or ever. None but a master hand could do a thing like that!"

Jerry from her vantage-point on the threshold saw Willie's jaw suddenly snap shut, as if a tedious problem had been solved. The rest of the men were only mildly interested. They did not get the inference that was dancing on Elsie's words. But the girls had turned and with curious eyes were focusing new regard upon Jerry.

Weak amazement was going through Jerry in sick little waves. How could she dream that Elsie's gratitude would repay her in such spite? If she could understand the motive she could combat it. But—this!

Phil, who had reached the group in time to hear the last of Elsie's shafts, spoke gravely. "That was good of Mrs. Lancaster to help you out, Mrs. Villiers, for such swift sewing quite exhausts her. She makes all her own clothes, but much more slowly." His voice was calm, but Elsie winced at his tone. He crossed to Jerry's side, caressing her with his glance. "Don't you think we'd better be going, dear? I know you must be tired."

Jerry answered that she would leave as soon as she could find Evadne.

"She's in the den, flirting outrageously with Johnnie Overton," announced Willie. Of course, Willie would be the one to know, Jerry registered. "I've been wanting an excuse to break it up for a long time."

A debutante, wearying of the fuss the married people were making, had put on a record. As swiftly as quicksilver rolls, the circle around Jerry and Phil resolved itself into couples and whirled itself away. All but Willie, who offered to lead Jerry to the den. Helplessly, she followed him. What was she to do about Willie?

At their sudden entrance Johnnie voiced annoyance.

"What on earth's biting you, Willie?" Willie took Evadne by the arm. "Mr. and Mrs. Lancaster are going home now," he told her, "and I'm going to take you in my car."

She went with him silently, looking up at his pale, resolute face with wide eyes. And it was then Jerry discovered her voice. "You needn't take Evadne home, Willie; we have plenty of room for three."

"I'm going to," said Willie rudely as he led Little Eva from the room.

"Well, what do you know about Willie?" Johnnie appealed to the multitude as Jerry and Phil followed their charge.

Willie's car was parked back of Phil's, so that the Lancasters had to get under way first. Jerry spoke rapidly before they were well out of the drive.

"Phil, what can I do when Evadne gets started? What can I say? She's so blooming funny—I'd laugh in the middle!"

Phil's voice was assuring. "Well, I guess Willie's lecturing her now, and she'll take it more gracefully from a contemporary."

"Willie lecturing her!" Jerry stopped herself just in time. She would not open up that line of thought to Phil; she wouldn't add to his anxieties by telling him of her alarming discovery until she had thought it over and had seen what she could do about it herself. She was always causing Phil so much trouble. Everything she did—

"Phil," Jerry said suddenly, "it seems I'm always doing everything wrong. But I never thought my helping Elsie with her old dress would make her throw her words together just that way."

THEY drove into the garage, and she jumped out of the car while Phil locked it. They stood close together in the night.

"My dear child," he said, his arm finding hers through the darkness, "it is not your fault that Elsie turned into a little Judas. Can you imagine Mrs. Carter repaying you in such vein?"

Jerry's recoil was instinctive. At last it was out! At last he had mentioned Mrs. Carter, had made a comparison, and justified her feeling that all along he had been making them.

Mrs. Carter was never written up in the *Gossip*. What would Phil do if he saw that news item? What was she to do about Willie?

"Why don't we drop Elsie?" Phil was saying. "She is the most murder-inciting specimen of half-baked femininity it has ever been my misfortune to meet!"

It followed the Carter comparison too swiftly. Jerry threw back her head.

"I know she is. But as for dropping—if we drop her we drop all the rest of 'em—the whole crew."

Phil was silent, and Jerry suddenly saw his real idea—to drop this whole crowd! The thought filled her with as much terror as had the thought of that same circle narrowing about her. With them she was restless and discontented. Away from them she was lost!

They were her kind; they spoke her language, faced her problems, even if sometimes they didn't know they were facing them. And in their place Phil would put—yes, Mrs. Carter!

"I like them," she said stoutly, "I like Tracy."

"Tracy," said Phil quietly, "is the most tragic of them all, and he will never be aware of it until he goes over the side of the precipice."

Jerry could see that. "I've known a lot of boys like Tracy—all of them a lovely type in spite of their faults. I was sorry for him; that's why I helped Elsie. He—and Cora and some of the others—can't seem to get used to staying married."

"Takes a while to break in a colt. And they all make me think of unruly colts," said Phil.

Jerry shivered in the circle of his arm. "Then to make marriage endurable you must first have your spirit broken!"

"Well, put it that way if you want. But you certainly have to give up freedom," Phil responded, adding, "Here comes Willie now. We can go in."

Voices burst upon them from the darkness. "I hope you'll remember what I've just told you." It was Willie unmistakably; but his tone was savage, almost murderous.

Little Eva's tinkling laugh rang out. "Well, I never have seen such a man! My baby's perambulator—"

"There, that's another expression I don't care for. That's why you'll continue it, I suppose."

"What I say and do is none of your affairs, Willie Pryde, and you can go right straight to Gehenna!"

The front door slammed, the stairway echoed to footsteps that tapped in their haste, and a door banged up-stairs. Footsteps as angrily hasty rang a retreat down the piazza steps; and the car started, growling as if it were being handled roughly.

"Willie," Phil remarked, "is in love with Little Eva." And he kissed his wife again.

THE sun regarded Evadne from all corners of the room as that young lady lay on her bed and turned up her toes at the ceiling.

It was late in the afternoon, and she was resting to gather fresh energy. It took a great deal out of her to go all day and most all night and appear perkily piquant.

She opened the book that she had in her hands. "Old Age: Its Cause and Prevention." The chapter on "Ninon de L'Enclos: The Woman Who Never Grew Old" lay exposed. Facing the first page

was a portrait of her at seventy. Evadne gazed at it and mentally ran through her choice list of profanity. Ninon seemingly had less wrinkles at seventy than Evadne had at twenty.

Little Eva was in a very low way. And yet she knew there was no real reason for this state of mind. She was having a much better time at Eastport than she had anticipated. Ever since the Villiers dinner-party she had been in great favor among the unattached young men. Johnnie Overton in particular had been "giving her lots of time," as he expressed it. He called up every day and staged something new in the way of parties every night.

She could see that Johnnie was the debutante's bogey. He was a good dancer, wealthy, and full of resource as to how to spend his money.

She had often seen his picture in polo regalia in the Sunday papers. Yes, she had fallen into a delightful situation; but there was that Willie Pryde.

Evadne did not often meet young men who gave her such jolts. The very first evening he had stuck his nose into her affairs and told her just what was wrong with her.

It is hard, after one has assured a successful make up, to have some one raise the question of its effectiveness. This was what Willie had done by a few scorching remarks on her "little parlor tricks." He had also told her that she was a misprint. She, Evadne Drew, whose doings had spread the length and breadth of Boston.

A horn on the drive outside interrupted her meditation and she crossed to the window. It was probably Johnnie.

But it was not Johnnie's long, low, murderous-looking racer; it was a small runabout, from which Mrs. Fred White leaned out. Evadne took a comprehensive survey of her. She was certainly stunning-looking, but that tall, dark type aged quickly. Black hair showed gray so soon.

Little Eva went back to "Old Age: Its Cause and Prevention" and read the chapter entitled "Hair" until the telephone-bell outside the door galvanized her into activity.

JOHNNIE'S voice came across the wire, buoyant, insistent.

"Say, Eva, you've got to start out before dinner to-night. We've got a wonderful party framed—going back to old times, the simple life and all the rest of it. We're all going to start out buggy-riding—using my carriages and prancing steeds—and take along a basket supper, like the old folks at home. We'll drive till we get to some place where basket parties are welcomed—some field we can spread out in and have a lovely picnic supper. After which the deed will fit the mood. Hurry up! Are you coming?"

"Well," Eva deliberated, "who else is going?"

"Oh, every one that's any good on a silly party. I'm out at the country club, and so far I've got Janet and Andy Clarke and a bunch of young men. We don't want too many girls. They get in the way. But we could do with about one more. If you can think of any one who'd strike while the iron is hot, get her to come along. Try Jerry. I never can get her to go anywhere."

"All right," said Eva in a voice that lacked conviction. She had no intention of asking Cousin Jerry to accompany them. Somehow she did not enjoy herself so much when Jerry was about. Jerry had an abrupt way of expressing herself and one never could be sure what she thought of things. Eva liked to feel as untrammelled as possible.

"I said every one bring their own baskets, and I say it with meaning," Johnnie's voice insisted at her ear.

"You ought to know by this time that Jerry and Phil haven't got any," said Eva querulously. "It's the first thing I looked for when I came here; they're as dry as the great Sahara."

A lazy whistle came through the telephone. "Never mind, Uncle Johnnie will bring along enough to fill in the blanks. We'll come trotting by as soon as possible, so you keep your face pressed against the window-pane."

"Give me time enough to put my teeth in," she demurred, and hung up before he could make any more remarks.

If only men knew how much trouble girls took to be pretty, shining articles that presented themselves so invitingly! She washed off the olive-oil, put on a foundation of cold-cream, powdered guardedly, and laid in a corner-stone of rouge. Yes, she was indeed getting old—rouge. She had danced her natural color away at nineteen. Then came the operation of blackening her eyelashes. But she was getting sick of it and everything was such a bore.

Her face having been evened up and arranged, she turned to her hair. There was a choice lying on the bureau. Either smooth, even bands that she could wind around her head, or curls that she could insert at odd intervals. She considered both, and then decided that, since this was

a picnic and might wax boisterous, she would keep to her own hair for the evening.

Of her own hair she had barely enough to put up. She was keeping it short in the hope that it would grow thicker, but advance was slow. At times Little Eva even had the fear that she was growing bald.

She looked at the finished product. She was young—still looked eighteen. Her piquant features did not appear to be wrinkled; her eyes spread a bland, baby-like illusion. Yet she remained fretful.

"Why," she demanded, rolling her eyes upward, "is it woman's work to be attractive? Solve that one for me, somebody?"

On the landing she was stopped by the echo of voices from the living-room—Cora White's and Jerry's. She hesitated and went to the back stairs. Not that she wished to conceal her plans from Jerry, but she preferred not to speak of them until Johnnie arrived and she was on the way. She had always thus broken the news to her mother—by the act of departure—so it came naturally to her now.

LACE was in the kitchen reading another paper-covered novel that Eva had given her. Eva had noticed with some amusement Jerry's attempts to interest Lace in higher literature—efforts that Lace had received with polite indifference. What did Jerry expect in the type of girl who might be in the front row of a musical-comedy chorus?

She regarded Lace now, regarded her with friendliness. She looked interesting. It is quite easy to think that a girl with a beautiful complexion, black waving hair, and Irish eyes is interesting. Her speech, as well as her looks, was unusual in a kitchen operator. And Evadne could never forget the first tempest in which she had found Lace. Evadne had seen girls go into much worse fits from boredom. Jerry had told Evadne that Lace was leaving in two weeks' time. The reason, Evadne had inferred, was that Lace did not like Eastport. Never going anywhere, or tasting any of the joys to which a girl of her age and looks was entitled, it was small wonder Lace had wept, and now and again looked sullen.

"What do you do in your afternoons off, Lace?" she asked casually.

"I read. To-day's my afternoon off," Lace responded, and went back to "Her Wicked Rival."

Evadne teetered on the toes of her sport shoes in the stress of an idea that came suddenly and rapidly gathered interest and momentum. "Why not?" the idea demanded of her. That was her favorite question. And the possibilities were so delightful.

"Lace," she said, and her voice rang echoes in the kitchen corners, "Lace, come on out with me. I'm going on a buggy-ride picnic, and they told me to get another girl."

The paper-back fell from Lace's hands as she stared at Little Eva with widely startled eyes. "What d'you mean—me go out with you? Why, I—I couldn't!"

"Why couldn't you?" Evadne demanded. "Clothes? That arrangement you've got on goes very well. I won't introduce you as Jerry's cook. You'll be visiting me—here to-day, gone to-morrow, all that sort of thing. You won't run into these people again, as long as you're leaving in two weeks. Your work doesn't take in answering the door-bell, does it? Because I notice I always do that."

Lace stared up at her, her face a conflict of emotions, chief of which registered desire to go. Evadne herself was captivated by the thought. It had been a long time since she had had such a good one. Her ideas were famous for always getting every one but herself into trouble. She never failed to emerge from their aftermath, serene, perky, and entertained.

"BUT Mrs. Lancaster—I know she wouldn't like it—" Lace was stammering.

Evadne's soaring fancy fell for a brief moment in recognition of the truth of Lace's words, then picked itself up and started off with renewed ambition. "What you do in your afternoons off is none of her business. Likewise and moreover, we needn't necessarily disturb her by letting her know you are going. When they come you go out and introduce yourself; say you're my friend and that I'll be right out, and I'll go and speak to Cousin Jerry and attract her attention by telling her I'm going. My baby's perambulator! But this is going to be good!"

Little Eva cut a few capers around the kitchen, ending with a jazz-step that used every ripple and cadence in the muscles of her back. Lace gaped; Little Eva strutted. "That's the way I keep down my weight," she said, viewing her microscopic self. "Exercise—nothing like it. Come on!"

The third instalment of "The Excitement-Eaters" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published September 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

The Toilet Soap for You

RESINOL SOAP is the toilet soap for you—and all the world—from babyhood to old age, because it satisfies every need of the skin and meets the requirements of the most exacting.

There is nothing so necessary to the natural health and beauty of the skin as thorough cleansing—deep pore-searching cleansing—not just superficial washing off. It needs regular bathing twice a day with a pure soap that soothes while it cleans.

This is where Resinol Soap fills the first need. You can really feel it clean your skin as its delightful Resinol-filled lather sinks into the tiny pores and gently roots out all the impurities. No need to rub vigorously with a coarse cloth—that irritates and reddens the skin—just work the lather in lightly with the finger tips. Rinse thoroughly and you will find your complexion radiant and your skin softer and smoother.

Invigorating and refreshing when used for the plunge or shower, Resinol Soap stimulates the skin to renewed activity. It quickens the circulation in the thousands of tiny blood vessels that nourish the skin, and removes the dead tissue. Yet its action is so gentle and soothing it is the ideal soap for baby's bath.

But perhaps your skin has lost its glow of health. If it is rough, oily, coarse or clogged, buy a cake of Resinol Soap today from your druggist or toilet goods dealer. Use it one week and watch the improvement it makes.

May we send you a free trial size cake with pamphlet on the care of the skin? Write Dept. 8-F, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Soap





YOU
and three others
may pay the price

*Bleeding gums are the
danger signal*

Do you know that four persons out of every five past forty, according to irrefutable dental statistics, and many thousands younger, are afflicted with Pyorrhoea?

Has Nature warned you, with tender, bleeding gums, of Pyorrhoea's presence or coming?

Can you afford to take chances, to wait, when your teeth and health are menaced and the odds are so overwhelmingly against you?

Go to your dentist for advice. Have him inspect your gums and teeth regularly. Undoubtedly, he will tell you to brush your teeth, twice daily, with Forhan's For the Gums.

Pyorrhoea is the foe-man of teeth and health alike. When it strikes, the gums recede, the loosened teeth drop out or must be extracted, germs gather in pus-pockets that form at the roots and infection often spreads throughout the system.

Forhan's For the Gums, in turn, is Pyorrhoea's foe-man. When used in time and used consistently, it will prevent Pyorrhoea or check its progress, and, in addition, keep the teeth white, the gums firm, and the mouth healthy.

It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S. It is used and recommended by the foremost dentists. It is pleasant to the taste. Buy a tube today. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

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WITH IT

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Specialist in
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Good Books and Just Books

THE other day a friend asked the writer to recommend two or three books for a man taking an ocean voyage. Now, we are supposed to know about books—it is our business to keep in touch with the new books as they come out; but it took us some time to answer the question, and then we did not think of the book that we really should have recommended until the next day.

Ask yourself what was the best book you read last year and see how long it takes you to give a positive answer. Not that there are not plenty of good books published every year, the trouble is that there are so many that none of them make much of an impression. In the old days there used to be one or two books of the year that everybody talked about and that sold up into the hundreds of thousands of copies, and this was not so long ago either. We can look back to "Ben Hur," "David Harum," "Janice Meredith," and so on. They were good books and big successes because they stood out prominently among the books of the time, and they made fortunes for their lucky publishers.

In this connection it might be interesting to note that the writer was conversing the other day with a book publisher of great renown, a man supposed to have a fine sense of book values, who, incidentally, always has a best-seller or two on his list. He made the remark that he was actually losing money on eighty-five per cent. of all the books he published and that he had made up his mind that there were too many books for the people to read and was cutting his list in half.

The writer has just had a glimpse of the plans of another publisher. He has more than eighty titles on his list for publication this Fall. Who is going to read them? One of these publishers is on the right track.

Snap-Shot Notes on Recent Books

THE CODE OF THE KARSTENS, by Henry Watworth Kinney (Little, Brown). The son of an ancient Danish family comes to America and lives up to the family tradition that no curly-headed Karsten can bring happiness to the woman he loves.

THE PEST, by Albert Payson Terhune (Dutton). The author of "Lad" combines mystery, a love story, and a collie dog of course in a good yarn.

DEADLINES, by Henry Justin Smith (Covici-McCree). The best book of newspaper life we have ever read. It is not exactly a story and yet it has all the interest of fiction. Mr. Smith is to be congratulated.

THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN, by Compton Mackenzie (Stokes). Around the seven critical periods in a woman's life this favorite author has written an engrossing story. Mr. Mackenzie is quite famous for his realistic depiction of women.

THE YOUNG MAN AND JOURNALISM, by Chester S. Lord (Macmillan). Mr. Lord was for thirty years managing editor of the New York Sun. This book might be called "A Text-Book for the Young Newspaper Man," and an interesting textbook at that, as well as for the ordinary reader.

LOVE'S LEGEND, by H. Fielding-Hall (Dutton). The story of an adventurous honeymoon on a river of Burma—a really delightful piece of work. It is fresh, human, and interesting to the last page.

MODERN AUCTION 1923, by Grace G. Montgomery (Scraper). We understand this is the latest book on bridge, right up to 1923. All the bridge fans want it, of course.

BLACK OX, by Gertrude Atherton (Bonif. Liveright). One of the most-talked-of books of the season. The author, with careful but most daring skill, tells the story of a New York society woman who takes the modern treatment for rejuvenation and comes back to her old stamping-ground in New York looking as young as she did twenty or thirty years before. She becomes the sensation of New York society, of course. Mrs. Atherton is an artist enough to tell this story with great effect.

PICTURE FRAMES, by Thyra Samter Winslow (Knopf). A collection of short stories, most of them worth while. "Marie Carpenter" and "A Cycle of Manhattan" are really big short stories.

FUTURITY, by William Gerhard (Duffield). This is about as good a book as we have read in a long while, and successful in its interpretation of modern Russian life. The author is part English and part Russian, and writes so that both nationalities will understand.

MY EXPERIENCES AT SCOTLAND YARD, by Basil Thomson (Doubleday, Page). This book is mighty good reading. Sir Basil Thomson, director of the English Secret Service during the World War and he certainly knows what he is talking about.

MANY MARRIAGES, by Sherwood Anderson (Hoebech). The publisher says that this is bound to be a much-talked-of book. It probably will be, but if there is any sound reason why, except curiosity, we have not been able yet to find it.

THE FORESTY SAGA, by John Galsworthy (Scraper). Three of Mr. Galsworthy's most powerful stories worked into a single long novel. People will talk about this book.

THE ROAD TO THE OPEN, by Arthur Schnitzler (Knopf). Mr. Schnitzler has a reputation for short-story telling. This is his only full-length novel. Personally, we prefer his short stories.

NEIGHBOURS HAVEN, by Owen Wister (Macmillan). The author of "The Virginian" seems to know our dough-

boys in France as well as he knows our cowboys out West. This is good stuff.

THE GRAY CHARTERIS, by Robert Sampson (Macmillan). An attractive adventure story of a mysterious white man with a boy's face and gray hair. A real live hero story.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1922, edited by Edward J. O'Brien (Small, Maynard). Your favorite literary characters course reprints a number of Pictorial Review stories in its annual of notable fiction. Every reader of modern fiction simply has to have this book.

TOMORROW, by Hal G. Edwards (Little, Brown). Another good Western story by a man who was born and brought up in the Middle West and knows what he is talking about.

A BOOK ABOUT MYSELF, by Theodore Dreiser (Doubleday). Anybody who considers Mr. Dreiser one of the greatest of American realistic authors. His novels, which are not for the mob and which are oftentimes misunderstood, have gained for him this reputation both at home and abroad. In this book he tells his own story. It is an honest biography, and from it telling you get an idea of the man and his work.

UNDER THE LAW, by Edwin Stimson Babcock (Farrar, Rinehart). Mr. Babcock has written a number of superlatively good short stories, most of which Pictorial Review has been privileged to publish. We prefer her short stories to this, her first novel.

FROM THE DECK OF THE EDWARD, by Edward Smith (Macmillan). This is the real diary of a captain of an old-time whaling-ship way back in the '60s. There is no particular attempt at literature in the telling, but the simplicity of its relation of thrilling and terrible adventures makes it a book of great interest.

ISLAND OF THE INNOCENT, by Grant Overton (Doran). Dace Sherri, who seems to be quite a nice young lady, finds it difficult to escape from the environment of a New York hospital kitchen. She meets all sorts of men and they all want to marry her. The best character of the book is Norman, who does not dare have any ambitions in that direction, but proves to be her best friend.

LOVE'S LEGEND (Dutton). This is the story of Napoleon about the time that he met Josephine. It is one of the romances by the author dealing with the career of the great Emperor.

THE INVENTION OF CUSTOM, by Ednah Allen (Dodd, Mead). Here is something different in the way of a love story. It starts out with the story of a man who made a wreck of his married life. The situation is interesting, up to a point.

THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD, by Philip Gibbs (Doran). This is the story of a man who says "Now It Can Be Told," and will be widely read for that reason if for nothing more.

RAPID ARITHMETIC, by T. O'Connor Sloane (Van Nostrand). A mighty interesting book about some of the peculiarities of numbers—numerical puzzles, etc. It is a splendid book for the math teacher, or woman who has to deal with figures, because it shows ways of doing math problems in a way that is not taught in school, addition, subtraction, etc.

DAMAGED SOULS, by Gerald Bradford (Houghton, Mifflin). An attempt to apply a psychological method to some of the famous American rogues who have made their names what they were. Some of the subjects treated are John Dillinger, Aaron Burr, Benedict Arnold, Thomas Paine, John Randolph, and others. A book that will be of increasing interest to the serious-minded.

Black Eric's Son

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

her. "This is the first time any one's been in my cabin, except Johannes. He comes every night for game I kill for him. It isn't much of a place—not much more than a stable."

"It's—wonderful, Eric." She spoke with difficulty. "This room is so big, and kind of bare. It makes me think of the outdoors." Her eyes roamed about, taking in the wide fireplace, the neatly built-in shelves. The walls were of logs unbewn, the cracks filled with moss. "I always hoped you'd go to the city—you could do such wonders there."

"Who knows?" he answered soberly. "Perhaps some day—when—" He did not finish the sentence, but busied himself with bringing fresh water from the spring back of the cabin.

When he brought her the food she ate eagerly, her thin hands reaching for it with trembling, uncertain movements.

"Fresh partridge, think of that! My, how good it is! And such coffee! How did you ever learn to cook so?"

"With much practise!" he answered gaily, warming to her praise. His face looked boyish; the vehement, moody look was gone. "You should just see me when I really—"

There was a loud rap at the door.

"It's only Johannes," he assured her. "Do not hurry. Finish."

"That is all I want." She arose, and he motioned her to a room on the left.

"I bring you greetings!" cried Johannes as he entered. He whirled about the room with peculiar catlike, graceful steps. His eyes shone with a weird light; the tatters from his sleeves slapped about him.

"The game is by the spring, where I leave it for you," said Eric. "Get it and go."

"No, no, I stay with you this night." The insane man came close to Eric, his eyes holding a deep dread. "The wind—upon the river—is awake. The serpent is ready to strike!"

Over Eric crept a feeling that some evil thing was near. "Stop your babbling, Johannes, and go," he said unkindly. "You can not stay here this night."

Johannes wrung his hands. "The wind, I tell you, whispers a story—"

"That's enough!" said Eric, sharply. "The game—"

"I want no food—I want no game! The second coming of Christ is at hand!"

Eric lost his patience. "Well, you ought to be prepared for it by this time, Johannes!" He took him by the arm and led him to the door. With gasping words Johannes spun down toward the river.

Eric stepped out into the night, sprawled, full length, upon a bank of moss beside the cabin. The branches of the trees drooped downward, like great dark plumes. The slapping of the water came to him with a restless, insistent sound. Always restless—that river. He turned deadened ears to it. He pushed from his heart the feeling of dread Johannes had injected, and presently the night voices quieted him. He felt he ought to resent Gerda's presence in the cabin. Instead he was glad, with a deep sense of gladness, that she was there. She was the only one who could see in him this side that dreamed, which was, perhaps, his real self. Laughter ran down from the trees, the song of the whippoorwill held a merry note. There must be six of them in one shadowed tree, Eric reflected.

THICK round pools of sun lay at Eric's feet as he watched, with clouded, angry eyes, the intrusion to his solitude. He looked bitterly out over the river to where the people were gathering. A load of them had arrived by the heavy wagon Wise Olaf used to haul merchandise to his store. He had left the horses in the shade of a tree near the road. Some of the people arrived by boats from farther down the river. The island took on a holiday look with the bright holiday dresses and the holiday chatter.

Eric did not respond to the advances of the sun—he felt no warmth of any kind. In spite of the gay colors and the rippling talk, there seemed to brood a spirit of evil, a dark and prescient cloud that lowered over the face of the morning. Hour after hour he sat there and watched, with hate growing in his heart. All was silent in the cabin. Gerda had not stirred since he had given her breakfast. As his black mood mounted he resented her being in there; the gentleness of the night before was gone.

Toward noon he saw a boat coming in from the island. He leaned forward, his blood pounding madly as he noted Ingeborg's hair blown out in bronze clouds as she bent to the rowing. She landed the boat, came swiftly up the incline, smiling at him with her shifting eyes. The exercise had sent a warm flood of color to her cheeks—she was beautiful. The bitterness melted from Eric's heart.

"There you are!" she called gaily. "I came to take you over. Preacher Louie's August is stupid!"

"Ingeborg!" he cried, rising, awkwardly removing his hat.

"Ingeborg!" she mocked, glancing approvingly at the shining blackness of his hair. "You always answer me as tho you were saying a prayer. Don't be so meek—it doesn't become you."

"Do you really want to take me over, Ingeborg?"

"Why else should I invite you?"

"You—I don't trust you. You come to me—and then you draw away," he stammered.

"I've always liked you, Eric," she said with lowered voice. She came nearer him, her eyes very bright. She touched his hands, and the fire of her stung through him. "You make me think of something wild—your walk—everything about you. You draw me."

Their eyes were caught together in a quiver of intensity.

"I often—think of you—when I'm alone. Of your eyes—black and smoldering. Your arms—inviting. They are so strong—those arms. Your hands—are so strong—so cruel. You are like a troll of the woods, a black, ugly, wicked troll—"

He stepped back as with a blow. She leaned nearer, her face unbeautiful in its emotion. Her eyes scorched his. "You are mine," she said huskily. "All mine—you will never belong to any other woman." The veins in her round, lovely throat were full. He got to thinking how it would feel to put his hands around that throat, press the rich blood inward, choke it off.

"Your lips, Eric—" She was so close he felt her breath. The world swam dizzily before him. Her hands reached upward, her red mouth drooped at the corners. "Aren't you going—to ask me in—to your cabin?" she whispered.

The door behind them opened. With a sharp exclamation Ingeborg stepped back. Her face purpled. "So—she is here!" she choked.

Gerda came out on the porch, stretched her arms to Ingeborg.

"I need help, Ingeborg. I need—a woman. Oh, Ingeborg, for the sake of old times, when we played together, help me! Stay with me!"

The fury in Ingeborg's face drew her eyes to narrowed slits of green. She did not answer Gerda except with a look of contempt. She turned to Eric, her face contorted to ugly lines.

"So—I might have known it, son of Black Eric! This—this creature came to the right one in her evil doing! Like as not—like as not this is just where she belongs! She had a reason for coming here!"

"Ingeborg!" he cried.

She turned to leave, then whirled about. She was once more her cool, indifferent, mocking self. "I only asked you over, just to see if you'd dare go on the river. We knew you wouldn't. We didn't want you. Did you think we wanted you, son of Black Eric?" Then blazed, her eyes spitting out green flames, "Cowardly son of Black Eric!"

Anger, black and resistless, overwhelmed Eric. He was not conscious of Gerda's clutching fingers on his sleeve. He raised his arms, his hands knotted to fists, shouting, "May the flood get them! May the serpent of the river swallow them up, sting their righteous hearts to death!"

A shrill note of laughter echoed from the water.

"Eric, Eric!" pleaded Gerda. "I'm to blame—I'm to blame, and I would rather die than hurt you. I brought this on you by coming here."

Her white face filled him with fresh wrath. "You go away, go away!" he panted. His figure loomed over her, with huge clenched fists.

With a low cry of pain she began to stumble down the path. A tide of pity that was like sharp new pain swept through Eric. He ran after her.

"Come back, *vänneren*," he said, putting his arms about her. "I—didn't mean it."

She swayed against him, her hands fluttering pitifully. "Eric, I'm—afraid. I'm—ill."

He led her into the cabin, her fright catching hold of him. "I'll—get the doctor," he hurried. "I'll go up-town—and get him."

"Do not leave me, Eric," she gasped, wide-eyed. "I'm afraid—to be alone." She clung to his hands.

"I'll go fast," he promised. "Wise Olaf left his horses—I'll take them and go." He tore from the cabin.

THE horses were foam-flecked when he lashed them over the sand of the prairie. They were wet and shining when he ran them down the hill leading to the bottom-lands. He stood erect in the heavy wagon, swinging his whip over them as he neared the bridge that spanned the river to the town.

When he drove over that bridge he could see the village, in glimpses, through the bars of the bridge, and through the drops that gathered on his brow and rolled down over his eyes.

As he rattled nearer, Eric thought he had gone mad. For out on the streets he began to catch sight of people hurrying, screaming. A sudden peal of bells rang out.

No, the town had gone mad, he decided, as he hurried the horses from the bridge and into the street. People were rushing in useless, hurrying circles, getting nowhere at all.

"Where's my child, where's my little one?" screamed one woman. "She was with me, and now she's gone!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42



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Black Eric's Son

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

A man's figure loomed up, over the heads of the rest. He held a big horn to his lips. "Get to the hills!" he thundered. "All of you, or you'll be drowned like rats!"

The significance of the excitement broke upon Eric. Because of the crowd he stopped the horses at the first cross street, leaped from the wagon, and shoved his way through the crowd. Women clutched at him. He made a grab for a man standing on the corner.

"What is it? Tell me quick! How soon? When did the dam break?" The man looked stupidly at him out of a blank, unseeing face. "They'll go down."

"Tell me!" Eric commanded, shaking him violently.

A woman hurled herself against him. "In a few minutes, fool! It will be upon us, a My boy!" she screamed. "They're across the river. Go with your horses and get them!"

Eric looked down and saw a coarse, heavy woman, with tufts of red hair sticking from her head, and red, piercing eyes. He tore her hands loose and left her babbling at the feet of the stupid man.

"In God's name, flee to the hills!" belatedly the voice through the haze of panic carried a note of authority, and spurred them to a semblance of order. Eric pushed frantically toward the doctor's office.

THE office was empty, and Eric ran back to the street, fought his way through the crowd, toward the cross street where he left the horses. They were gone, and Eric, at a moment, was stupored into rigidity. He discovered that some people, fear-maddened, had leaped on the wagon and hurried the frightened horses on. He understood his futility, he knew, to try to get them back. He searched in the sea of faces for the doctor, but he was tried to catch him, or to concern his whereabouts, but they gave no answer. He rushed down toward the river.

As he started up the incline to the bridge he hesitated. To cross the bridge and reach the middle on the island before the flood struck was impossible. He looked down at the water, a choking terror in his heart. Boats lay snapping against the wharves. He shuddered, drew away, started back to the bridge. Five miles by the road—on foot! Well, he could run fast!

With the water, with the current in his favor! A cold sweat of dread broke out over him. He looked again at the river. Ingeborg's cool, contemptuous smile rose before him, her hot, close eyes taunting him. Still he remained standing, held by his terror. Then he remembered Gerda's bitter need. With a leap he was down the embankment, vaulted one of the boats, and was out into the water, his strong arms guiding the oars.

He fell easily into the old habit of rowing, but that did not lessen his terror. His heart pounded furiously, his breath came in gasps. The river was black and black, and he thought he heard the rushing of waters. The flood—! Any moment it might come, the creature with the red wings had said. His teeth clicked together; he bit his tongue until the blood came. A feeling of limping crept over him. Gerda! At thought of her, strength flowed back to him. The banks, green, unsmiling, rolled past.

The sun hung, blood-red, over him out of a dead and lowering gray sky. It cut him like a sword. He stopped for a moment, tearing open his shirt, cutting off his hat. Was that a rumbling? A strong undercurrent made itself felt as he grasped the oars again and with vicious strokes sent the boat over the water. Forward he went, back, forward and back his body moved, until his throat was dry, and his tongue hung swollen from his mouth.

WHEN he reached the island he scarcely recognized it. He landed and staggered up to the gay picnic crowd, the ground beneath him heaving and restless even as the water.

"If there isn't—" "What a hero!" cried Ingeborg, with loud, shrill laughter. "He braves the water, and comes unharmed to our feast!" A pause, while his hand dizzily sought his head to wipe away great drops gathered there.

"Eric!" cried Silent Sven, standing there. "What is it?"

He opened his parched and bleeding lips. "Get—to my cabin—safe there!" he gasped. "The flood—the flood!"

Silent Sven took command of the frightened, whimpering crowd in tones that wailed them to go on. Olga herded the children to the first boats. Kaisa shrieked loudly over having to leave her pet dachshund, which she had brought to show her friends. One old croak started to the grounds for her pipe, and Sven's voice brought her, right back to the boat to tumble in head foremost. The younger men took the oars. As they crossed the short distance a fierce, rushing noise reached them. Preacher Louie wailed, and called upon the Lord to river the.

The flood struck as they scrambled up the incline to Eric's cabin. It came in a wall, a tearing, destructive, boiling wall that carried with it timbers, wrecks of

houses, uprooted trees, and had in its wake a cry of human fear. "O Lord, from Thy wrath deliver us!" prayed Preacher Louie, falling, face down, on the canvas. "We who are righteous—"

Higher and higher swelled the wall until the water came to his chest, higher still, lapping up toward Eric's cabin. The people huddled, throwing their arms around one another.

"Harred!" cried Eric, electrified to life. "I forgot—Johannes! His house—on the bank—there!" He scared wildly over the churning wall, and then bent to grasp the rope of one of the boats they had dragged up after them.

"You're mad!" gasped Silent Sven. "No human being can cross now!"

"Let me go!" cried Eric, breaking the iron hold on his arm. "He came to warn me—I sent him home!" He leaped, and in his blood there rose a surging desire that would not be denied, to conquer that gray and boiling and unconquerable demon before him. It swept from him his clinging fear. He threw back his head and laughed, a laugh that rang above the roar of the waters. "I'm off!" he screamed, leaping into the boat. Then leaning forward, with something on his hand to the branch above him, he called, "If there's a woman among you," his eyes fixed contemptuously on the women who, stiffened as they came to rest on Olga.

"No!" he said and looked after Gerda!

He turned swiftly for the door with a cry of pity. Ingeborg looked at him with a fixed and baffled stare. He grasped the door, and heaved Eric, breaking the iron hold on his arm over the heady torrent. It gushed dizzily, righted itself under his guidance, swung again, upending.

A thousand earnest tongues darted out at him; the huge serpent beneath twisted and writhed, and a sickening answer had rushed headlong to certain death, a war-song on his lips, to charge triumphant over the horrors of destruction. The power of the elements. No reason there was in all this to guide him, only a blind and terrible sense of instinct. He had time to glance around in his fierce fight; his muscles moved like steel on swift steel, as he felt a great grimace of a primitive cry broke from him.

From deep ages it woke, from some wild, remote, forgotten, ancient land, he rushed headlong to certain death, a war-song on his lips, to charge triumphant over the horrors of destruction. The power of the elements. No reason there was in all this to guide him, only a blind and terrible sense of instinct. He had time to glance around in his fierce fight; his muscles moved like steel on swift steel, as he felt a great grimace of a primitive cry broke from him.

He dodged the trees that would have crushed him, he guided the tooting boat around the debris that would have overturned him. He reached the toppling house, where Johannes crouched in drunken terror, to the roof.

AS HE dragged Johannes across the threshold of his cabin, the people crowded about him with loud and earnest praises. Eric looked around bewildered. The words held no meaning for him. The exultant, leaping of his hat—Ed had died down, his heart felt like an empty tomb.

"Do not speak of it," he said dully. "It was nothing."

"The Lord had rewarded us for our righteousness," mewed Preacher Louie. "You must come to the Lord now, Eric, and be one of us."

"You talk!" interrupted Silent Sven. "You're a property man, you're not our neighbor, to cast on him the shadow of our hate—"

"All because of our hate for his father," put in Olga gently, warning Eric with her eyes. "And one thing he was never guilty of, whereas, we have saved his righteousness."

There was something he wanted to ask Olga, but he could not think what it was. Ingeborg approached him, her hands seeking his. No fire within answered to the house of her hands.

"Everything will be different now, you see," she said. "Before them all I will say, 'We always loved you—'"

He pushed her aside, his eyes questioning Olga.

"The child was born dead," said Olga softly. "She's weeping—we can't stop her. She will kill herself with weeping!"

"No!" he said as you got rid of her, Kaisa.

The door into Gerda's room opened. "Don't touch her!" she cried against the door, her face deadly white. "Do not touch her!" she said painfully. "He was blame Eric," she said and cried.

She turned to Eric, and at the look in her eyes all the empty places in her heart were filled with a warm, bright light. She had come, in her suffering and desolation, to plead for him, that he might, with her help, take his place among them as a man of courage, a man to command respect. He caught her as she moved, sheltering her from the curious glances. He turned his face to the people, and his voice held a great calm, a quiet dignity. "The path behind the cabin is safe. You can go home now."



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| | 25 Heinz Grape Jelly | 40 Heinz Ripe Olives | 55 Heinz Pure Cider Vinegar |
| | 26 Heinz Quince Jelly | 41 Heinz Pure Olive Oil | 56 Heinz Distilled White Vinegar |
| | 27 Heinz Apple Jelly | 42 Heinz Sour Pickled Onions | 57 Heinz Tarragon Vinegar |

If you know only 4 or 5, you can be assured that the other 53 or 52 are just as good. If your grocer does not have the ones you want, please write us.

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are easily kept fresh and colorful
when mother washes them with Fab
tiny soap flakes made with cocoanut-oil

Est-1806 **FAB** Colgate & Co

Dotty Dumpling Helps Mother Prepare Luncheon



Once I had a little pup:
It was so hard to bring
him up.

I was so kind, he was so
sweet:
Till he grew up I gave no
meat.



And then my Aunt gave
me a kitten:
She was so soft, I called
her "Mitten."



I gave her milk three
times a day
And dressed her up in
ribbons gay.

Drawings by GRACE G. DRAYTON



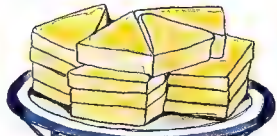
DOTTY
DUMPLING



DOTTY'S
DRESS
FOR
LUNCHEON.



DELICIOUS SPINACH



GOOD BREAD AND BUTTER



LOVELY TENDER CHOPS.



WONDERFUL BAKED POTATOES



DOTTY'S CAP TO WEAR
IN THE KITCHEN



DOTTY MIXES THE RICE AND
BIG FAT RAISINS-



CREAMY RICE PUDDING -



To birds I never could
be mean
And kept my Dickie's
cage so clean.

My pony's name is Peter
Pett;
Each day I give him
sugar sweet.



My mother says dumb
friends are fun,
And so I must be kind to
mine.

I'll give them love and
food and drink,
And of their welfare ever
think.



Introduction
of "The Girl"
made Lafayette at her
in this screen adaptation of
Du Maurier's novel (Left)



PRETTY Nancy Carroll
in the "The Girl"
which has proved
a hit





*Palm and Olive Oils
—nothing else—give
nature's green color
to Palmolive Soap*

Beauty That Lures

Often you meet a woman with vivid beauty that exerts an irresistible charm. It doesn't depend upon regularity of features, or the color of eyes and hair. A smooth, fresh, flawless skin—a complexion glowing with the radiance of health and free from imperfections—this is the secret of alluring attraction.

Cleopatra had it, and her name will always be the symbol of all-conquering beauty. She perfected this beauty, and kept it in this perfection in a simple, natural way which history has handed down for modern women.

How She Did It

By thorough, gentle, daily cleansing which kept the texture of her skin firm, fine-grained and smooth. Dirt, oil and perspiration were never allowed to collect, to enlarge and irritate the tiny skin pores. The lavish use of cosmetics practiced by all ancient women did her no harm, because every day she carefully washed them away.

Her secret—palm and olive oils, valued as both cleansers and cosmetics in the days of ancient Egypt. The crude combination which served the great queen so well was the inspiration for our modern Palmolive.

Bedtime Is Best

Your daily cleansing is best done at night, so your complexion may be revived and refreshed during sleep. The remains of rouge and powder, the accumulations of dirt and natural skin oil, the traces of cold cream should always be removed.

So, just before retiring, wash your face in the smooth, mild Palmolive lather. Massage it gently into the skin. Rinse thoroughly and dry with a soft towel.

In the morning refresh yourself with a dash of cold water and then let your mirror tell the story. Charming freshness and natural roses will smile back at you.

Once Costly Luxuries

When Cleopatra kept her loveliness fresh and radiant by using Palm and Olive oils, they were expensive. Today these rare and costly oils are offered in a perfected blend at modest cost. Palmolive factories work day and night. Palm and olive oils are imported from overseas in vast quantities.

The result is soap for which users would willingly pay 25c, but which costs only 10c, the price of ordinary soap. The firm, fragrant, green cake, the natural color of the oils, is for sale the world over.

Volume
and
efficiency
produce
25c quality
for

10c

PALMOLIVE

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An Afternoon in Hawaii on your own front porch ~



".....and the lazy, tropical afternoons we soon learned to set aside for mild recreation—and refreshment.

"Never will I forget those merry parties upon the picturesque, palm-bordered lanais overlooking Waikiki—Marcia, Betty and I, adventurers three—with dull care forgotten in the enjoyment of those delightful Pineapple Ices, Sundaes and Punches with which Honolulu regales its guests."

YOU, TOO, can enjoy the never-to-be-forgotten flavor of Hawaii's favorite fruit.

You, too, can banish thirst "the Hawaiian way"—with delicious pineapple sherbets, sundaes, salads, fruit-cocktails and punches. And you can do it without troublesome preparation—if you buy canned Hawaiian Pineapple in convenient, ready-to-use crushed form.

Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple is crushed because experience has proved that it is more convenient that way for a majority of culinary uses. It is identical in quality and flavor with the Sliced Hawaiian Pineapple you use so often and like so well—the same tempting, full-ripe fruit, grown on the same Hawaiian plantations—packed in the same modern canneries the day it is picked.

And it is an economical fruit-food: Often it is possible to make two tempting delicacies from a single can. Where the recipe calls for the fruit drained, the luscious juice may be used for a delightful "ade" or punch or julep.

Keep Both Kinds On Hand

Summertime is "Pineapple-time," you know. Don't run the risk of being without it. Keep a liberal supply on hand—both kinds. And use it often: the Sliced by itself, or in fancy desserts and salads; the Crushed (sometimes called "Grated") for sundaes, parfaits, ices, fruit-cocktails or as "Pineapple-sauce," just as it comes from the can.

Order from your grocer—in convenient sized cans for every use.

For Instance, Try These Proven Recipes —

PINEAPPLE SUNDAE

Boil 1½ cups Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup water and 1 teaspoon lemon juice for 10 minutes. Chill and serve on ice cream.

SOCIETY PUNCH

Mix 3 cups sugar and 4 cups water and boil for 5 minutes. Chill and add 6 cups syrup drained from Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, the juice from 8 oranges and 4 cups ice water. Add 4 oranges, sliced very thin without removing rind, 4 cups Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple from which syrup has been drained and ½ cup maraschino cherries. Ice in punch bowl. Will serve 25 persons.

SHAMROCK SALAD

Soak 3 small green peppers and cut into pepper rings. Place 1 ring in the form of shamrock on lettuce. Heap the centers of the rings with well-drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Add mayonnaise. Sprinkle with paprika.

PINEAPPLE & APRICOT JAM

Wash and discard pits from 4 lbs. ripe apricots. Add 1½ qt. water and cook until soft. Press through coarse strainer and measure. Add an equal amount sugar, two large cans (No. 1 tall) juice and lemons. Cook slowly until thick and pour into sterilized glasses. When ready to serve, spread between slices of buttered bread (or toast, if desired).

PINEAPPLE—CARAMEL PARFAIT

Soak 1 teaspoon gelatine in a tablespoon cold water. Heat ½ cup sugar in frying pan, stirring constantly until a golden brown syrup forms; add 1 cup boiling water and cook until caramel has entirely dissolved. Pour into 1 beaten egg and cook in double boiler 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Add gelatine and stir until it dissolves. Chill, add 1 cup cream, whipped, and 1 cup well-drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Pour into a mold, cover tightly and pack in equal parts ice and rock salt 4 hours.



HAWAIIAN

Crushed

PINEAPPLE

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Every woman should have a copy of "Ninety-two Tempting Pineapple Treats," which points the way to such delightful Pineapple dishes—ices, salads, desserts, fruit-cocktails and cooling, refreshing drinks. Send for free copy! Use the coupon at the right.



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PICTORIAL REVIEWS HOME BUREAU

Plenty of Spice and Flavor

The Twelfth Article in Our Marketing Series

By JENOISE BROWN SHORT and GLADYS BECKETT JONES

What motivates the fly, what brightens the eye,
What calls back the just like the rich pumpkin pie?—Whither.

AND what was the secret of grandmother's pumpkin pie? Plenty of spice—cinnamon, nutmeg, ginger, and cloves, and sometimes a dash of allspice—carefully compounded as a druggist's prescription. The whole kitchen was redolent with delicious flavor.

Grandmother kept her spice-boxes well filled; she knew their possibilities. The art of flavoring and seasoning is an important one, for by a judicious use of these food adjuncts we can give zest to dishes that would otherwise be quite ordinary. An accomplished number of inexpensive and attractive dishes can be prepared if only one knows the gentle art of using the flavorings and seasonings at hand.

We have the salt-and-pepper habit in this country, doubtless because so much of our food comes to us indifferently seasoned. Watch the average person in a restaurant—without first tasting he starts a stream of salt and pepper over his food.

Henry T. Finch, in "Food and Flavor," says: "Flavor! In that word lies the whole food problem. Undoubtedly the nourishing property of food is also of importance; without it we could not live. Yet, as Luther Burbank has keenly remarked, if we eliminate palatability (that is, flavor) from food it is no more than medicine. To be taken because it produces certain necessary results."

It is such a simple matter to-day to telephone your grocer and ask for a box of cinnamon, cloves, or what-not, and it is in your kitchen in no time. But it was not always so easy to get. The spice-box has a romance. From the earliest times the ancient world considered spices one of its most precious possessions. They were the cause of war and aroused the ambition of discoverers; they were presented to kings and even used as food preservatives. Cinnamon is one of the most popular of spices. When you are enjoying your afternoon tea accompanied by cinnamon toast stop to think that for centuries the Arabs kept the source of this spice a secret. It came first from the island of Ceylon, where the trees are native; but Ceylon cinnamon is very little used in this country, because the flavor is so delicate that it is not lasting. Most housekeepers prefer one of the better grades of cassia. Cassia has a more decided and more decided and lasting, and for this reason is largely used in this country for ground cinnamon.

The stick cinnamon that we buy for pickled peaches and which we loved as children is the inner bark from certain species of the cinnamon-tree. The bark is cut in squares or strips from the young shoots of the tree and allowed to ferment; the inner bark is then removed, and as it dries it curled into quills. Buy your ground cinnamon in small quantities, usually not more than two ounces at a time, and keep it in a tightly closed jar or tin. Most cinnamon retains its flavor better than ground, but the same precautions should be taken to preserve its strength.

Cloves are named from the French word meaning "nail," and it is easy to see the reason. There is a great difference in the flavor and size of a rich, oily clove and an over-dried, woody one. Cloves are the dried, unopened flower-buds of the clove-tree. When they are ready to be picked the bright red buds are spread on mats to dry in the sun. This turns them the familiar dark-brown color, but when they are dried very slowly over a fire much of the original reddish color is retained.

Most of the cloves in the market come from Zanzibar. The ports of Penang and Amboyna export the best grade of cloves and they take the name of the port. Cloves are a spice that dominates almost any situation, so they should be used with caution. A little of this pungent flavor goes a long way either whole or ground.

There was a housekeeper who rebelled and told us a story of a grinder that she wanted of grating off the ends of her fingers and suggested that he put up ground or grated nutmeg. And he did. To a grocer every kitchen would like to be equipped with a nutmeg-grater—we must confess that we still use one on occasion.

Grandmothers, we are prejudiced in favor of the whole nutmeg for apple pie. The best whole nutmegs are those that are round, have an oily surface, and seem heavy for their size. The light-weight, dry-looking oval ones are inferior in flavor. The best grade of the ground nut is made from the black nutmeg which gives a rich reddish-brown powder that seems oily when rubbed between the fingers. Never say the dry, whitish-appearing powder that is sometimes found on the grocer's shelf. It hasn't the flavor you want.

The nutmeg that flavors our rice pudding and apple pie is the kernel from the seed of a tropical fruit-tree. The fruit, which is about the size of a peach, is gathered when ripe and the pulp discarded. The seeds are dried in the sun or over a fire until the kernel is dry. Then the outer shell is cracked and the kernel removed, cleaned, and sprinkled with lime to protect it from insects. Over the seed that holds the nutmeg is a fleshy covering called mace. It has the characteristic flavor of the nutmeg, but is often considered more delicate and superior for use in cakes and pastry.

If one could judge by the quantity that is used, pepper would seem to be the most popular of all the spices, for we are told that there is almost four times as much of it as of any other spice. Shall we keep both black and white pepper on our shelves? Our answer is yes, even if they do both come from the same source—a red berry, the peppercorn, that is dried from the shrub and dried. The blackish outer shell is removed before making into white pepper. White pepper is not so pungent as black and does not hold its strength so long. It is more expensive, but it is more attractive than the black for table use, in white sauces and similar dishes. However, we recommend black pepper for the great majority of our dishes and for many soups.

But to give variety to our cooking we should have several kinds of peppers on hand—sweet, pungent, and biting hot; each lends a distinctive flavor to certain dishes. Paprika gives a soft and color to our salads that no other seasoning can. It is made from the flesh of the ripened sweet pepper, the kind we use in green chutneys and is a sort of a mild pepper that comes from Spain and Hungary. The Hungarian is a more pronounced flavor and is a little hotter than the Spanish; for this reason is not so popular in this country. The Spanish paprika has a sweet flavor. A good paprika is a vivid red; the cheaper qualities are light in color.

Cayenne pepper should be used sparingly. It is made from the flesh and seeds of a very

CONTINUED ON PAGE 64



inely built-and sturdy. Motor as smooth and silent running as ball-bearings packed in lubricant can make it. Suction strong and powerful to get the deepest dirt. Brush motor-driven to get the clinging threads and sweep out hard-caked grit. The quality cleaner in build and performance—the only one that effectively combines powerful suction with a motor-driven brush.

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Making Ready for the Baby

By CAROLYN CONANT VAN BLARCOM

Author of "Getting Ready to Be a Mother" and "Obstetrical Nursing." Formerly Assistant Superintendent and Instructor in Johns Hopkins Hospital Training School for Nurses

THE hero of our story in the May issue of Pictorial Review, you remember, was a tiny, minute-old baby. Screaming, struggling, adorable. A model of what a baby should be; so of course the probabilities were for a long life and a happy one, with at least one term in the White House. All because his mother and her doctor had given him devoted and watchful care during the nine months before he was born.

If you are dreaming dreams just now about your own baby who will be born some time within the next nine months, you may be packing your forehead over that idea of taking care of a baby before birth. It is puzzling. At least it was to this baby's mother until she talked that, until the doctor, and he explained that, until the baby was born she would care for him by caring for herself—keeping herself well.

"Do you really mean that keeping myself well will protect my baby?" she asked. "Just that. Furthermore, if you don't keep yourself well you can't be sure that things will go well with him. Whatever is good for you is good for your baby."

"That does take a load from my mind!" She had not realized how many fearsome thoughts she had tucked away until the doctor dragged them out and shook them to pieces before her very eyes.

"After all," he laughed, "we grown-ups are like children. We are frightened by the dark, by the things we imagine or don't understand. When the light is turned on and we see just what the shadows are we are all right. So you and I are going to turn on the light and clear up the anxieties and uncertainties lurking like shadows in your thoughts."

"No matter what you admit to yourself or me," he said, "I know that between things your friends have told you and things you remember about other women who have had babies, a lot of fears are mixed up with your joy and eagerness to have this baby of your own. You shake your shoulders every once in a while, and just these doubts down out of sight and declare that nothing can happen to you. It just can't! But the doubts stick. You turn them over and over and are afraid, after all, that something may happen."

"Oh, I am not a coward," she broke in a little resentfully. "But in her heart she knew she had been doing just what he said."

"Of course you are not. You are an average intelligent young woman, and no intelligent woman can look forward to having a baby without considering all the possibilities—happy and otherwise. Sensible people look ahead. Others trust to luck. I am not going to waste time by beating about the bush with so sensible a person. I am coming straight to the point, and shall tell you the things you have been worrying about—the things every woman worries about—and then explain how you and I together can prevent them."

"In the first place you don't want to lose your baby by having him come too soon, do you?"

"Oh, no; I couldn't bear that."

"Well, you'll not have to. Now," he said, "you have heard about women who had a hard time and others who had fever, and you have been thinking about them. Haven't you? These things rarely happen, but if you bear about just this case you remember it and think it over. Now, 'twas up."

"Well, of course," hesitatingly, "everyone hears such things, but I know that women have always borne children and that things generally go right. I wasn't really afraid."

No, but those thoughts have been haunting you just the same. But they are haunting you at the complications—think of—rarely happen to women who have watchful care during pregnancy, labor, and the lying-in period. Say that to your words 'watchful care' very loud. And at the same time remember this: The watch-organ and the care must be constant. You can't let up for a moment."

The watching, which is my part, will disclose the early little symptoms of a complication, should one be threatening, and enable me to treat them at once. That averts trouble. The care you will take of yourself will tend to keep you well. We have two objects, you see, to give speedy treatment to symptoms of complication; the other, to keep you well. Those are your big safeguards."

"You will understand it all better if I explain a little," the doctor went on. "Under ordinary conditions the skin, kidneys, and bowels throw off impurities means good. Sometimes when these organs fail to act normally, poisons which should

be thrown off remain in the body and various illnesses result."

"While your baby is living and growing he, too, is giving off impurities and pouring them into your blood stream. Accordingly your organs must eliminate poisons for two. If they don't you may feel ill. Severe headache, severe vomiting, swollen hands and feet are among the possible results of retaining substances that should be thrown off. You see, then, don't you, why keeping your skin, kidneys, and bowels in good working order and relieving them from strain that might injure them is an

important part of preventing trouble?"

"At regular intervals I shall want to examine your urine, take your blood-pressure, and learn from you about certain symptoms. These will tell me how things are going. That is why I want you to come to me once a month during the first half of your pregnancy and every two weeks afterward. In addition, you must come to me at once if you notice certain symptoms that I will describe. If you say anything that you don't understand. Furthermore, if at any time you have pain in your back or abdomen or anything unusual happens go to bed and be quietly until I come. There is an important part of keeping the baby from coming too soon."

"I may put you to bed one of these days and give you nothing but milk or water for a day or two. If I think your kidneys need a little rest. To keep you well understood, not because you are actually ill."

Then the doctor explained that the next time she came he would measure the blood pressure that formed her hips. By doing this and particularly watching the size of her feet he could forecast the kind of experience she would likely have. Accordingly he could plan for it and greatly increase her safety. The doctor then pointed out the "hard times" she had heard about. If he decided that the baby should be born at home the doctor said she would have to be thoroughly cleaned a couple of weeks ahead of time and she could prepare certain things and do certain things—"dresses"—such as they made during the War. Fever was prevented by the use of clean clothes and these preparations made possible. So she didn't worry about that any more.

"Now, then," he asked, "haven't we lighted up the dark closet of your anxieties and cleared up those frightening shadows—the things that were troubling you?"

"Oh, it is a relief," she admitted. "I didn't realize it, but I was worried. I'd like to ask one more question and I hope cautions are important, why do so many women come through safely when they don't have a doctor? And why do they start to come?"

"I am glad you asked that. The answer is that complications are really unusual. Even among women who are neglected, only a few have serious trouble. Those who don't are lucky; that is all. For without watching it is impossible to tell whether things are going right or wrong. If a rare ill delay and trouble appears, it may be too late. There is another thing in pregnancy labor and the lying-in period not only bring the mother and baby safely through but they also save the future health. Many of the uncareful women have wretched health after the birth of the child, and unnecessarily many of the babies are frail and disabled."

Now to the point. You see what I can do—namely, that if you are willing to do your part toward securing immediate safety and future health for yourself and your baby."

"Oh, yes," she said eagerly, "I will do everything in my power. I want my baby to be well and strong and I want to be a well, strong mother."

Then it's a bargain. First, you must be to be well and strong as I have directed. Second, you must live a simple, regular life in order to keep your various organs working they should."

He explained this important part in detail—the food, exercise, fresh air, sleep, diversions, clothes, and I want to be to the bottom of the page, so we shall have to tell about that next time."

If you think a baby is coming to you, do what this baby's mother did. Go to your doctor or to a clinic where prenatal care is given to your doctor to tell her far in time to see him regularly and you can't locate such an organization, write to the Child Hygiene Division of your State Department of Health for guidance. Or write to me and I'll try to put you in touch with the people who can help you."

But don't delay. Take steps at once to get medical care for your baby's sake and your own. It is risky not to.

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Love of Oats

Foster it in this way

The love of oats will last a lifetime if you foster it correctly.

Millions of mothers, in fifty countries, have for decades done it this way.

They serve Quaker Oats—the extra-flavory flakes. Some send 10,000 miles to get it.

This brand is made from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, luscious oats. A bushel of choice oats yields but ten pounds of Quaker.

The result is a wealth of flavor and aroma. The dish is made delightful.

This food of foods—the greatest food that grows—is made the wanted dish.

The oat is almost a complete food. It is nearly the ideal food. It supplies 16 elements which everybody needs.

As a body-builder and a vim-food it has age-old fame. Then why not get this extra flavor and make the flakes enticing? It costs no extra price.

Quaker Oats

Just the cream of the oats

Quaker Macaroons

A Confection

Here is a way to make a Quaker

Oats confection

1 cup Quaker Oats

1 cup sugar

1/2 cup melted butter or margarine

2 tablespoons flour

1 teaspoon salt

1/2 teaspoon vanilla or lemon extract

1 egg

1/2 teaspoon baking powder

Beat egg thoroughly. Mix all ingredients together. Drop from teaspoon on well greased and flour pan, leaving about three inches between each macaroon. Bake in a moderate oven—300 degrees, for about 15 minutes. Remove from pan while warm with broad bladed knife.

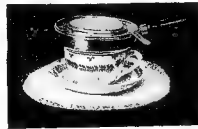
Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover



PICTORIAL REVIEWS HOME BUREAU

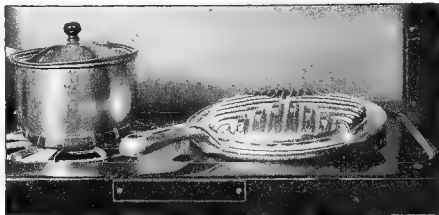
Tools for Women

*Practical Devices That Are Proving
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of Progressive Housewives*

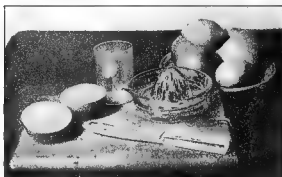


COFFEE experts and epicures are enthusiastic about drip or filtered coffee, which is easily made in the kitchen or at the table in either of these devices belonging to the same family but differing greatly in capacity. The family size makes from two to nine cups, and has a pot of vitrified china, brown or soft green on the outside and white inside, and an aluminum filter which fits over it while the coffee is being made. The filter has a finely perforated bottom, and a thin piece of filter-paper is laid over it. The coffee is then put in and covered with a perforated metal disk with a handle. Next the spreader is fastened by clamps and the required amount of boiling water poured in. A tin cover is then put in place. The little device which fits over the coffee-cup is a boon to the person who breakfasts alone and wants "just one cup." It works on the same principle as the larger filter. Filter-papers are supplied with both.

HAVE you ever wanted to broil just one or two chops and hesitated to light the large broiler of your gas-stove? Or are you a kitchenette with only a gas-plate and no place to broil? Or perhaps you spend your Summers cooking on a very good oil-stove, but have no way of broiling. If so you will find that with this top-of-the-stove broiler you can satisfy your longings for the broiled foods which you have not been enjoying. The plate has a broiling surface eight and one-half inches in diameter that is grooved. When the meat is cooking the drippings can run down these grooves into the rim of the lower section.



A PAIR of scissors is a very important part of kitchen equipment. Indeed once you become accustomed to using them in your kitchen you will wonder how you were ever able to get along without them. Only a few of the many things that a pair of scissors will do for you are shown here. When there is fish or a chicken to dress, frills to make, or paper to cut, your scissors will work quickly and easily. Your only obligation is to keep them clean and well sharpened if you want the best service.



ITS imperviousness to stains and its very sharp edge that stays sharp are two of the good points of this glass knife. It has a beveled blade especially designed for cutting oranges, lemons, and grapefruit. The blade and handle are thick enough so that the knife will not break easily. The large glass orange-squeezer has an excellent pressing surface and will hold at least three-fourths of a cup of juice without fear of losing a single drop.



BREAKFAST is a simple affair when the cooking is done at the table. Electric grills and toasters have almost made a game of the light meal. The little electric stove shown here does three things at once—in the picture fried eggs have been cooked on top, toast made in the center, and bacon broiled beneath. Waffles will be the next course. The batter and special little iron stand ready. The iron fits the same compartment as the rack for toasting.

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A handy Recipe Leaflet packed in each cation

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

Sour-Cream Recipes for Sultry Days

By FRANCES LOWE SMITH

TO MANY housewives sour cream is an unknown factor in cookery, yet others it is merely an undesirable by-product of Summer heat, and discarded as worthless, and to still others it is the basis of many delectable dishes, and is thus treasured, however small the quantity available. It is for those who have not learned its value, nor how to utilize it, that the following recipes are offered. There is an element of uncertainty about it which makes the inexperienced cook wary of its use. Even the city woman should have a few reliable recipes for use when she finds, on occasional Midsummer mornings, that the cream has soured. The following recipes have been thoroughly tested.

PASTRY or Winter-wheat flour, sifted before measuring, was used in these recipes. If bread or Spring-wheat flour is used allow only seven-eighths instead of a whole cupful for each cupful of flour required. All measurements are level. For dry ingredients, level with a knife instead of shaking the cup.

Cream Sponge-Cake

2 Eggs **1 Cupful Sugar** **1 1/2 Cupfuls Flour**
1 Cupful Rich Sour Cream **1 Teaspoonful Baking Powder**
1/4 Teaspoonful Salt **1/4 Teaspoonful Vanilla**
BEAT the eggs thoroughly, add the sugar and cream and beat until very foamy. Stir in the dry ingredients, which have been sifted together; beat well, and add the vanilla. All measurements are level. A slight shrinkage will do no harm. The oven should be moderately hot (350 degrees F.).

Raisin-Cakes

TO THE above cake mixture add one teaspoonful cinnamon, and three-fourths cupful seedless raisins, which have been mixed with a little of the flour. Bake in muffin-pans.

Jelly-Cake

BAKE cream sponge-cakes mixture in layer-cake pans. Spread generously with jelly between layers, and sprinkle the top with powdered sugar.

Marble-Cake

MIX as for cream sponge-cake. Put about one-third of the batter in another bowl, and stir into it about two teaspoonfuls cocoa, or one teaspoonful dark molasses and one-half teaspoonful mixed spice. Drop spoonfuls of the light batter irregularly in the bottom of a greased and floured shallow cake-pan. Fill in the spaces with some of the dark mixture; continue until all the batter is used. Serve with sour cream or chocolate frosting.

Sour-Cream Frosting

BOIL one cupful light-brown sugar and one-half cupful sour cream to the soft-ball stage, or until a little dropped in cold water forms a soft ball. Flavor with one-half teaspoonful vanilla, and beat until cool enough to spread.

Golden Ginger-Cake

1/2 Cupful Light-Cream **1/2 Cupful Sugar**
1/2 Cupful Molasses **1/2 Cupful Flour**
1/2 Cupful Thick Sour Cream **1 Teaspoonful Soda**
1/2 Cupful Milk **1/2 Teaspoonful Ginger**
1/2 Cupful Thick Sour Cream **1 Egg**
BEAT the egg well, add the sugar, milk, cream, and molasses. Sift together the dry ingredients, combine with the first mixture, and bake in a shallow cake-pan which has been greased and floured. The oven should be moderate (400 degrees F.).

Date Patty-Cakes

2 Beaten Eggs **1/2 Cupful Sugar** **1 Teaspoonful Nutmeg**
1/2 Cupful Sour Cream **1 Teaspoonful Baking Powder**
1/2 Cupful Flour **1/2 Teaspoonful Soda**
1/2 Teaspoonful Salt **1 Cupful Cut Dates**

MIX the eggs, sugar, and cream, beat well, and combine with the dry ingredients, which have been sifted together. Add the dates, which have been stoned, cut in small pieces, and mixed with a little of the flour. Bake in muffin-pans which have been greased and floured. (350 degrees F.).

Molasses-Cake

1 Beaten Egg **1/2 Cupful Sugar** **1 Teaspoonful Gin.**
1/2 Cupful Sour Cream **1 Teaspoonful Soda**
1/2 Cupful Molasses **1 Teaspoonful Salt**
1/2 Cupful Flour **1 Teaspoonful Cinnamon**
BEAT together the egg, cream, sugar, and molasses. Combine with the dry ingredients, which have been sifted together. Bake in a shallow cake-pan which has been greased and floured. (350 degrees F.).

floured pan in a moderate oven (400 degrees F.).

Sour-Cream Waffles

2 Cupfuls Flour **1/2 Teaspoonful Salt** **1/2 Cupful Sour Milk**
1 Teaspoonful Soda **1 Beaten Egg** **1/2 Cupful Thick Sour Cream**

SIFT together the dry ingredients. Beat the egg until foamy, add the milk and cream, then the flour, and beat until smooth and light. It may be necessary to add a little sweet milk, as the stiffness of the batter depends upon the thickness of the sour milk.

Muffins

1 Cupful Graham Flour **1 Teaspoonful Salt**
1 Cupful Pastry Flour **1/2 Cupful Sour Cream**
1 Teaspoonful Soda **1/2 Teaspoonful Baking Powder**

MIX and sift the dry ingredients, add the liquids, beat thoroughly, put into well-greased muffin-pans, and bake in a moderate oven (425 degrees F.). Entire wheat may be substituted for Graham.

Griddle-Cakes

2 Cupfuls Flour **1/2 Teaspoonful Soda** **1/2 Cupful Sour Cream**
1 Teaspoonful Salt **1/2 Teaspoonful Sugar** **1/2 Teaspoonful Vanilla**

SIFT together the dry ingredients, add the sour milk and cream, beating until free from lumps. Cook on a moderately hot griddle until brown on both sides. If thicker than desired, add sweet milk to make of required consistency.

Tea-Cake

1 Cupful Sour Cream **1 Teaspoonful Salt**
1/2 Cupful Sugar **1/2 Teaspoonful Nutmeg**
1/2 Cupful Flour **1/2 Teaspoonful Baking Powder**

BEAT the eggs until foamy, add the sugar and cream, and the dry ingredients, which have been sifted together. Bake in a loaf, in a moderate oven (400 degrees F.), about an hour. Eat hot with butter and marmalade.

Doughnuts

1/2 Cupful Flour **2 Eggs**
1/2 Teaspoonful Soda **1/2 Cupful Sour Cream**
1 Teaspoonful Baking Powder **1/2 Teaspoonful Vanilla**

BEAT the eggs thoroughly, add the sugar and cream, and the dry ingredients, which have been sifted together. Add sweet milk if the batter is too stiff, as it should be as soft as can be handled. Roll, cut, and chill before frying.

Sour-Cream Biscuits

2 Cupfuls Flour **1 Teaspoonful Baking Powder**
1/2 Teaspoonful Soda **1/2 Cupful Thick Sour Cream**

SIFT the dry ingredients together, mix with the cream to a dough of the consistency to roll, add sugar and so of sweet milk or water if too stiff. Roll out in rounds, place on a greased pan, and bake quickly (450 degrees F.). They will be light and tender, with a crust that melts in the mouth.

Beechcroft Cookies

1 Cupful Shortening **2 Teaspoonfuls Baking Powder**
1/2 Cupful Sugar **1/2 Cupful Flour**
2 Eggs **1/2 Teaspoonful Soda** **1/2 Cupful Sour Cream**
1 Teaspoonful Salt **1/2 Cupful Seedless Raisins**
1 Teaspoonful Cinnamon **1/2 Cupful Chopped Walnuts**

MIX as for other cookies; drop on greased pans, an inch apart, making of any desired size. If a water-like consistency is desired use the smaller quantity of flour. Bake in moderate oven (400 degrees F.).

SOUR cream makes many delicious salad dressings, two of which are given below. This dressing is a quick way to utilize a bit of left-over cream which has soured. The dressings will keep for several days if put in a cold place.

Sour-Cream Dressing for Cabbage

1 Teaspoonful Salt **1 Cupful Vinegar**
1 Teaspoonful Pepper **1/2 Cupful Thick Sour Cream**
1 Teaspoonful Soda **1/2 Cupful Seedless Raisins**
1 Teaspoonful Cinnamon **1/2 Cupful Chopped Walnuts**

MIX together the first six ingredients and heat to boiling-point. Mix the cream and flour until smooth, add the egg, and gradually the boiling vinegar. Cool over hot water until like thick cream.

Salad Dressing

1 Teaspoonful Salt **1 Teaspoonful Soda**
1 Teaspoonful Mustard **1/2 Cupful Thick Sour Cream**
1 Teaspoonful Sugar **1/2 Cupful Vinegar**
1 Teaspoonful Paprika **1 Beaten Egg**

MIX all the ingredients except the egg, and gradually to the egg, and cook one minute longer.

PICTORIAL REVIEWS HOME BUREAU

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CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

Are the Children Physically Fit for School?

An Open Letter to Parents

AS IT begins to be time for the long Summer vacation to draw to a close parents should take stock of the physical condition of all their children. If the Summer outing has been a wise one the children should now be at their best both physically and mentally; if they are not, then everything possible must be done to make them so before they again take up their school duties.

First of all is the child undernourished? Children of the same age differ very much in regard to weight, but there should be a certain ratio of the height to the weight, and to some extent to the age also. If a child under twelve years of age has a weight ten per cent, or more below the average for his height he may be considered undernourished. If a child is fifteen per cent, or more above the average weight for his height he is also abnormal, for he weighs too much.

The rate at which a child is gaining each year is very important. If there is no gain for months at a time, or a loss in weight, something is wrong, and the child should have a thorough examination.

Mothers will see, then, how important it is to have their children weighed and measured frequently. The weight should be taken every month for children over two years of age, and the height at least once in three months. After babyhood the weight may be ascertained in ordinary house-clothes; the height should be taken without shoes, having the child stand with his back tightly pressed against a board or wall, placing a card on his head and making a line mark on the wall or board at this level. With a yardstick or tape-line the distance between the line on the wall and the floor may then be measured and carefully noted in a blank book, beside the child's weight. This is a good thing for fathers to do on a certain Sunday morning in each month. The children themselves will be very much interested and be more anxious to eat things which they do not like but which will bring them up to the required weight, if they have a share in this home health contest.

Our Good Health Extension Class has an excellent booklet giving a table of correct weights and heights, also the average yearly increase in weight and height. If a self-addressed, stamped envelope is sent to me with the request for a copy of this leaflet, one will be gladly mailed. This may be pasted into the blank book which is kept for the child's weight and height record.

Having determined whether the child is well nourished or not, next consider his eyes. Does he hold a book close to or too far from his eyes when he reads? Does he squint or look at pictures? Does he squint? Is he ever cross-eyed? Does he have sties? Do his eyes water frequently or have any pus in them or look rough about the edges of the eyelids? If a mother notices any of these conditions the child's eyes should be thoroughly examined before he goes to school. When not possible to afford an eye specialist, go to the best eye clinic you can find. The eyes are the most precious organs we have, and much harm is done by eye-strain while a child is young.

The ears come next. Have you ever noticed that you have to speak several times before the child answers you? Has the child any discharge from his ears? Does he often have an earache? If so his ears need attention before he goes to school. Conditions of the nose and throat are closely related to those of the eyes. The

child is a mouth-breather or has frequent colds or sore throat he may have adenoids and large tonsils, which in turn may cause defective hearing. Enlarged glands of the neck are often associated with nose, throat, and ear troubles. Adenoids and large or infected tonsils often retard a child's progress in school to such an extent that he is kept back far behind the other children of his age. It is only fair to him to have his nose and throat put in normal condition before he takes up his studies.

Next consider his teeth. Are they kept clean and healthy? Are there any cavities in the first set as well as in the second set? If so they should be filled. Every child over two years of age should be taken to a dentist at least twice a year. Unclean teeth, or pus at the roots of the teeth, may infect the whole system. By frequent examination it is often possible to prevent serious overlapping or crooked teeth in the permanent set and thus save a great deal of expense and pain later on.

It may be difficult for mothers to determine whether a child is flat-footed or not, but sometimes pain in the feet, is complained of, and the child often walks rather differently from other children. It is quite possible to see round shoulders and crooked spines or backs. Often slight defects in the bony structure may be remedied at home by insisting that the child shall sit and stand correctly, making him lie down flat every day for a certain length of time. Carrying a book on his head while he draws his shoulders back in place and marches about the room, or using some simple home gymnastic apparatus, is also helpful. If not aid from a physician or hospital should be sought.

Many children toe in to some extent when they begin to walk, but after they are over two years of age this is abnormal and should be corrected by special shoes or exercises. Bone-spurs and knock-knees must be treated by a physician, but the mother can help by seeing that the child has a correct diet. Very often these abnormalities of the bones have been caused, or at least aggravated, by a poor standard of diet while the child was a baby.

All healthy children should have clear skins without any eruptions or rashes, and rosy cheeks and bright eyes; they should be full of life and energy, not listless and dull. If these conditions do not exist, something is wrong, and it should be corrected before the duties of school are begun.

In many States vaccination for small-pox is obligatory before a child enters school. If your child has not been vaccinated, now is the time to get him vaccinated. What the process should be and how it should be done.

Most Health Departments will vaccinate free of charge; many will also give the child a shot for diphtheria and immunize the child if it is found necessary. There are now so many agencies to assist mothers in their care of their children that it should not be either difficult or expensive for parents to keep their families in good physical condition. Even in remote country places a community nurse is frequently found. What she can not do herself she is usually able to have done for a mother.

We have a set of diet-lists and recipes that meet almost every need of babies and children from birth up to twelve years of age, and are always glad to send them to any one who desires a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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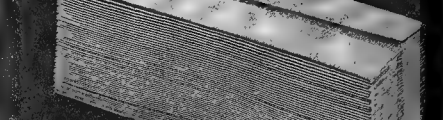
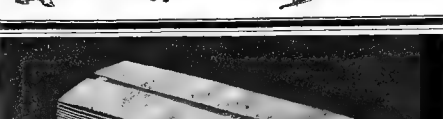
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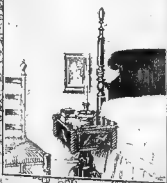
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Desserts Made the Day Before

By NELL B. NICHOLS

WITH an attractive dessert ready twenty-four hours before party- or dinner-guests arrive, a heavy load is lifted from the mind of the hostess. Many puddings are included in my list of desserts which may be made a day before they are to be used. And, of course, the delectable gelatin dishes have a prominent place.

Among the culinary creations on which I rely to improve what might be an ordinary, or to redeem the otherwise flat, bill of fare are these desserts, all of which may be made ready at least one day before they are to be eaten.

Caramel Nut Jelly

- | | |
|-------------------------|----------------------|
| 1 Tablespoonful Gelatin | 1 Cupful Sugar |
| 1 Cupful Cold Water | 1 Teaspoonful Salt |
| 1 Cupful Sugar, Cane | 1 Cupful Cream |
| 1 Teaspoonful Vanilla | 1 Teaspoonful Ginger |
| 1 Cupful Boiling Water | 1 Cupful Nut Meats |

SOFTEN the gelatin by soaking it in cold water. Aromatize the sugar by melting it in a frying-pan without adding water, stirring constantly to prevent scorching and cooking until it becomes a light golden-brown color. Add the boiling water to the caramelized sugar and boil until a syrup is formed. Then add the softened gelatin, sugar, and salt and stir until the sugar and gelatin are dissolved. Add the cream, or milk if one wishes to use it instead, and the ginger extract. Set the bowl holding the mixture in a pan of cold water and stir the mixture until it begins to thicken. Add broken pecan or other nut meats and pour into fancy molds. Serve garnished with whipped cream and tiny green mints.

Pineapple Fluff

- | | |
|------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1/2 Cupful Crushed Pineapple | 2 Teaspoonfuls Lemon-Juice |
| 1 Cupful Sugar | 1 Cupful Heavy Cream |
| 1 Egg White | |

COOK the pineapple-pulp and -juice with the sugar to the soft-ball stage and then pour it in a fine strainer on the stiffly beaten egg white, beating constantly. Add the lemon-juice and let cool. When cold, fold in the cream, whipped until light, and pour into fancy molds. Set in a cold place. Serve unadorned with whipped cream. Garnish with maraschino cherries.

Raisin Molds

- | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------|
| 3 Tablespoonfuls Cornstarch | 1/2 Cupful Brown Sugar |
| 2 Cupfuls Milk | 1 Teaspoonful Vanilla |
| 1 Teaspoonful Vanilla | |

MIX the corn-starch with one-fourth cupful of the milk. Heat the rest of the milk in a double boiler, add the cornstarch mixture, the brown sugar, raising out in halves, and the salt, and stir until thick. Cook twenty-five minutes. Add the vanilla and pour into glass molds to cool. Serve cold with cream and sugar.

Prunes Delicious

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--|
| 1/4 Tablespoonful Gelatin | |
| 1/4 Cupful Cold Water | |
| 1/4 Cupful Cooked Prunes | |
| 1 Lemon | |
| 1/4 Cupful Orange Marmalade | |
| 1/4 Cupful Cream | |

SOFTEN the gelatin by soaking it in the cold water. Then dissolve it in a little of the prune-juice and pulp, which has been heated. To this add the orange marmalade, the rest of the prunes, the juice of one-half lemon, and the sugar. Stir until the sugar is dissolved. Set in a cool place or in a pan of cool water until the mixture begins to harden. Then fold in the whipped cream and pour into molds. Serve unmixed with whipped cream, and for a pretty effect garnish with slices of the other half of the lemon and a few strips of cooked prunes. Cut the prunes with the kitchen scissors.

Lucinda's Pudding

- | | |
|------------------------|-----------------------|
| 6 Slices Cake | 1/2 Cupful Salt |
| 6 Tablespoonfuls Jam | 2 Cupfuls Milk |
| 2 Eggs | 1 Cupful Heavy Cream |
| 2 Tablespoonfuls Sugar | 1 Teaspoonful Vanilla |

CUT the stale sponge or other plain cake in slices one inch thick and spread them with strawberry jam or apple jelly. Lay these in the bottom of a lightly buttered baking-dish. Beat the eggs until light, add the salt, and gradually beat in two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Stir in the milk and pour this custard-like mixture over the cake. Bake in a moderate oven (350 to 375 degrees F.) until the center of the pudding is firm. Serve cold garnished with (the

cream whipped until stiff and sweetened with two tablespoonfuls of sugar.

Coconut Vanily

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---------------------|
| 8 Tart Apples | 1 Lemon |
| 1/4 Cupful Shredded Coconut | 1/4 Cupful Sugar |
| 1 Cupful Whipped Cream | 1 Teaspoonful Water |

PEEL and core the apples and place them in a baking-dish. Fill the cavities with sugar and lemon-juice and the grated rind of one-half lemon. Bake about 35 degrees (F.) until tender, adding the water to keep the apples from sticking to the dish. Just before serving garnish with the cream, which has been whipped and into which the shredded coconut has been mixed.

Date Treat

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 2 Eggs | 1/4 Cupful Chopped Raisins |
| 1/4 Cupful Sugar | 1/4 Cupful Chopped Raisins |
| 1 Teaspoonful Baking-powder | 1 Teaspoonful Chopped Raisins |

BEAT the eggs until light and add the sugar gradually, beating constantly. Add the flour and raisins, beat together, and stir in the dates, raisins, and nuts. Black walnuts give a fine flavor. Pour in a shallow pan and bake the cinnamon over the top. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) twenty-five minutes. When serving, cut in squares, which may be cubed and garnish with whipped cream. This dessert is more delicious if stored in a tightly covered cake-box or earthenware for a day or two before being used.

Fairy Land Sponge

- | | |
|-------------------------|------------------|
| 1 Tablespoonful Gelatin | 1/4 Cupful Sugar |
| 1 Cupful Cold Water | 1 Lemon |
| 1 Cupful Grape-Juice | 1/2 Box Whites |
| | 12 Marshmallows |

SOFTEN the gelatin by soaking it in the cold water and then dissolve it in one-half cupful of grape-juice heated for this purpose. Stir in the sugar and continue stirring until it is dissolved. Add the juice of one-half lemon and the rest of the grape-juice. Set in a pan of very cold water and stir slowly until the mixture begins to thicken. Beat the egg whites until stiff and gradually beat them into the sponge, and continue beating until the mixture becomes quite stiff. Then place it by heaping spoonfuls in a mold in which the marshmallows, cut in fourths, have been arranged. If one wishes a pretty decoration when serving the sponge, save out a little of the grape-juice mixture and put it in the mold. Cut the other half lemon in thin slices and force the small portion of sponge through a pastry-cube on the slices. Serve this dessert cold with boiled custard or whipped cream.

Honey Cups

- | | |
|-------------------|--|
| 3 Eggs | |
| 2 Egg Yolks | |
| 1/4 Cupful Sugar | |
| 1/4 Cupful Honey | |
| 1/4 Cupful Milk | |
| 1/4 Cupful Butter | |
- BEAT** the egg yolks and the sugar and butter until the mixture is creamy. Add the milk and honey and beat until the mixture is stiff. Pour the mixture into a moderate oven (350 to 375 degrees F.) until firm. Serve unmixed with cream.

Maple Cups

USE maple-syrup instead of the honey and follow the directions for making Honey Cups.

Tapioca Annew

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------|
| 1/4 Teaspoonful Salt | 1/4 Cupful Sugar |
| 1/4 Cupful Boiling Water | 1/4 Cupful Sugar |
| 2 Eggs Whites | 1 Cupful Sugar |

ADD the salt to the water and stir in the Tapioca. Cook over water until the tapioca is transparent, stirring the mixture constantly until it begins to thicken, and stirring occasionally throughout the cooking process. Pour boiling water over the dates and stir to sweeten them. Drain and dry. Remove the stones and cut in narrow strips with scissors. When the tapioca is transparent stir in the sugar, the juice of the lemon, the sugar, and the stiffly beaten egg whites. Cook three minutes. Serve cold with sugar and cream or in a custard sauce. If custard sauce is used the egg yolks left from Tapioca Annew are utilized.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 55

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MACARONI

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

Desserts Made the Day Before

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

Custard Sauce

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| 2 Cupfuls Milk | 2 Egg Yolks |
| 1 Teaspoonful Corn-starch | 1/4 Cupful Sugar |
| | 1 Teaspoonful Vanilla |

BEAT the egg yolks and stir in the sugar and corn-starch, which have been mixed together. Add the milk and cook in a double boiler until the back of a spoon inserted in the mixture is coated. Add the vanilla and cool.

Apple-Halves

- | | |
|----------------|---------------------|
| 6 Large Apples | 1/4 Cupful Raisins |
| 1 Cupful Sugar | 1/4 Cupful Nuts |
| 1 Cupful Water | 1 Teaspoonful Sugar |
| | 1/4 Cupful Water |

CUT the large apples in halves and remove the cores. Simmer gently in a syrup made by boiling one cupful of sugar with one cupful of water. By cooking the fruit slowly, it should retain its shape. Chop the raisins and nuts very fine or put them through the food-grinder. Cook them to a paste, using the one-fourth cupful of water and adding more if necessary. When the apples are cooked arrange them in the bottom of a baking-dish and fill the centers with the smooth raisin paste. Dressing with four tablespoonfuls of sugar and set in the oven just long enough to melt the sugar. Serve cold with whipped cream or a cold lemon-pudding sauce.

Berry Pudding

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 2 Tablespoonful Gelatin | 1/4 Cupful Sugar |
| 1 Cupful Cold Water | 1/4 Cupful Lemon-juice |
| 1/2 Cupful Strawberries | 1/2 Cupful Boiling Water |
| 1/2 Cupful Boiling Water | 2 Egg Yolks |

SOFTEN the gelatin by soaking it in the cold water. Add the boiling water and stir until the gelatin is dissolved. Stir in the sugar, the crushed berries, and lemon-juice. Let stand in a cold place until the mixture looks creamy. Then add the stiffly beaten egg whites and pour the jelly into molds. A tiny piece of sponge-cake in the bottom of every mold or a large mold lined with lady-fingers makes the pudding delectable. Serve with cream and sugar and garnish with a few whole berries. Strawberry or raspberries may be used in making this pudding.

Simplicity Pudding

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 1/2 Tablespoonful Gelatin | 1/4 Cupful Boiling Water |
| 1/2 Cupful Cold Water | 1/4 Cupful Sugar |
| 1/2 Cupful Sugar, Currants | 1/2 Teaspoonful Salt |
| | 1 Cupful Milk |

SOFTEN the gelatin by soaking it in the cold water. Caramelize the sugar by placing it in a frying-pan and melting it over a fire without adding water, stirring constantly to prevent scorching. When the mass becomes a light brown it is caramelized. Add the boiling water to the caramelized sugar and boil until a thick syrup is formed. Cool slightly, add the gelatin, sugar, and salt. Strain into the cream and milk and pour into fancy molds. Serve cold with cream and sugar.

Jellied Dates

- | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------|
| 1 Tablespoonful Gelatin | 1/4 Cupful Sugar |
| 1/4 Cupful Cold Water | Orange-juice |
| 1 Cupful Boiling Water | 1/2 Cupful Dates |
| | 12 English Walnuts |

SOFTEN the gelatin in the cold water and dissolve it and the sugar in the boiling water. Measure the mixture and add sufficient orange-juice to make two cupfuls of the mixture. Then add strips of dates which have been scalded at hot water, dried and skinned before being cut with the scissors. Stir in the halves of the walnuts. Pour into fancy molds and serve with cream, whipped or plain.

Variety Jelly

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1/2 Pound Prunes | 1 Tablespoonful Gelatin |
| 1 Tablespoonful Lemon-juice | 1/4 Cupful Cold Water |
| | 1/4 Cupful Sugar |

SOAK the prunes in sufficient water to cover, after washing them carefully. Let stand overnight. Cook in the same water the next morning, simmering gently until tender. Then remove the seeds and save out six whole prunes for garnishing. Measure the liquid in which the prunes cooked, and if there are not two cupfuls add sufficient hot water to make this amount. Let this stir the lemon-juice, the gelatin, which has been softened by soaking in the cold water, and the sugar. Stir carefully and pour into a mold to harden. Serve with Coconut Sauce.

Coconut Sauce

- | | |
|--------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 Cupful Milk | 1/4 Cupful Shredded Coconut |
| 1/2 Cupful Sugar | 1/4 Cupful Whipped Cream |
| 1 Teaspoonful Salt | 1/4 Cupful Vanilla |
| | 3 Marshmallows |

SCALD the milk in the double boiler and add the beaten eggs to it. Stir in the sugar and the salt. Cook until thick, remove from the fire, and add the vanilla and coconut. Set aside to cool. When serving Variety Jelly garnish with six whole prunes stuffed with bits of marshmallow and pour this coconut sauce, in which the whipped cream has been folded, over the jelly.



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Health-Positive

Fifteen National Organizations Work for Better Health for Women

By JENOISE BROWN SHORT

POSITIVE Health for Women! When 10,000,000 women stand side by side behind an idea something is bound to happen. One hundred per cent health for 10,000,000 women and girls is the goal—the idea back of a big movement which has found expression in the Women's Foundation for Health, Inc. backed by the leading women's organizations of the country, fifteen in number.

One of the splendid qualities of the vigorous American woman is that when she once gets full light on anything she straightaway assumes responsibility, gathers her tools, and sets to work. It must be said, however, that in matters of health she has always been busier with others than with herself. It is not within the circle of my memory that the Spring dosing of sulfur and molasses ever included mother, but now women are preparing to sweep their own health dooryards with the same thoroughness that they have swept those of their families for generations past. Woman's old motto of "Gin and bear it" has been torn down and in its place she has nailed, "Keep your health conscience working."

It was this behind the work of a group of thinking American women who came together in the Fall of 1910 to consider ways and means of improving the health of the women and girls of the United States. They decided that if our men were sadly lacking in fitness, our women, too, probably more so. At any rate, no one else seemed to be concerning himself to find out. In consequence the Women's Foundation for Health has come into existence to continue investigations begun under the War Department and to follow with a program based on the findings of these investigations. It aims to establish this idea of Positive Health for women.

The American Medical Association is back of the Positive Health program, first by cooperating in the production of the Positive Health Series of booklets, and second by appointing a Subcommittee on Cooperation with the Women's Foundation for Health, under the Council on Health and Public Instruction. The National Association of Medical Women and the General Federation of Women's Clubs have also established committees to cooperate with the Foundation. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is working on the better shoe—better feet—better health campaigns. The Council of Jewish Women and the National Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teachers' Association are stressing education on Positive Health. The Young Women's Christian Association have, for several years, been conducting Health Weeks.

But how many of us know what it means by the "positive phase of health? Have you ever taken stock of yourself?

Everybody falls into one of three health classes. Class A, splendid, sound, strong (from head to toe); Class C, directly opposite, under the physician's or surgeon's care, or needing to be; Class B, "betwixt and between," but having frequent colds, headaches at most inconvenient times, unable to do this or that, tired all the time, generally at odds with oneself, one's family, and one's world—running on half-speed because of the engine knocking.

Do you know that easily three-fifths of the women and girls of the United States belong to this class? Do you know that the majority of them could get into Class A each by assuming responsibility for her own health? Once knowing this, can any woman or girl do otherwise than clean up her own record?

Which Is Your Class?

HOW are you going to determine whether you are in Class A, B, or C? The individual must assume the responsibility of his own health. A health examination is the first step toward Health Positive. This is very different from a disease examination. Where can you have a health examination? Go to your own physician, know what you want, and be prepared to pay as liberally for the assurance that you are one hundred per cent sound as you would to find out what you have some disease—and see what happens! Bear in mind that this same physician is laboring in season and out of season on Class C, so make an engagement for a thorough inventory of your health assets, and suggest that you also want advice concerning the responsibility you must assume in changing your liabilities to assets. When you receive the information, conscientiously follow the suggestions of your physician, and return every six months for a periodic check-up. This procedure should finally land you in the health class where you belong, and keep you, for the first time in your life, to a realization of what is good health.

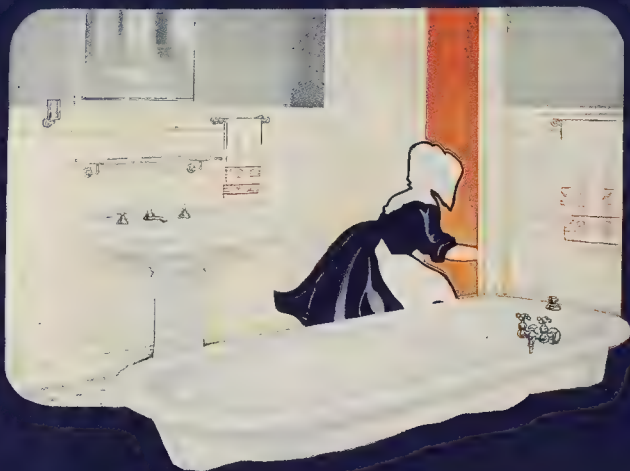
And where did this idea of Positive Health start? We all remember when, about ten years ago, the women of this country were brought up standing by the appallingly high rate of infant mortality and by the reasons for the high rate. It would seem that since then almost every blessed baby in the land has been put through his paces—measured and weighed, dressed and frocked, and then scored again, to see whether or not he had the proper start in life. Women began that campaign and women have, through the co-operation of the medical profession and volunteer health organizations, prepared a consistent and continuous program for child welfare.

But we are not going to stop with the children. The women back of the Foundation program know that the country is not only to blame for its physical condition. Education has been so largely devoted to curing and preventing disease that the necessary information for building up the latent possibilities has not been conferred until very recently. To supplement what has already been done, the Women's Foundation has issued a series of pamphlets on Positive Health. The first of these pamphlets (pamphlet one) is primarily for physicians, directors of physical education, and nurses; it contains both a medical and a physical health examination blank, together with its interpretation, and a set of exercises suited to individual needs. The second (pamphlet two) appeals to the individual and the community to assume responsibility for health, and gives detailed instructions to any community caring to develop a local health foundation. Pamphlet three relates nutrition to health and efficiency. Pamphlet four is a sane, sensible analysis of mental health (a tonic for many a round peg in a square hole). Pamphlet five gives the story of reproduction in a most wholesome and understanding manner. The concluding pamphlet, "Recreation for Health Building"—and "Recreation and Health." The series, taken as a whole, aims to furnish a background for what one of the writers calls "an exquisite pleasure in controlling the body." The pamphlets may be purchased from the Women's Foundation for Health, Inc., 397 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Have You a Health Conscience?

CAN the Foundation ever win out in the ideal set up against the odds of indifference—the inherited inertia of women for self-sacrifice, and the preconceived notion of physical weakness which women slow down to control? There are no fundamental reasons for counting on victory. One is the challenge to the individual to fight the same out on her own responsibility; the other is a like challenge to assume responsibility in the team-work necessary to the success of the co-operative body as the Women's Foundation for Health. A still further appeal to fight the same out on her own responsibility has bothered about health-Positive Health—for women. We have been so busy with the labors we have been distressed that our men fall just as busy, but until now nobody has paid any attention or made any effort to better the health of women. That by attention should have been given to women, for or women, or that they might live more abundantly, appeals also, and mightily, to every woman's sense of duty. Because the laborer who has had the vision of the Foundation in trying to build up an American conscience has been so active at work with its own staff and in its headquarters for a little more than a year. Because the idea concerning the health of people already well is a new idea, the present activities of the Foundation are entirely taken up in maintaining national, State, and local leaders with the Foundation program. The two main objectives of which are:

1. To establish the conviction that health is generally and individually a personal effort and responsibility.
2. To establish the conviction that physical health is as procurable as physical health.



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NEW YORK

PICTORIAL REVIEWS HOME BUREAU

The Convenient Studio-House Planned to Save Labor and Simplify Housekeeping

By MAE SAYELL CROY

ALTHO this house was planned for the convenience of an artist, it can readily be adapted to fit the needs of any family. While a chance for saving labor was kept in mind throughout, beauty of line for the exterior and solid comfort for the interior were never once overlooked. The house is set on rocks, several feet higher than the road-level, and by many this location would have been deemed impossible. The large studio-room itself is twenty-by-thirty feet and has two entrances, one from the room at the side and the other being a direct outside entrance, where those callers interested in pictures only can enter without disturbing a member of the household in the living-room.

Just off the studio is a room measuring 11½ by 12½ feet, large enough to serve as a comfortable bedroom, if needed as such, and having windows on two sides. It is here used as a storage-room for pictures and materials, and the arrangement of racks, shelves, and closets insures its being a tidy place where a picture can be readily located when called for. A wash-basin in one corner, with a supply-cabinet over it, is a means of preventing the kitchen sink and the bathroom basin from becoming mused when bathing brushes or washing hands, as well as saving a trip up the stairs for the painter. This basin, being carefully placed in the corner of the room where it would be close to the plumbing-line supplying the kitchen, was installed at little additional expense.

Adjoining the studio is a combined living-room and dining-room, but should a family other than an artist's live in this house, the studio would probably be used as a large and attractive living-room, and the combination room would then be given over wholly as a dining-room. The stairs run up through this room, and are very conveniently located near the studio doorway the main entrance from the open porch. The coat-closet is at the head of the stairs, and another closet used for a few weeks, and the ice-box is run down to the ground-level. The floor of this section has a large hole bored in each corner, creating a cool draft from below, and there are likewise holes above the door to permit the escape of warm air, and the shaft has a constant cooling draft. The kitchen is small, but at this is larger than many domestic kitchens, since

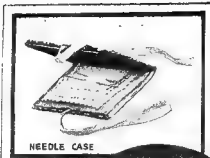
it is a kitchen and laundry combined. The electric clothes-washer in the corner is well placed, and a laundry chute is close at hand for chuting the clothes to a receptacle out-of-doors, where the laundress can hang them up leisurely after the rinsing and bluing of all the clothes are finished. The family being a small one, no tubs are required, the machine alone being all that is needed for the laundry work. The clothes are soaked, washed, rinsed, and then dried by an oscillating movement, ready for hanging out, instead of being put through wringing. The family washing for the week is accomplished and on the clothes-line or the indoor drier in less than an hour and a half, without once putting the clothes in water, and without fatigue. As a matter of fact it is usually during the preparation of a meal so that no time is given it direct.

The overhead drier shown over the rolling gets sunlight from the east, and with the window left open on a sunny day clothes drying on it get as much air and sunshine as they need to make them fresh and sweet-smelling. Open shelves with slanting rods for the careful

worker in this kitchen tend to a cheery and domestic atmosphere, while there are closed cupboards enough for storing foods and utensils not used frequently. The sink and drain-board are conveniently at hand, and the electric dish-washer takes care of the dishes, of which there are many, for also the family is small this is truly "A House by the Side of the Road" where guests drop in to supper unannounced, and are always welcome. Washing the dishes proves a very simple, easy, and quick bit of work with this wonderful labor-saver. The gas-range, aided by a fireless cooker, which is shown near the dish-washer, makes getting meals an easy matter, while a steam-pressure cooker facilitates the quick cooking necessary when extra guests drop in and there is not enough food cooked to supply them. The splendid arrangement of the built-in cupboards, together with the portable kitchen cabinet with its bread-bin, bread-board, four-bowl sink, sugar-container, and other necessary kitchen articles conveniently at hand, really makes provision for a larger family than one would think so small a kitchen could accommodate.

The arrangement has been the key to the comfort afforded, while the covered kitchen porch, with its attractive Dutch door, acting as a window when it is not needed as a door, makes just the most

CONTINUED ON PAGE 64



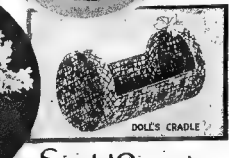
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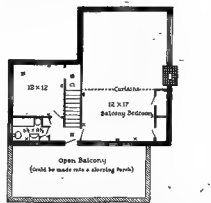


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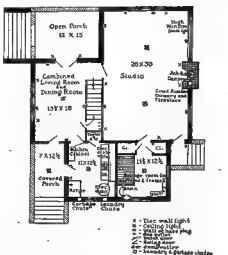
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There are many varieties of sugar wafers to please all tastes and appetites. Particularly popular are NABISCO SUGAR WAFERS, often referred to as the aristocrat of dessert wafers; HARLEQUIN SUGAR WAFERS, triple tender, golden wafers enclosing sweet, creamy flavors; and FESTINO, the sugar wafer which looks and tastes like an almond.

Keep a full supply on the pantry shelf.



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HOME canning, when vegetables are home-grown, or can be obtained within a few hours of picking, is usually worth while. The cold-meat canning is simple, safe, and dependable, and years of use by the housewives of the country have proved it to be the best method for home use.

"X" FOR EXTRAS—CANNING

SHALL the housewife can her own vegetables and fruits, or shall she buy them canned and ready to eat? That is a question that can not be answered in two or three words, as the answer depends upon a number of variable factors, including the weather.

If she has a garden full of luscious fresh vegetables and fruit-trees of her own laden down she will not be able to resist the fascination of seeing her own "growings" preserved for the Winter and the fruit cellar shelves filling. Nor will she neglect the money-saving which canning under such circumstances will make. If, however, she must purchase the material to fill her jars, and perhaps buy the jars as well, there are several things to be considered before she decides upon a canning program.

Of course to the initial cost of the products to be canned and new jars must be added the price of the rubbers and the fuel as well as the percentage of jars to cover replacement which must be made due to some inevitable leakage. The final cost of the jar should be compared with that of the best brands of the commercial product, and comparison should be made for flavor and texture as well.

If the housekeeper finds that in her case home canning is worth while she can be sure of having good results through the use of the cold-pack method. This method has proved itself through its constant use by the housewives of the country for the past seven years. For vegetables which are difficult to keep the use of the pressure-cooker is a safeguard, but if vegetables are canned as soon as picked the hot-water bath or the steam-cooker may be safely used.

The use of the pressure-cooker, besides safeguarding results, cuts down time, and therefore fuel, materially. More than one-half of the time required by the hot-water bath will be saved. The first cost of the cooker will be paid eventually by fuel-saving. The woman who is fortunate enough to have a stove with an automatically heat-controlled oven has in it another efficient canner.

Test all jars before using. Be sure that there are no cracks around the edges or cracks in the jars or covers. Partly fill with water, place a rubber and cover on

each jar, and snap both balls. Be sure that the balls (the wires that act as a seal for the cover) are tight. The lower ball may be tightened by turning from the jar and bending. Test the rubbers by stretching well. A good rubber is elastic. Results of canning depend as much upon good jars and rubbers as upon good vegetables and fruits.

Can only fresh vegetables and fruits. Such vegetables as corn, asparagus, beans, and peas should be canned within an hour of picking. They may be canned whole or cut or sliced, according to the vegetable.

While all vegetables may be blanched (boiled in hot water) to shrink it to reserve (to be used in a wire basket or tin in cheese-cloth for blanching, and cold dipping. Dip in cold water in and out." Other vegetables and fruits, pared if necessary, may be packed whole or sliced directly into the hot jars.

Cover the vegetables with boiling water and add one teaspoonful of salt to each quart. Cover fruits with sirup of desired sweetness. One part sugar to two parts water is the standard sirup.

Test new rubbers by stretching; dip them into boiling water and place on the jars. Place the covers on the jars and snap one ball on each jar.

Place the jars in the pressure-cooker, steam-canner, or hot-water bath, in which the water should be over the top of the jars, and boil the required length of time. Remove from the canner, ease out the ball, and turn upside down until cool to test the seal.

CANNING TIME-TABLES

VEGETABLES

VEGETABLE	BLANCHING MINUTES	PROCESSING STEAM-CANNER MINUTES	PROCESSING CANNER 20 TO 25 LBS. MINUTES	PROCESSING CANNER 10 TO 15 LBS. MINUTES
Asparagus.....	10-15*	120	60	40
Beet.....	10-20	120	60	40
Beet-tops.....	15	120	60	40
Brussels Sprouts.....	5-10*	120	60	40
Cabbage.....	5-10*	120	60	40
Cauliflower.....	5	90	60	40
Corn.....	5-10	120	60	40
Lima Beans.....	5-10*	120	60	40
Mushrooms.....	5-10	90	30	30
Oats.....	5-10	120	60	40
Peas.....	5-10*	120	60	40
Peppers, Green and Rice.....	5-10*	120	60	40
Peppers, Sweet.....	5-10*	120	60	40
Pumpkin.....	5	120	60	40
Salsify.....	5	90	60	40
Sauerkraut.....	5	120	60	40
Squash.....	15	180	60	40
String-beans.....	5-10*	120	60	40
Sweet Corn.....	5	22	15	10
Tomatoes.....	1	120	60	40
Turnips.....	5-10	120	60	40
Vegetable Combination.....	5-10*	120	60	40
Wax-beans.....	5-10*	120	60	40

FRUITS

FRUIT	BLANCHING MINUTES	PROCESSING STEAM-CANNER 20 TO 25 LBS. MINUTES	PROCESSING CANNER 10 TO 15 LBS. MINUTES
Apples.....	1-2*	20	8
Apricots.....	1-2	20	10
Berries, Without Sugar.....	None	16	10
Blackberries.....	None	16	10
Blackberries.....	None	16	10
Cherries, Sour.....	None	16	10
Cherries, Sweet.....	None	16	10
Citrus.....	None	16	10
Gooseberries.....	1-2	20	10
Peaches.....	1-2	20	10
Pears.....	1-2*	20	8
Pineapples.....	None	20	10
Raspberries.....	None	16	10
Rhubarb.....	1-2*	20	15
Strawberries.....	None	20	12
Fruits, Without Sugar.....	None	20	12

*Blanching may be omitted.

PICTORIAL REVIEWS HOME BUREAU

Jolly Dances for Your Club

By HELEN FERRIS

Author of "Girls' Clubs" and "Producing Amateur Entertainments"

A DANCE is a dance. Get a good orchestra, have a good floor, and the affair will be a success. Have you, too, heard this said? And hearing it, have those of you who have served upon dance committees for your own club sighed, remembering certain occasions when the orchestra was of the very best, when the floor was superlatively excellent, but when a chilly atmosphere crept in and pervaded the entire event?

Is there anything a Social Committee can do to prevent this, and to create, instead, a glow of genial hospitality and keen enjoyment? Yes. There are certain causes and preparations for a club's dances which have so frequently proved advantageous that a committee will feel well repaid for investing time and energy in them.

A first step in making plans for a dance schedule is to recognize that there are various kinds of dances: the small, informal dances; the large, subscription dances; and the costume and other special dances. There are dances for club members and their husbands, only. There are dances for club members and their older friends. There are those which include the young people of club families. You must decide how often you wish your dances to be, how frequently they are to be held, and who is to be invited.

Informal dances given under the auspices of the local Women's Club are grown-up and popular, as well as being open not only to members and their husbands, but to young people as well. One club, which has been successful in this plan for a number of years, has worked out details in the following way:

Every Saturday evening, from Thanksgiving to Lent, with the exception of the Christmas holidays, the clubhouse is opened for an informal dance. Older club members are invited, as well as any members of their families. Excellent music is provided. Light refreshments are served. The dance closes promptly at midnight. Through the years, these Women's Club dances have come to be a delightful feature of the recreation of that community. Older and younger generations dance together, enjoying the informality of the occasion. Admission is regulated by issuing invitation cards which must be presented at the door. These cards are of two kinds: season tickets and cards for one evening only. There is no charge for these and all expenses are borne by the Club. Season cards are issued by the Social Committee to any club member or member of her family. Each card admits two persons to the privilege of holding the tickets being responsible for those whom he or she invites. Cards for a single evening are issued upon special request and at the discretion of the committee (care being taken not to issue too many for any one evening, thus overloading the floor). By this plan, many residents of the community can be included in the invitation list of a single season.

Make Them Feel at Home

RACH dance evening is in charge of one member of the club's Social Committee, who invites a number of members at large to act with her as special patronesses. These patronesses do not consider their position as entirely honorary. They arrive early, to greet arriving guests. They bid them good night as they leave the ballroom, and throughout the evening they are alert to provide for the comfort of all guests and to further their enjoyment.

If you wish to make your dances very special occasions, the dates chosen should be important. This is especially true if they are to be subscription dances, for the purpose of raising money for some club project. What large community events are already scheduled? What are the evenings when the greatest number will attend? Friday and Saturday evenings, or the night preceding a holiday are usually best. To select the evening before a holiday will frequently simplify the problem of your decorations. Halloween, St. Patrick's Day, the Fourth of July—decorations for these are readily to be found.

Once a committee has decided upon the number of these special dances which the club is to give, once the dates have been set, it is possible to give the affairs contrasting character. One may be formal, given in honor of the husbands of club

members. Next may come a masquerade or costume ball. The following dance may be combined with an entertainment program, and so on.

There are few clubs which will not enjoy at least one Masquerade Ball in the course of the season. An old idea? Yes, it is. But one that will live on because most of us never lose our childish delight in "dressing up." If, upon your invitations, you suggest some central idea or theme which the costumes are to carry out, interest in your costume dance will be enhanced. Not long ago, one club held a very successful masquerade with Air Castles as this central theme. "Come dressed as your own Air Castle," read the invitations. "If not your Air Castle, then that of some one else. But, surely you have one? Be honest!" One can readily see what a wide range of costume possibilities this opened. With added zest in seeing what it would come up to, because of the possibility that it's costume might reveal some secret ambition!

Another original conception for a costume party was used by a club who sent the most of its guests in the costumes of "The Wanderers." This, too, gave many possibilities: gipsies, Pierrots, wandering minstrels, musical troupe, tourists, circus performers, campers, poets, and many other lovers of the Open. The plan had introduced into the evening an element of fun and interest, and was a most praiseworthy program. Several minutes' singing, several recitations, and a prize of the Open Road. In such ways, the old idea of the Masquerade may be given new life and interest.

Voting for the Best Costumes

UPON the night of the dance, make the most of the costumes. Be sure to have a Grand March and a period of dancing before the election of Umpires. Also, don't forget the voting before the unmasking; for the most "artistic" costume, the most "original" costume, the costume you wish. "After that point," every one will wish to see every one's costume. But this is not always possible upon a crowded floor. Why not, then, a Dress Parade? If there is a large room, each person may walk across it, after unmasking or before, as you wish. If there is no stage, half the floor may be cleared and the parade proceed across the room.

But the success of a dance is dependent upon more than the selecting of an auspicious date and the making of special plans. Whether your dance is to be large or small, formal or informal, it will hinge upon the atmosphere you create, upon the spirit of hospitality which prevails throughout the evening. Through the detail for the physical comfort and enjoyment of the guests, the dancing-room, the small, polished equipment which is placed there; the music; the floor; arrangements that the guests may sit together and converse between dances. If you have no clubhouse, study the geography of the hall which you rent; plan for the comfortable chairs and rugs. Bring these chairs and rugs from club members' homes upon the day of the dance; but in your grouping of them, take care not to encroach upon the dancing space. At any dance, the presence of a Reception Committee, composed of the Umpires, Chaplains, is a valuable asset. Those upon this committee are the hosts and hostesses; that is, they are the responsible ones in creating the hospitality of a home.

It is possible to introduce the spirit of informality into large dances. Do you actually enjoy a Paul Jones, when at the expense of the whole evening you enjoy a Grand Right and Left; when, at another whistle, all dance with those opposite? A much debated question! With its answer, equivalent: that depends! It depends upon your club's traditions.

But more than that, it depends upon the person who is to execute the plan. That all-important Man-with-the-Whistle. Choose him with care! A well-known club, which has a jovial and happy-banquet, a man who will introduce original flourishes into the evening is he who will swing every crowd a man can not be found.

The experience of one club in creating informality at their large dances is interesting. It was agreed that one "mixer" dance should be given. CONTINUED ON PAGE 66



Photo by Nicholas Murray

Ugly ragged cuticle will mar the loveliest hands

THE WAY THESE BEAUTY SALONS REMOVE IT

A GREAT Frenchman once said there were more lovely women in New York than in any other city in the world.

No one can tell the secret of all this grace and loveliness so well as those mysterious experts who preside over New York's smartest beauty parlors.

For it is their scientific knowledge of the care of the face and hands that gives the last touch of chic.

It is their subtle skill that transforms even neglected nails to lovely gleaming things, with that smooth unbroken rim around the base of the nail that is the envy of everyone.

How do they do it?

A manicure at these salons

Trim white-dad girls give hundreds of manicures each day in the luxurious Terminal Salons in the Waldorf-Astoria, the Pennsylvania Hotel and the Knickerbocker—in this deft way:—First the nails are shaped with long swift strokes of their files—then they are smoothed with the emery board. Then comes the care of the all important cuticle. Each girl has her own special knack in making the nail rim lovely—rounded, smooth

and fresh. But on each table there is the little bottle of Cutex Cuticle Remover that is her chief aid.

With an orange stick wrapped in cotton and wet with Cutex, the girl softens and loosens the dead outside and ragged shreds by working around the base of each nail. Then she rinses your fingers and wipes the surplus cuticle away leaving the nails smoothly framed in a lovely rim of the soft skin.

Then a touch beneath the nail tips with the wet orange stick bleaches them and leaves them transparent, stainless, with that lovely fragile look.

Then to bring out the full beauty of the smooth trim, the shapely nails and snow-white tips, the girl gives the nails a bewitching rose tint lustre.

Learn to give yourself this lovely manicure

Many women have learned how to keep their own nails as exquisitely beautiful with Cutex. You can get all the Cutex preparations necessary to give yourself, today, the same expert manicure they give in these famous hotels. They are only 35c each. Or there are charming sets in different sizes, but each containing a complete manicuring outfit including Cuticle Remover, Polishers, emery boards and orange stick at 60c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$3.00. At drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and chemist shops in England.

Introductory Set—now only 12c

Fill out this coupon and mail it with 12c in coin or stamps for the Introductory Set containing trial sizes of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board and orange stick. Address, Northern Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. P-9, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. P-9
114 West 17th Street, New York

I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set containing enough Cutex for six manicures.

Name _____

Street _____
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For Every Room in the House

DAINTY Alabastine tints—blue, rose, buff and gray, make sleeping rooms comfortable and more important than all else—sanitary. No germ-carrying vegetable pastes required in using Alabastine.

Just Alabastine in the package with the most solid color printed in red mixed with cold water and applied to plaster wall-board, or any interior surface with a suitable brush. Or with a little more trouble the beautiful tinted effects of the ALABASTINE OPALINE PROCESS. Ask any store selling paints to show you sample cards or write to us.

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EVERY PACKAGE OF ALABASTINE HAS
THE CROSS AND CIRCLE PRINTED IN RED

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Piano Men Use LIQUID VENEER To Improve New Instruments

Just Read This Proof. "We have used Liquid Veneer for twelve years on our pianos and musical instruments to tone up and restore the original beauty and luster before sending them out. We have not found its equal for keeping up the appearance of our stock for general display."

(Signed) HUTCHINSON FURNITURE COMPANY
Adrian, Ga., June 15, 1923

Always use Liquid Veneer on your dusting cloth
BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY
371 Elliott Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Here is expert proof that Liquid Veneer will even improve the finish of brand new pianos and furniture as nothing else will.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET
"The Proper Care of Fine Furniture" by Walter K. Schmidt, and other sterling proof.

Why I Want My Daughter to Have A Business Training

By Elna Harwood Wharton

BUT, my dear," purred the girl about to be married, "of course I'll have to have a servant. You wouldn't like the neighbors to see me doing my own work!"

"Where work did you want to do?" mildly inquired the young man about to marry her.

Was he really expecting too much of her, or was she typical of a vast number of young housewives who don't want to do any work? Aren't these the girls who earn the constant foreign criticism, "Oh, yes, American women are very clever and charming, but such slack, lazy housekeepers!"

Preliminary to marriage, or to any other chosen career, but especially as a preparation for efficient home-making, I would like my daughter to spend a few months in a well-run, busy office. If she goes to college, the business experience could well come either midway or just at the end of her course. If she were actually engaged to be married, I would rather have her learn efficient business methods than go to cooking-school. If she remains wedded to a profession of any description, a certain amount of business training will be immeasurably useful to her.

It all depends, of course, on what one means by "business." The gim-cracking girl behind the counter who patronizes me while she puts her elaborate coiffure and does not evince any deep desire to advance herself; the stenographer who is only a part of her machine and not a thinking unit in the office that employs her; the factory worker who is kept at one process—these are not the types I have in mind.

I would like my daughter to find a position in an office which would call forth, to begin with, all her powers of observation; stimulate the very best effort she was capable of; discipline her to a certain extent; accustom her to subordinate her own preferences and opinions, to adapt herself to the varying personalities about her at the same time; furnish opportunities to test her resourcefulness and initiative. I would want her to learn system, and its application outside the office; organization both of work and of people; dispatch; time-value; money-value.

We hear a good deal about poor cookery running homes. The lack of dietetic knowledge on the part of younger married women is frequently laid at the door of a previous business career. I am inclined to think that had cooking been a symptom rather than a fundamental ailment. It is a symptom of lazy, inefficient housekeeping which often follows a period of lazy, inefficient employment, but not the right kind of business training. I can not at the moment think of any one I know who is a poor cook and a good housekeeper in other respects, save in select metropolitan districts where a talent for organization is essentially a business talent—results in getting the whole job of household management done properly by some one else. The home where this particular solution of housekeeping is a constant possibility is, however, far less common than the one in which the mother can not hire much help and the most brilliant talent for organization will not increase the supply of domestic help available.

System vs. Biscuits

ALL the really good cooks I know have a also well-aided, noiseless household machines. Here almost no real housekeepers who are untidy, without system, and nevertheless skilful at a few particular details. But they are not good all-around daily bread and emergency cooks. They buy erratically, and live in confusion. The occasional cookery they can boast of for show purposes only, like little girls' pieces on the piano.

I am likewise unable to conceive of any girl who, having been useful and effective in a business career, would be so quickly and completely degenerated by marriage that she would immediately lose all her common sense and initiative in matters of management. A girl who is not good at making biscuits, the policy and methods of a business office is not going to be floored by the fact that she does not know how to make biscuits. She will set herself to finding out how, with the same brand of accuracy she applied to learning her employer's filing system. She will probably learn, while she is at it, not only the right kind of biscuits, but all the kinds, as well as the uses for biscuit dough, and all the foods like scones and shortcakes and dumplings that are really biscuit dough

masquerading under some other name. When she has acquired information of this sort she will undoubtedly tick it away in systematic fashion and pass on to some other detail of her new job.

Right there lies an important difference in the attitude of the business girl toward home-making. She looks on it as a job, not merely a means of support. It contains for her problems to solve, administration and methods to be learned, a new schedule and different materials to work with, but above all, work to be done.

There was, after all, something in the old idea that a girl learned housekeeping all right when she had to. That is, provided she wanted to learn. Given, however, two girls of equal household experience, one without and one having had business training, and I venture to predict that the latter will take far less time and make fewer mistakes in learning. The old-fashioned girl who never earned money naturally could not be expected to appreciate the value of money when household purchasing was thrust upon her. If she really desired to be a good manager she will overcome the handicap imposed by her lack of training. On the other hand the girl who has really worked a week to obtain twenty-five dollars is more likely to see that the gets value for the work her husband has done when she spends his money.

The girl who has some training in organizing an office and scheduling her work will not take long to find out that a home can be similarly organized and managed on a time-saving plan to permit freedom for what she likes to do.

Time Is Precious

AN APPRECIATION of the value of time is one of the supremely important lessons which business can teach any girl whether she marries or not. Time is just as much a commodity as money. It can be frittered away or made to yield results. It can be wasted on profitless occupations, or planned with reference to actual money-making for the family. The chaoticness of the home day is always a temptation to waste time. Half of the tired, overworked housewives who try to discourage the other half from housekeeping have never distributed their time to advantage. They dawdle over what should be done and patched. They talk about working hard instead of getting through.

Not a more valuable contribution a business girl has to offer in the married partnership is a real understanding of what constitutes her husband's business day, and why it is necessary for him to return each night to a restful, orderly place where he may find quiet, inspiration, recreation. My husband calls it "getting wound up for the next day's grind." The woman who serves a mussy, unattractive dinner, perhaps in the kitchen "to save work," or the one who insists upon going to bed where immediately after her husband is fed, "because it's so dull at home," does not realize the need for a place of peace and relaxation. I admit that catering to this need often requires a sacrifice of the discipline of business to fit her pleasure to hours that do not coincide with the firm expectations of her, she will not find this pleasant, after all.

The business girl has had to accept the discipline that is part of her job. She can not go counter to the traditions of rules she has firmly ingrained. She will not offer excuses for getting up late, for not finishing work assigned to her, for making blunders, for not doing her best. There are no extenuating circumstances in business. Get results or get out. It is a practical statement of the employer. During the War there were a certain number of women employed in business who tolerated through necessity. They are being gradually weeded out. The girl who does not have the discipline to accept discipline to give her place to someone who does. The best labor leaders are preaching to women, come what may, to work longer and shorter hours, but "a fair product for a fair price."

The housekeeper is in final analysis an owner employee. She does not work hard because her husband makes her. She works hard because she has entered an honorable partnership, and like a partner in any successful enterprise, she will see to it that her results are demanded by her own conscience. Her "fair product" is a harmonious, happy, effective home and her reward is the great peace of worth-while work well done.

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Why not this season use your opportunity? Why not buy

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The name: "National Cloak & Suit Company" on a garment is a mark of good style and good taste. And it is a mark of good value—the kind of value that includes both low price and honest, serviceable material.

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The "National" has two houses located to serve you most promptly—one in New York, one in Kansas City—twin homes of the "National" offering the same New York Styles, at the same money-saving prices—exactly the same at both houses.



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PICTORIAL REVIEWS HOME BUREAU

Plenty of Spice and Flavor

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

More Beauty Now

Millions show prettier teeth

Nowadays women take care of their beauty, and beauty has multiplied as a result.

One method is a new way of teeth cleaning—a way that combats the film. Millions now employ it. You see the results wherever you look. Teeth are whiter now, and people smile to show them.

This is to offer a ten-day test to those who don't know this method.

Don't leave the film

You feel on your teeth a viscous film. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it.

As a result, the film absorbs stains. Then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film. Those cloudy coats hide the luster of the teeth.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. That's why few escaped tooth troubles.

Germes breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So that became alarmingly common.

Curdled and removed

To meet this situation, dental science sought ways to fight that film, and two were found. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods by many careful tests.

Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. These two great film combatants were embodied in it.

That tooth paste is called Pepsodent. For years, leading dentists the world over have been urging its adoption.

Effects on saliva

Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for the acids which cause decay.

It multiplies the starch digester in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Certain elements

in our diets can do the same. Races which largely employ them are almost immune to tooth troubles.

With our average diet, the tooth paste should bring them.

It leaves no doubt

Pepsodent quickly proves itself. You can see and feel that it is doing what never before was done.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch the other good effects.

In a week you will realize how much this method means to you and yours. Cut out coupon now.

Ten-Day Tube Free 1177
THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 158, 1104 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

small hot pepper sometimes called a chilli pepper. Red pepper is made from the seeds and pulp of ordinary dried peppers. Chilli peppers are very often used whole in pickles and hot sauces and are also made into chilli powder, which can be purchased in jars and very satisfactorily takes the place of the dried pepper.

Ginger has been called the children's spice, for surely gingerbread men and ginger snaps are their own particular sweets and wholesome ones too. Ginger comes from the root of the ginger-plant, and we may buy it either in the root or ground. Much of the ground ginger is bleached. The best varieties are a light-buff color. Jamaica furnishes a fine one of our best. Canton ginger, which is the young root preserved in a rich sirup, is increasingly popular as a flavor to add to sauces, ice-creams, and other desserts. Crystallized ginger is another form in which the root is preserved, and is very delicious served either by itself or used as a filling in dates or candies.

Do not forget allspice, the little dried berry that has the combined flavor of cinnamon, cloves, and mace, that you can buy either ground or whole; curry, which is a mixture of many spices with turmeric as a foundation; caraway-seeds, to sprinkle on the children's cookies; and mustard, to add snap to mild dressings, rarebit, or sauce.

Mustard is such a pungent condiment that a little need to be used to give the desired snap. Those who know tell us that the powdering of mustard involves a very complicated series of processes, often a blend of seeds from many different countries is used to produce the desired product. Both dry and prepared mustard are on the market. If you mix your own mustard to serve with sliced ham, frankfurters, in cheese sandwiches, or with a variety of dishes, use about equal parts of water and mustard, adding the water very slowly to insure smoothness. You may want to cut down the amount of water a little. The prepared mustards are bottled and are ready to use, having been moistened and seasoned. Buy your dried mustard in cans and keep it tightly covered.

Bailey and Bailey, in their new book, "Food Products from Afar," say: "We talk of old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, but never of old spices to use." The fresher, the better the spice. The Pure Food Law protects the housekeeper against the adulteration of spices, and a well-known spice-grinder tells us that although there is practically no adulteration of spices to-day, there is still a great difference in quality. Be on the safe side and buy standard brands to be sure of good quality and uniform results. Purity and quality are not synonymous—spices may be pure but poor.

As a general rule we would advise you not to buy your spices in bulk. They are more likely to be adulterated or inferior stock, and spices do deteriorate when exposed to the air. A good spice is an economy, and as it takes comparatively little to flavor a dish it is never very expensive. Buy them in package, can, or bottle, choose a standard brand, and then keep close to a dry place in order not to lose the essential oil or volatile principle. Spices are satisfactorily kept in tin or glass for less money than it costs to market them in air or glass. Buying in tin or glass is an economy for the housewife who has tight spice-jars and who uses them to keep her spices in a dry place. They empty her spice jars into a large tin or glass jar. Our grocer tells us that many women allow the cardboard cartons to stand open for weeks and then complain of the quality of the contents.

Then there are the leaves of plants and shrubs which we use on our hand—mint, savory, thyme, and many others in soups, sauces, poultry, and meat dressings. Our grandmothers gathered and dried their own herbs and hung them in bunches to dry. But most of us are not so fortunate, and we should buy from a reliable marketman or a druggist, whose stock moves fast enough for him to keep a fresh supply on hand. Put them in tightly closed glass jars to preserve their strength.

When in doubt use vanilla. You can't go far wrong. It must be popular, for there are three times as much of it sold as of any other flavoring extract. When you look at the orchids in the florist's window and admire those rare and expensive flowers, did you know that there is a member of the orchid family that is very valuable from a culinary standpoint? A climbing orchid, a native of Central and South America, furnishes the vanilla-beans which are the basis of the extract which flavors so many of our desserts and beverages. After the beans are cured they are cut and soaked in a solution of alcohol, water, and usually some sugar to obtain the vanilla—the principal flavoring substance in the bean—and other flavoring substances. This solution is aged and then the vanilla is removed. There have been many attempts to make artificial vanilla to replace the extract from the vanilla-bean, but it has not seemed to lack the subtle aroma of the true vanilla.

Lemon, orange, and almond are also popular flavors. The flavor for lemon is obtained from the seeds of the fruit. It is pressed from the skins of the fruit and is then dissolved in alcohol to make the extract. Almond flavoring is made from an oil that is extracted from the crushed kernels of the bitter almond, apricot, or peach.

The strength and purity of flavors are regulated by the National and State Pure Food Laws, but when buying these extracts, just as when buying sugar, it is well to remember that you are getting a standard of quality that every purchaser has a right to expect. Be sure that you are getting a standard of quality. Flavors are volatile, and when added to hot foods evaporate quickly, so whenever you use a flavoring extract, use it very sparingly.

A pint bottle of extract is a good size for the average family to keep on hand. There is some saving in buying this amount rather than a small bottle. But this very unusual and rarely used flavoring a two-ounce bottle is simpler. A compact little box containing the kitchen-dweller.

There have been much said about the lemon, but if that should happen the next morning, lemon-powder can be purchased that will keep indefinitely. It needs only the addition of water to bring it to give zest to sauce or soup.

So often we need just a dash of celery or onion, or give zest to sauce or soup and do not have the fresh vegetable on hand. Onion and celery salt will help the situation. They are inexpensive and save half of the flavor of fresh onion or celery. Always keep the screw-top of the onion-salt container tightly closed to keep their strength if exposed to the air.

The Convenient Studio-House

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

comfortable spot imaginable for a much-attempted guest to sit while entertaining and guests are going on at the same time. Likewise this porch serves as a breakfast room, a kind of table-linen closet, a closet to the wall, and often as a luncheon or supper porch, saving wear and tear on the main hall, while affording a pleasant air, and almost to the extent offered by the out-of-doors. There is a patented receptacle built into this door, serving as a depository for supplies. When anything is placed in it from the outside the door is closed, and the contents can be removed only from the inside.

Upstairs there are two bedrooms, one of them being a balcony bedroom, extending over a portion of the studio. This bedroom has no wall at the studio side but is merely a railing, and heavy curtains are hung to cut off the view. When the curtains are drawn apart, there is a delightful cool sleeping-room, with two large closets. A conventional bedroom is over the dining-living room, and it has a large

close, over the stairs, with shelves appearing as a sort of over several feet beyond the closet, and is reached from inside the closet itself. In the bathroom there is a large, unusual and rarely used closet with a gas-heater underneath for the hot-water supply for storage-room inside, and a large closet, and a small closet as well as for the bathroom, and there is still enough for a linen-closet opening out into the bathroom. The open balcony, which is in reality the roof of the dining-room, kitchen, and back porch, is a splendid place for sunning wearing clothing and other things which should be carried from the room to the out-of-doors occasionally. Half of this balcony could be made into a covered sleeping-porch and yet the balcony bedroom would be left with exposed windows, while only one of the two bathroom windows would be shaded and so that when a bathroom can be so placed as to have a window on each of two sides. It

CONTINUED ON PAGE 64



T H E I N V I S I B L E B E D R O O M



MIDNIGHT. The last guest gone. The key turned in the lock. The house hushed and quiet. . . . In the living room, the windows wide-flung to the moonlight and the soft breeze. . . . The gentle whisper of rustling leaves.

What a night for sleep! And what an alluring spot in which to find it! The big Kroehler, so recently a deep-cushioned, luxurious davenport, now invites to restful slumber. With one easy motion it opens, revealing a wide, roomy, welcoming bed—deep-sprung, thick-mattressed. The smooth, cool sheets, the soft blankets, are all neatly in place.

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PICTORIAL REVIEWS HOME BUREAU The Convenient Studio-House

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

provides most desirable ventilation. In the average small house it is not feasible to have a bathroom so well ventilated unless the ventilation is sacrificed in some other room.

The screens for the casement windows are roll screens, remaining hidden in the window-frame when not in use, and the opening for them is protected by a lid. Inasmuch as they are not taken down and put up yearly, requiring handling, which is not always as gentle as it should be, they will wear much longer than ordinary screens, and it is easier to open and close windows with such a screen arrangement.

If the front porch were made into a covered porch there could easily be added a bedroom over it. This would necessitate making the present bedroom, adjoining the bath, about three feet narrower to allow for a hallway to the farther bedroom.

The cellar has a natural rock foundation, and since some of the rocks are larger and higher than others, excavation was difficult and extensive, requiring blasting. Therefore the excavation consists of space to allow only for a future furnace and a storage-room. Since the time may come when it will be desirable to live in the studio the year round, provision could be made in the studio-room for installing a heating system in it for heating the whole house, as is done in the case of many houses which are not provided with a heating system at the time of building. These heating systems are clean, and quite adequate for a two-story house.

The lighting consists of ceiling-lights, placed high and at just the right angle to light pictures well. There are a few wall-lights for family convenience, and there are also some beautiful electric lamps for reading and for decoration.

The convenience of turning on the electric light in various parts of the house before reaching a destined room was not forgotten. The light can be turned on upstairs while on the first floor, and down-stairs while on the second floor, and in the storage-

room by pressing a button near the door, while the front and back porch and the direct studio entrance can be lighted by pressing a button from inside of the room adjoining. There are base-plugs for the electrical contrivances, including one under the dining-table for the electric toaster, the percolator, the electric grill or table stove, and the electric wash-bowl, for waffles for this family are made at the table on the electric aluminum griddle, which requires no grease, and therefore, creates no smoke. Base-plugs on the second floor for lamps and for the electric sewing-machine, and the electric heating-pad, and an electric heater for the bathroom are also installed.

Another special feature of this studio is the fireplace. Of course it has an ash-dump and a damper operated from the front by a handle through the chimney, but that is not all. Ordinarily, if a family can sit in comfort before the fire instead of chafing from smoke, and if there is a cheerful glow, the fireplace is considered successfully built. The fact that cigarette stubs or other strong-smelling things thrown into a fireplace soon causes a disagreeable odor to greet the nostrils, even after the fireplace is cold, is taken for granted. And the degree of heat which a fireplace throws out into a room is almost directly out of all. In the chimney and fireplace built here, however, these details were carefully considered, and the result is a fireplace designed and built after the directions of that famous old Turkey, scientist, and philosopher, Count Rumford himself, and named so. Count Rumford himself. At a glance it appears to be just an ordinary fireplace, a simple chimney, and a few small fire-places, but it has an immense advantage over the ordinary fireplace in that the odors, gases, and smoke go up the chimney and nearly all the heat is thrown forward into the room, and no chimney-drafts or other strong objects can be thrown into it and burned without consent. And all because of a very simple, but scientific arrangement of a few bricks.

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Jolly Dances for Your Club

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

should be tried and, if a failure, no more. The Man-with-the-Whistle was of the type just described, a man with a voice of carrying quality. While he was making his announcement. To the surprise of the doubters, every one entered in with alacrity. This was the novelty dance introduced: All dancers were asked to withdraw to the sides of the ballroom while large circles were drawn upon the floor with chalk. The guests were then told to dance all the time during the dance. At that time, music and dancers were to stop. All standing within a circle must leave the dance floor. The dance was to be to see who could remain dancing for the longest time without being caught within a circle. This was the novelty dance, a large box of candy) was so popular that two others were later used with like success. If your committee is interested in such novelty dances, local Dancing and Gymnasium Instructors can tell you of those which are simple and generally liked.

Those who have arranged club dances during the past two years know that there remains one question with which every Social Committee is faced. What about regulations, what of standards of dancing when young people attend?

It was this question, which confronted the Women's Club of New York, when it they evolved a plan which may be helpful to your community, for it is capable and worthy of wide adoption.

For a number of years the club had held dances attended by both members and young people. The dances had come to be an established feature of community life and were popular. At the end of a season, however, when the Social Committee felt compelled to draw up a set of rules and regulations, to read those rules in the clubhouse, and to see that they were enforced.

They drew up the rules. They posted them. But the young people refused to obey them. With the ultimate result that the dances were discontinued. The club women were not at ease about this procedure. Secretly, they recognized their failure. They had taken to read step toward any solution of the difficulty. They had merely eliminated all dancing.

Soon another season was before them. What was to be done? A new member of the committee had a plan. "Since these dances are attended by the young people," she said, "why aren't they on the committee? Why shouldn't we consult them about the plans we make? I am sure they have valuable ideas to give us." This resulted in the formation of a Joint Committee with a club member who was popular with the young people as chairman.

From the first, the chairman refused to place any young person upon the committee merely because his or her mother was prominent in the community. With whom she wished to work were the real leaders among the young people, those whose word would count.

The first meeting of this Joint Committee was a significant one. One by one the questions were taken up. As the meeting progressed this fact emerged: that the young people had suggested that the members were of intrinsic merit. What about rules? No, they didn't want rules imposed upon them. However, if the women would act as a Floor Committee if the women would back them up. The women agreed. What about chaperons? Certainly, they wanted chaperons.

But you ignored us last Winter," objected the women. "You always acted as tho you only came to see what we would do, and replied, the young representatives. And the air was cleared.

At the dance following this committee meeting, a new spirit was evident: the spirit of co-operation. The young people were no longer members of an official Committee in charge entered into the occasion with the realization that this was not a new thing, but a step toward a new partnership. And there was a great difference.

Difficulties, problems have not vanished from these dances in N. Y. But in whatever areas, the Joint Committee is a valuable asset. It is an asset in several respects. The chairman's attitude now prevails; belief and respect for the young real desire to get at their ideas and suggestions, and a willingness to consider the suggestions of those suggested. It is the young people on the committee represent; they are of influence in their own groups. Furthermore, they are only given representation upon the committee; they are given direct responsibility for the dances. This means that they should not be overlooked.

The Women's Club, introducing this plan at a New York State committee may feel that they are following an important trend in educational and social circles to-day. In our schools we are finding, with increasing frequency, such organizations as Student Government, committees, which consider not only matters of student class and other activities, but even of the curriculum as well. The same spirit is at work who share in an activity shall have some word in its direction.

If there is no suggestion for your club in the plan and the experience of the women of N. Y.—

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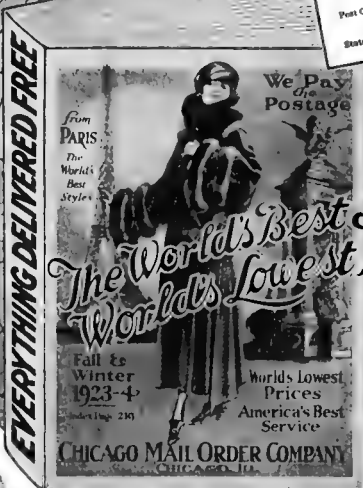
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"A Grand Woman"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

"Oh, can't I go up with you?" I asked. Then she said something which amused me ever so much. "You aren't afraid, Bob?"

"Afraid?" I echoed. Perhaps she thought I was afraid to go into a house where there had been a death. "Oh, no, I'm not afraid."

"Wait, anyway," she said, and quickly went up the steps. When she came down she gave me a wonderful knife with three blades, a granel, and other useful tools in it. It had a chain on it so that you couldn't lose it. "Oh, thank you," I said. "I'll keep it always."

"Was floundering in my mind for something nice to say when she looked up and gave me a pat on the shoulder as if she wanted me to go.

Behind me I heard a voice say: "A wonderful day! There, Bird. May we rest a few moments on that peaceful lawn of yours?"

It was turned, There stood the rector, but in hand, and with him Miss Fennel, wearing

a bonnet with feathers, and smiling so strangely.

Mrs. Bird stood for a moment, then she looked up at the lawn as if looking for the flag that was no longer on the flag-pole, then she swung open the gate and said quietly: "It's very kind of you to call."

The rector bowed to Miss Fennel and she went up, then he held the gate. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I was told I don't know what they said. I was told excited over my knife, and I hurried off to the quarry, where there were always pieces of wood to be picked up, to try the sharpness of the blades. I began to plan a schooner, and I made up my mind to call it 'Larry'."

And now after these years, the curtains of mystery drawn aside, long-forgotten things remembered, dim things made clear, I see in this experience my first innocent contact with one of the world's unfortunates. And still I feel as clearly as if it were today Mrs. Murphy's "A grand woman," and in the light of understanding I echo it softly to myself, "A grand woman."

"Keep Off the Set"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

rocking-chair which faced the dressing-table, she began to read every word on every page in every one of a lapful of motion-picture magazines.

They were not fair magazines. They were delivered by no questions and answers departments, no serialized romances, no interviews with stars, no other fiction. They were trade magazines and they dealt with facts—facts about projection-machine-power, launch facts about lobby displays, facts about exhibitors' conventions. There were no thrills in them; but this reader was not looking for thrills. She was performing that praiseworthy action which we hear so much and see so little. She was reading to improve her mind.

But there is a limit to human endurance, to the endurance even of an ambitious young wife who is trying conscientiously to improve her mind to a degree which will enable her to understand the motion-picture business. About two hours after Blessing Bryson began her studies she reached her limit. She not only read it, but passed it. For she suddenly realized with a start that she had read, for the second time, if not the third, a new paragraph concerned with the superiority of a throw of two hundred feet over one hundred and twenty amperes over a throw of seventy-one feet with thirty amperes.

She quit. "And so endeth the fifth lesson in ten days," she sighed to the photograph in the ether frame. "I wish you and your movies will get some help from me yet!"

Arranging the magazines in the order in which she had found them beside the portable typewriter, the table, she stretched luxuriously, blushing as she saw her reflection in the mirror, and remembered the fervor with which her husband had praised her the first time he had seen her arranging her hair. From a drawer in the dressing-table she retrieved a box of chocolates, and from the pocket of her husband's overcoat the morning paper, and then lay back in the wicker rocker to do some reading and would enjoy it.

It was while she was turning the pages looking for New York date-lines that she saw a telegram flutter from the newspaper to the floor.

What the silent partner in the new metropolitan firm of Bryson & Co. read was this:

T. T. Bryson,
Rock West Coast Studios,
Hollywood, Cal.

If Miss Clark's mother objects you getting chummy with Florence Frothingham soon knows picture business stop can help you more than anybody else.

A. Zeck.

"Oh, she can, can she?" cried the silent partner, and reached for her prettiest hat.

NEITHER those enviable people who know all about telephony nor those more enviable people who know all about love will be wrenched to hear that at that time T. T. Bryson, who, in the office of A. Zeck's West Coast Studios, was acting as a desk from Florence Frothingham, felt at impulse to telephone to his wife. Nor will they be free from uneasiness when they read much about her, nor will they know anything about telephony and who never had been married long enough to have learned much about her, nor will they know anything about telephony and who never had been married long enough to have learned much about her.

Instead of picking up the telephone, toward which his hand instinctively had strayed, he picked up a pen. He began to write several typewritten letters which had been handed to him by Miss Frothingham. He did not look at Miss Frothingham. Veritable bright-eyed young woman, who

called herself a secretary, and who wore a platinum wrist-watch and drove a fast car, was distinctly worth looking at. Her eyes were of that greenish-blue which screens best; her hair that shade of yellow with which miracles of lighting are possible; she could have been a genuine star. It had not been for her nose. Venus herself, were her nose the least bit out of place, might get extra work in Hollywood, but no casting director would ever give her a real part.

Miss Frothingham, too, along with my punctuation-marks, she had told Bryson at their first meeting. "I know I spell almost entirely by ear. But I know that I earn my seventy-five a week, just the same. I know that in the picture business than the man does that wrote it."

Bryson's salary was two hundred and fifty a week. He had had the foresight to be born a man.

THIS morning he was a proud one. The longest letter on his desk, a carefully phrased and eloquently spelled letter, signed Mr. Zeck, said as much. Albeit not in so many words, for even in his hour of triumph, Mr. Zeck's general ill-concealed confidence man did not brag. He confided himself to the statement that, after ten days of hard work, he had convinced Clara Clark, the star, and Bobbie Adams, the leading man, that their quarrel was costing Mr. Zeck vast sums of money, that he had persuaded them to declare peace and resume work, that they had promised him that this very afternoon they would play like big boys in the picture.

Which was the truth, nothing but the truth, but not the whole truth. It was only Bryson's modesty that had prevented him from telling his general manager. He had said that he had worked his miracle without any assistance from Florence Frothingham. His general manager might have called Mr. Zeck's attention to the fact that Bryson had not interfered in any way, shape, manner, or form.

As he signed the letter and gave it to the young woman who knew pictures the mind turned again to the young woman who did not. His hand deflected to the telephone.

"If you want to mail this before they shoot the scene?" asked Miss Frothingham with that air of superiority which Bryson found so hard to bear.

"Certainly!" he answered, frowning as the self-consciousness do when they try to hide their self-consciousness from the self-possessed. "The goods have been delivered, haven't they?"

"It looks to me as if they'd only been wrapped up," sniffed Miss Frothingham. "They'll deliver this afternoon," he assured her.

"Not unless somebody managers old Lady Clark," she said decisively. "Are you sure there is such a word as 'manager'?"

An air of sarcasm was wasted on Mrs. Frothingham. "I'm sure there is such a word as Frozen Face," she retorted. "I'm just as sure as I am of alive and kicking, and, if she's alive, you can bet she'll be kicking, she won't let her aged child get that name."

"A prefer to think differently," was Bryson's dignified answer.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

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"Keep Off the Set"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

"You certainly think differently from anybody that knows Frozen Fare," drawled his secretary, so called. "I tell you Frozen Fare knows that Bobbie Adams can act figure acts around her idiot darling. She knows it so well that she'll never let Casey play that scene the way it's in the script."

"Miss Clark has promised to play it," he insisted. "Miss Clark is free, white, and twenty-one—"

"Twenty-four," corrected Miss Frothingham.

At any rate she has a will of her own. Didn't she hit somebody once with a stage-brace?

"She did," conceded Miss Frothingham, "and once was enough, but it was mama who handed her the stage-brace."

"Please mail the letter," directed the despatch, and picked up the telephone.

Miss Frothingham, who knew an exit cue when she saw one, stuck up her imperfect but expressive nose and left the room; but before Bryson got his number she was in again.

"Mr. Adams is calling," she announced as she planned to her black-silk jersey a red rose that Bryson now saw for the first time. "Mr. Adams in person. You want to see him, don't you?"

"No," said her disgruntled superior, still fingering the telephone.

But Bobbie Adams must have thought that he said "Yes" for in evening dress and high spirits, with make-up on his face and on his collar, with beaming face and outstretched hand, he brushed past Miss Frothingham and bore down upon his inhospitable host.

"Hello, hello, hello!" he boomed. "You don't mind if I pop in for a minute to say hello!"

Miss Frothingham coughed delicately. "If you have any button left," she hinted, "you might stop and leave some with me on your way out." She ejected herself.

"I'm glad to see you," Bryson led to the effervescent actor, trying to exchange a formal hand-shake for one that almost crushed his fingers. "I was just telling Mr. Zeck that we're going to shoot the big scene this afternoon."

Telephoning to him, eh? Talking to him on the phone? asked Bobbie Adams who evidently believed that if anything is worth saying at all it is worth saying twice.

"Writing to him," explained Bryson, resuming his seat. "I have a lot more letters to write."

"Always busy, always busy," commented the actor admiringly as he settled himself into the most comfortable chair available and passed a reflective hand over the jaw that as yet was unruined. "I'd like to tell Zeck that you're the busiest little bee that he ever sent to the Coast—always writing to him and telephoning to him and telegraphing to him."

"Haven't been doing much telephoning or telegraphing lately," confessed Bryson, expanding under friendly treatment.

He felt hurt when Adams did not take the trouble to ask him why. But when Adams was busy with his own affairs he had no time for the affairs of others. Just now he was deep in preparations for a smoke.

Reverently he removed a gold-banded cigar from a gold cigar-case, nipped one end with a gold cutter, inserted it in a gold holder, to the other end applied a gold lighter, and when this did not work, touched to his overfurnished cigar a match from a gold box. With Bobbie Adams the process of smoking was a production that called for plenty of props.

NOT until his cigar was flourishing did he register attention, make a transition to symmetry, and inquire: "Any trouble between you and Zeck? Any row between Zeck and you?"

For the second time that morning Bryson told the truth, noting but the truth, but the whole truth.

His loyalty to Mr. Zeck forbade him to mention to this always agreeable and now interested listener the fact that of the people whom Mr. Zeck disliked he most disliked his leading man. His loyalty to his wife made him refrain from mentioning her antipathy to the motion-picture business, an antipathy believed by Bryson to be as deep-seated as that of Mr. Zeck to Bobbie Adams. But he more than atoned for these suppressions by the vigor with which he commented on the telegram he had received from Mr. Zeck just one week before. That telegram he described as "infamous." That he was glad he had destroyed it, and was proud and happy to be able to say that his reply to it had been so successful that he, Mr. Zeck, had not yet sufficiently recovered to answer it.

But it was not just he who repented the contents of the infamous message that he saw Bobbie Adams jump to his feet and snite the desk.

"You unspeakable thing!" shouted the furious actor, shaking his fist at an enlarged portrait of Mr. Zeck, proudly reading a book, a portrait a duplicate of which hung in every room in Mr. Zeck's studio. "You want to telegraph an insult to the poorest and sweetest little woman in the world—"

"But my wife doesn't know about it," interposed Bryson, trying to stay the storm. "Your wife!" yelled Bobbie Adams.

"Who's saying anything about my wife?"

"And Miss Clark doesn't know," Bryson blurted out.

"Miss Clark?" belittled the infuriated man. "Miss Clark can't be insulted. Nobody can insult Miss Clark. That feng in human form has insulted that sweetest little woman not only in the world but in the picture business, Florence! Florence!"

The tropicallike face which the purest and sweetest little woman is the picture business reaction to the summons was due to the fact that she had been utilizing the filmy door as a listening-post, yet she was remarkably free from indignation. What's the big idea?" she inquired tranquilly.

Bobbie Adams was not to be cheated of the luxury of emotion. Flinging his fist arm about her, he thrust his right hand into the bosom of his dress shirt and shouted: "I will defend you! I will protect you!"

"You'll lay off the hero stuff!" was his lady's anguished reply as she wriggled from his grasp. "I can do all my own protecting. And don't stand looking as if you're going to burst into tears. You're a better year than you give a crier. Leave the crying to Mr. Zeck."

"What's that?" demanded Bryson, stung by a recollection of the time he had seen Mr. Zeck cry.

"Heaven day!" protested Miss Frothingham. "You're getting to be as good a yeller as Bobbie—"

"Listen to me!" broke in her exasperated champion.

"You don't have to prove to me your wife's little yeller," she objected. "It's all you called me in for! If it'll decide that you was the culprit."

"Listen to me! Listen to me!" thundered Bobbie Adams, and dealt the desk a mighty blow.

OVER he was, but actor also, and with an actor's ingratitude to his leading body, even the object of his affections, told a scene from him. Yet now that he had repaid the center of the stage, he did not seem to know precisely what to do with it. To at least one-half of his audience his heaving chest and flashing eyes were but inadequate substitutes for coherent speech. She said as much.

"If you know anything worth listening to, quit making faces and shoot it," he advised accordingly.

"I am not talking to you," he informed her, making a large gesture of the significance of which she was slow to take. "I am in the attitude which on the screen means deep thought or high resolve. I am not even thinking of talking to you."

"That's just the trouble," criticized Miss Frothingham, unperturbed. "You're not thinking of talking to me, you're having an attack of the artistic temper."

"I was leading up to something," he said, barely so.

"Lead on," she answered. "I'm going." "Stop!" he cried. "Halt!"

"But I'm halted," she grumbled, digging a patent-leather toe into the bright-red carpet.

"But I'm only halted for a second. If you've got to go—lead it."

In a voice of thunder the baged man laid his belated nose to the ground and muttered: "I'm pealed."

"Well, you don't," she cried ingenuously. "Well, you don't," he said ingenuously.

This brazen query, delivered with dancing eyes that caught and held Bryson's slumfaced gaze, deprived that shining bridegroom of the power of speech; but it had no such effect upon the ornament of the silent drama.

"You'll apologize or I'll walk off the lot," flared Mr. Adams, bending upon Mr. Frothingham one of his most intimidating frowns. "I'll walk off the lot if you don't apologize."

It was the style of frown before which the heavies who played opposite Mr. Adams trembled. It was the frown that terrified Mr. Adams into an avenging fury, double-chinned, it is true, but dangerous.

"Miss Frothingham, I'll tell you. Too long had she breathed studio air to accept at their face value all the ultimate she heard."

"What she did was to inquire sweetly: 'When are you going to walk?'"

He turned the frown of his persecutor and directed it on the innocent bystander. "Now!" he said intently, and headed for the door.

"Bobbie!" called Bryson.

"Mr. Adams to you, sir," retorted the departing belle.

"Keep on walking," Mr. Adams, ordered Miss Frothingham, toning back his voice. "I'll tell you. Nobody can walk off the lot."

"But the picture!" protested Bryson. "Let Miss Adams know she's missed."

"He wants to walk," she said ingenuously. "At the door the walker."

"If you'll only apologize—he began indignantly.

"You've built up an exit," she said coldly. "Now make it."

He made it. Bryson would have followed him to Miss Frothingham's cause, but he was not.

"There goes the picture," groaned Mr. Zeck in general, all-around, confidential man.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

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"Keep Off the Set"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

"There goes the telephone," she told him, and released his arm. Yet she hovered over him as he dropped back into his chair and picked up the receiver.

Mrs. Bryson does not answer the telephone," he repeated, at the operator and as he replaced the receiver and stared down at the carpet he muttered: "It never rains but it pours."

"Cheer up," whispered Miss Frothingham. "Here's a doubtless."

He looked up. Standing coyly in the doorway was Clary Clark, the little-star who never-grew-up.

Behind her, grim and forbidding, loomed her mother.

"Ahem!" said the most unpopular mother in the picture business. "I would like to know whether we intrude on a business conference or on a social call!"

"You tell her," whispered Miss Frothingham, and leaned close to say softly in Bryson's ear: "Exit Florence, the sanctified fancee. Good-by, Jim, take keer of yerself."

A FEW minutes later Miss Frothingham, who had retired in good order to her desk outside the office door, looked up from the real-estate advertisements which were her favorite literature, and saw Mrs. Clark, Miss Clark, and Bryson march from the office in Indian file and in the same formation down the corridor that led to Stage No. 1.

"Lovely parade," said she to herself. "Brown face, proud maternal and speaker of the day: foot with meal-tick, last and least, citizen of foam."

Her voice and manner were deferential, too deferential, as she hailed the rear guard.

"If anybody wants you, Mr. Bryson, where will you be?" she inquired respectfully.

"I am going out to the set with Mrs. Clark and her mother," she answered with a touch of dignity.

"You are going out to the set with Mrs. Clark and her daughter," she corrected, and her eyes twinkled. "I don't care much for the dignity. 'And if you want to stay with 'em you'd better run.'"

After that rebuke his sense of dignity forbade him to walk too fast; and, as he drew near the set, his sense of hearing told him that he had not lost fast enough.

For stumbling along in the half darkness of the black building of glass and canvas, at the far end of which a bright light burned in front of the set, he heard Mrs. Clark remark to her view of people who waste Mr. Zeck's time.

"There's too much lolly-gagging," she proclaimed, "and when that young man shows up I'll tell him to his face. If Mr. Zeck was to walk in here this afternoon I'd tell him the same thing. I'd—"

"Cut!" exclaimed the star.

"Oh!" warned her resourceful mother. "I don't mind a bit if my daughter hears what I think about that alleged leading man. When I get to, talking about that person I never—"

"Mother, dear, never knows when to stop," elucidated the most ingenuously of actresses, wooing Bryson with a long look that seemed to beg him to tell her something about the cause of Mrs. Clark's view.

"It's because I'm no loyal to Mr. Zeck," asserted Mrs. Clark, dainty stepping on her daughter's foot as she made a dash for the Clark family conversation should be a solo, not a duet. "In fact, I regard him as one of the producing geniuses of the industry."

"The producing genius," amended her daughter, who never permitted her mother's conservatism to pass unimproved. "I don't mind if Mr. Bryson tells Mrs. Zeck that such are my views," said Mrs. Clark, making another effort to get in with her daughter's foot.

"Mine too," chimed her daughter.

"My views are always yours, lambkin," her mother reminded her, and stopped to adjust the white wash without which no ingenua is fully dressed. "You're sure the blouse is in the car?"

"The dolls are in the car, and the dolls are going to stay in the car," asserted her spirited daughter.

"No, dear," murmured Mrs. Clark, with what Bryson thought was an unnecessary severe tug at her daughter's waist. "The maid is going to take them to the dressing-room. They are going to be photographed with them." "We made the appointment."

"Break it!" snapped daughter. "I'm sick of dolls."

"Mr. Clark's lamb forgot that strangers are present," Mrs. Clark reminded her, trying again for the foot and missing. "There's only one, and I'm glad he's here. I want him for a witness. Mr. Bryson, I call on you to remember my solemn oath that none in the car will be photographed with dolls."

"Good for you!" cried the witness, without in the least knowing why he should be grateful.

"Say, Ma," broke in her indignant daughter, who in times of stress sometimes dropped into the vernacular, "who's going to play this scene—you or me?"

"Neither of us," said Mrs. Clark firmly. "I would have let you play it if this person note of his business. Now I won't let you play it at all."

Bryson hoped that he did not look as crestfallen as he felt, but he must have looked as if he could use some first aid, for Clary Clark rushed to his rescue.

"Mother, dear," she pouted, "Mr. Zeck will just about murder you if you keep on holding up this picture."

Mrs. Clark carried a dervish lip, dropped into a camp-chair that stood between the two cameras, and folded her arms. "I have never been murdered yet," she asserted, "and I do not intend to be. You just try shooting this stuff this afternoon and what happens? I'll walk into the scene. I'll wreck these boxes."

"But I promised Mr. Bryson—" began her daughter, forgetting that she was playing to a hard audience.

"Suuff!" sneered Mrs. Clark. "And I promised Bobbie Adams—"

"Nonsense!" scoffed her stern parent. "That's a Bobbie Adams. She snubbed contemptuous fancies. Her daughter indulged deeply and pointed into the gloom."

"Here's Bobbie Adams, Bryn!" she cried, her lovely face alight with a radiant look that the sunny reserve for professional purposes in the last year.

Her mother gave a glad little yelp and got to her feet, her eyes on Bryson's following the star's dramatic figure.

Even a leading man could not have asked for a more effective entrance. When this one said that he was to have what is technically known as a reception, he squared his shoulders, thrust out his chest, and marched forward with the gallant bearing of a hero going into battle. Had he looked at Mrs. Clark he would have seen that the battle was waiting. But he did not look at her. He only did he look at her bubbling daughter.

"Mr. Bryson," he rumbled, and came to a halt in the congenial vicinity of the lonely spotlight.

"Mr. Adams," challenged Mrs. Clark. "I shall be short with that impetuous gesture traffic collection due to such good advantage. 'Mr. Bryson is the cause of my difference,' he declared. 'I don't want to see anybody just now except Mr. Bryson.'"

With a shrug which to the admiring eyes of Mrs. Clark, even to the hostile eyes of Mrs. Clark's mother, seemed to be an expression of indifference, Bryson went to meet him. These observers did not know that it was a shrug of despair.

For since Mrs. Clark had definitely announced that the scene would not be shot, her representative had been suffering from galling misanthropy. As he walked toward Bobbie Adams he muttered to himself: "It's all wrong. They're all ter-rit!"

BUT before he reached Adams's jaw had set. For he had suddenly remembered that he was married to a woman whose bright lexicon there was no such word as "quit" and who would not be likely to approve of him if she found there was such a word in his. He decided that he would not quit just then. A clever viceroy of Adams fortified him in the resolution.

"What do you mean by changing your clothes before this scene has been shot?" he demanded upon seeing that Adams wore a long overcoat instead of the evening dress with which he was wearing.

"What do you mean by being counter the actor," "I came out here because the nurse and sweetest, the sweetest and purest."

"Never mind the encomium," interrupted Mrs. Clark impatiently. "Why the change?"

"There was no answer. Bobbie Adams's enigmatical gaze was fixed upon the collar of his coat. "Snap out of it!" ordered Bryson, afraid to himself to look too long at that unpoached and unprotected jaw. "What do you want?"

"Florence went me with a message. I came with a message from Florence. She told me to tell you that I'm ready for work."

"But you're not in your clothes," said the full-dressed suit on underneath, "the day-dreaming actor." "Florence doesn't want the scene to show that I'm ready for work. Florence is doing some thing to help you. I don't know what it is, but she's doing it."

His voice was pitched so low that only with difficulty could Bryson understand that he was talking to himself. "Did you?" asked Bryson unkindly.

"No," answered the altered actor. "Florence doesn't like me to talk loud."

"I'm sorry I was rough," apologized the man for whose Florence was doing some mysterious convincing.

"You don't know how to spell rough," said Adams with a wistful smile. "I've been talking to Florence. I mean Florence has been talking to me. She gave me another message, but I got thinking about her and I almost forgot it. The fact is I—"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 93



This Autumn in EUROPE

If you are going to Europe this year give your trip the widest possible variety and interest. Make your plans now to spend the hot days of September in comfort at sea, see Europe in the pleasant coolness of early Autumn, return during the brisk Fall days when the sea winds bring a magic touch of invigoration—you'll find yourself renewed, fit for anything the year may bring. Send in the information blank below and learn about the great fleet of American ships which are operated by the United States Lines in four services to Europe.

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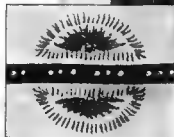
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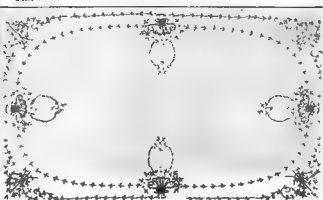
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No. 12738—Yellow



No. 12501—Bedspread Design

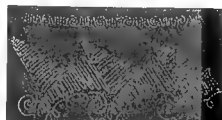


No. 12757—Appropriate for Vestee, Collar and Cuff Set

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12739, blue or yellow, 20 cents—1/2, furnishes an Indian design.



No. 12739—Indian Decoration



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No. 321—Distinctive Monogram on 11926—12854



No. 11926—12854—Luncheon Set

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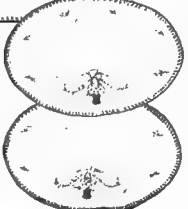
No. 12854—Plate Doilies

No. 11926—Center-piece



No. 12291—Centerpiece

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12501, blue only, 35 cents—1/2, furnishes design 25 by 40 inches; it matches the border No. 12502 on bedspread shown at the left. Raised satin stitches may be used for this work.



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8754



No. 12848 on
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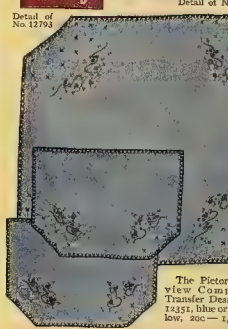
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to 4 years.



Detail of
No. 12793

Detail of No. 12346

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The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12851, blue or yellow, 20c—1/3.

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The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12783, blue or yellow, 40 cents—1/3, furnishes a border design.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12855, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/3, furnishes a border with motifs to match, illustrated at right.

No. 12179—For
Bedspread



No. 12851
Below



The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12736, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/3, furnishes 3 yards of 3-inch border and four 9 1/2-inch motifs.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12851, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, furnishes 33 baskets for luncheon motifs.

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 333, 25 cents—1/3, on Knitting Directions No. 334, 15 cents—1/3.

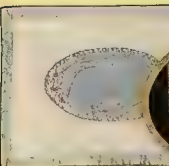


No. 12820—Motif
on Sweater No. 334



No. 12820—Motif on Knitted
Sweater No. 333

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12830, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, furnishes a each of different motifs, two of which are shown on sweaters Nos. 333 and 334.



No. 12179 An Adorable Pillow Motif



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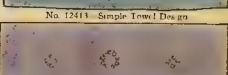
No. 12191—Floral Sprays for Towel



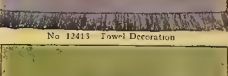
No. 12760—D. nty Design



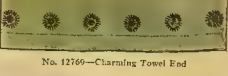
No. 12415—Sample Towel Design



No. 12415 Towel Decoration



No. 12760—Charming Towel End





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YOU choose them with such care, such delight in their soft, lovely texture and color!

The costume slip for your favorite dinner gown—those ravishing peach knickers that fit so perfectly—the gossamer-thin beige stockings that Paris decrees for daytime wear.

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Your frailest, thinnest nightgown or step-in will give good service if you launder it with Lux. Follow the simple directions on this page. Cut them out so you will have them whenever you want to wash these dainty things.

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Lux keeps the texture of all your underthings soft and lustrous as the day you took them from their box. There is no harmful ingredient in it to coarsen and stiffen silk, to fuzz

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Dip your underwear and stockings in these feathery suds after every wearing to free them from all trace of perspiration. Perspiration, you know, actually disintegrates silks—and even sturdy cottons and linens are weakened by its action.

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How to wash them

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a washbowl of very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Dip the garment

up and down, pressing the suds repeatedly through soiled spots.

Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring. Roll in a towel; when dry press with a warm iron—never a hot one.

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Sunfast Draperies
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D. & J. Anderson Gingham

Modish School Clothes Designed for Growing Girls and Tiny Tots

Bloomer Dress 1179

Suit 1817

Bloomer Dress 1594

Bloomer Dress 1667

Coat 1675

Dress 1803 Appliqué 12864

Suit 1798 Appliqué 12831

Dress 1661 Appliqué 12808

Dress 1659 Appliqué 12811

Bloomer Dress 1630 Appliqué 12720

Dress and Sleeveless Jacket 1620

Coat 1814

Coat 1816

Dress 1819

Dress 1827 Monogram 568

Dress 1821

Dress 1663 Monogram 544

Coat 1804

MODELS DESCRIBED ON PAGE 90

1179 1798 1817
1661
1814
1620
1816
1821
1663

1594 1667 1803
1659
1675
1630
1804
1819

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Stunning New Costumes for Early Autumn Days and Later On

Paris Says: The straight silhouette from shoulder to hem or flaring from the knees as emphasized here—Plaited skirts and the jacquette still favorites of fashion



Dress 1825
Embroidery 12613



Dress 1828
Beading 12765



Dress 1795
Monogram 698



Dress 1781



Dress 1796
Beading 12612



Dress 1834



Blouse 1829
Monogram 561



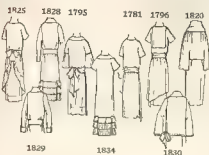
Wrap 1820



Jacquette Blouse 1830
Embroidery 12840

1825—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. Size 36 requires 5 1/4 yards 40-inch Egyptian green flat crepe—3 yards ribbon for sash. Like most of the season's newest frocks, this model also adopts the wide plaited blouse. An all-over effect is given to the dress by the embroidery, design 12613, which is worked in single stitch embroidery in rope silk. The closing of this frock is arranged on the left shoulder. And the neck is cut becomingly round. The crushed girdle is closed in an attractive and novel manner.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 90



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Alluring Lines in the Latest Daytime Dresses and Blouses

The last word from recent Paris openings is the new wrap-around side-closing frock and knee-line circular and plaited flounce effects—Smart lingerie touches in collars and jabots



Dress 1835



Dress 1811
Embroidery 12718



Dress 1833



Dress 1816
Embroidery 12810



Dress 1799



Dress 1812
Monogram 567

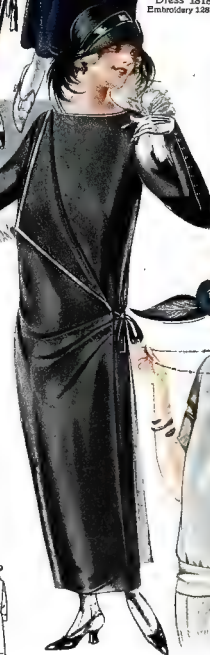
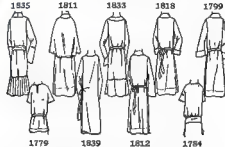


Overblouse
1779
Beading 12048

1885—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge of plaited flounce about 4 1/2 yards. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards 54-inch cartouche (brown) duvetyn—1 1/2 yard 36-inch satin for vestee and facing sleeves—1 yard 6-inch ribbon. The fronts of this model cross and close at the left side.

1811—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards 40-inch eucalyptus (green) chiffon velvet—1/2 yard 40-inch Georgette crepe for collar and cuffs—2 1/2 yards frilling—1 1/2 yard 40-inch satin for facing cape. The embroidery, design 12718, may be carried out in satin stitch with rope silk.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 90



Wrap-around
Dress 1839



Blouse 1784
Monogram 546

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Full-Formed Women Will Delight in These Youthful, Slender Styles

Sleeves may be of any variety on straight-line tailor-mades if they're long—so say these stunning new models that also show the adorned neck-line as fashion fancies it

1751—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 40-inch luxor (blue) voile—2½ yards lace edging. To wear with a separate skirt or with the tailored suit this blouse would be just the thing. The long collar and vestee tend to give the mature woman a slender appearance.

1812—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch deer (tan) broadcated satin—¼ yard 18-inch vesting—2½ yards ribbon. An attractive afternoon or street frock which is sure to please the stout woman.

Blouse 1751

Dress 1812

Blouse 1830

Dress 1806
Monogram 692Dress 1809
Embroidery 12748Dress 1799
Embroidery 12718

Dress 1828

Dress 1801
Dancing 12374

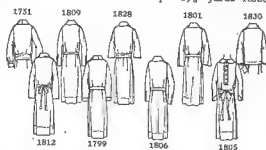
1800—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 55-inch navy blue Foiret twill—¾ yard frilling—¼ yard 18-inch vesting. The deep border of embroidery, design 12748, may be worked in darning stitch with rope silk. This makes an ideal frock to slip on, on a cool day.

1805—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch black chiffon velvet—¼ yard 40-inch Georgetown crepe for collar and cuffs—2 yards edging—3½ yards ribbon for sash. Simple and very easy to make in this one-piece model. The front of this frock is gathered to a square yoke, and the neck is finished with a Peter Pan collar. The

closing is arranged at the center-back through an applied plait. The sash which holds in the fullness at the waist-line, ties in a bow at the center-back.

1790—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 40-inch pelican (gray) Canton crepe—¾ yards ribbon for sash. The long cape—¾ yards ribbon for sash. The long cape, narrow shawl collar, narrow turn-back cuffs which finish the three-quarter length sleeves, and the right front edge of the dress which laps over the left, are attractively embroidered. The design, 12718, may be worked in darning stitch in rope silk, which adds much to the smartness of this wrap-around frock.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 90



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If You Would Wear Smart Costumes Select These Advance Models

1886—Ladies' and Misses' Sleeveless Jacket. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 40-inch chiffon velvet— $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards braid. No. 9646—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 36 bust. Size 36 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine— $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards lace edging. The sleeveless jacket of chiffon velvet is very attractive for sports wear. Flat silk braid outlines the front and lower edges, and the large armholes. The blouse has a Peter Pan collar, long one-piece sleeves finished with turn-back cuffs, and an applied band at center-front.

1698—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 32 inches. No. 1099—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The three-piece suit in medium size requires 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch Poirer twill—1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 40-inch Canton crêpe for waist of dress— $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch satin for lining jacket. An all-over embroidery design, 12612, is applied to the jacket. The design may be worked in darning stitch, using rope silk.

1771—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Length at center-back 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches. No. 1881—Ladies' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 37 to 51 hip. Width at lower edge of circular brouse about 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards. The suit in medium size requires 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch chiffon velvet—size requires 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch chiffon velvet— $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch silk for lining jacket— $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch lining for bodice.



Sleeveless Jacket
1836
Blouse 9646

Jacket 1693
Dress 1629
Embroidery 12612



Sleeveless Jacket
1838
Blouse 9677
Beading 12560



Wrap 1820



Jacket 1771
Bodice Skirt 1831



Coat 1652



Dress 1832

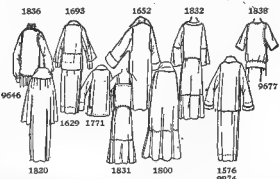


Jacket 1576
Skirt 9974

1652—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch marcella— $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe for lining. The roomy sleeves finished with turn-back cuffs are set into deep armholes. Fur banding forms the trimming.

1832—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted

Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge of circular brouse about 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch Poirer twill— $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 40-inch organdy for collar. The closing is arranged on the left shoulder and under the left arm. The wide two-piece circular brouse is very new. Fashion turns towards the long sleeve and this flare is her new whim.



1838—Ladies' and Misses' Slip-on Sleeveless Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 54-inch flannel. No. 9677—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch voile. An all-over beading design, 12560, is applied to the jacket. Jet, steel, chalk, crystal, or opalescent beads may be employed in carrying out the design. The blouse has a Peter Pan collar and elbow length sleeves.

1800—Ladies' and Misses' Cape. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 18 and 20 years. Size 36 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 54-inch velours— $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 56-inch carnal cloth— $\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch silk for lining. Two of the newest style features are embodied in this smart-looking cape—the straight tubular collar and the three-piece circular brouse. The back of the cape is dart-fitted at the shoulders.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

Sleeveless Frocks Register Strength in the New Autumn Styles



Sleeveless Dress
1040

Sleeveless Dress
9565
Monogram 568

Sleeveless Dress
1837
Blouse 9646
Monogram 546

Maternity Dress
1190

Dress 1604

1004—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 34 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch cheviot—¾ yard 40-inch Canton crepe. Like so many of the new frocks this season, this model also chooses buttons for its decoration. In this case they are applied to the pointed collar, belt, and patch pockets.

9565—Ladies' and Misses' Sleeveless Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch chiffon velvet for dress—¾ yard 40-inch Georgette for blouse. Sleeveless dresses are again being favored by fashion, but this season they usually boast of a novel motif or a monogram as illustrated. The monogram, design 528, may be worked in raised satin stitch with white silk floss. The dainty little blouse of Georgette has a pointed collar and long one-piece sleeves finished with turn-back cuffs.

1497—Ladies' Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 36 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch Poiré twill—1¾ yard 40-inch Canton crepe—2¾ yards ribbon for sash. The two-piece skirt is attached to the waist in an irregular outline. Buttons form the only trimming. The narrow sash of ribbon, which holds in the fulness at the waistline, ties in a bow at the back. Fall fashions still retain the combination of fabrics as a controlling idea and the contrast of colors as well as materials is also a leading note of style interest. This model plainly displays the attraction of this treatment in the mingling of a cloth skirt with a crepe bodice.

Dress 1086

Dress 1810
Appliqué 12720

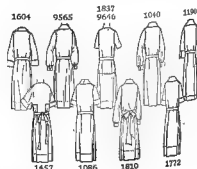
Dress 1772

1040—Ladies' Sleeveless Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch black silk for dress—¾ yard silk bias binding—½ yard 40-inch crepe de Chine for blouse. Bias binding is used to finish the deep armholes and the front edges of the dress which form a deep V. The blouse has a pointed collar and long one-piece sleeves finished with turn-back cuffs.

1190—Maternity Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch Poiré twill—¾ yard 40-inch black satin—1¾ yard 36-inch lining for back of underbody and upper part of back gore. The use of two materials shows how effective this frock is when developed as illustrated.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

1837—Ladies' and Misses' Slip-on Sleeveless Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 2 yards 54-inch French serge. No. 9646—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 40-inch batiste—2 yards frilling. The attractive monogram below the inserted pocket in design 546, may be carried out in raised satin stitch.



Dame Fashion Decrees Sleeveless Effects in Frocks and Slip-ons



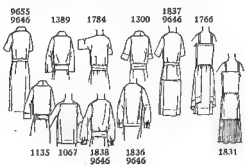
9655—Ladies' Sleeveless Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards 54-inch Poiret twill—3/4 yard silk braid. No. 9656—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1 3/4 yard 40-inch voile. Sleeveless dresses are very popular this season. This model selects buttons and flat silk braid for its trimming. The blouse which is illustrated with the dress has elbow-length sleeves and closes at the center-back.

1389—Ladies' Long-waisted Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1 3/4 yard 40-inch Canton crêpe—3/4 yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe de Chine for sleeves and piping. The blouse crosses and closes to the left side-front.

1067—Ladies' and Misses' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 3/4 yard 40-inch crinkled crêpe—1 1/2 yard 40-inch satin. Buttons are applied to the sides of blouse and the flowing sleeves.

1784—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1 3/4 yard 36-inch embroidered silk—1 1/2 yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine for band, bow, and binding. The material selected for this blouse is so elaborate in itself that no trimming is required.

1800—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 1/2 yards 40-inch satin. The blouse crosses and closes in front and is gathered to a straight three-piece band buttoning at the left side-front.



1766—Ladies' Two-piece Bodice Shirt. Designed for 37 to 51 hip. Width at lower edge about 1 3/4 yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch taffeta—1/2 yard 36-inch silk for camisole. This model is just the thing to wear with a jacquette blouse.



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The Coming Season Brings These Lingerie Modes

Bloomers 1720

Bonnets 1826 Embroidery 12874

Sun Bonnets 1544 Appliqué 12672

Bloomers 1722

Slip 1714 Embroidery 12182

Dressing Sock 1532

Combination 1495 Embroidery 11569

Combination 1533 Embroidery 11539 Scallop 11564

1714 — Girls' and Juniors' Slip. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2 3/4 yards 36-inch mainstitch — 2 3/4 yards finishing. The embroidery design, 12182, which adds such a dainty touch to the slip, may be worked in raised satin and stem stitches.

1644 — Child's Sun Bonnets. Designed for 2 to 6 years. As illustrated in first and third view, size 4 requires 3/4 yard 32-inch picot. As shown in view 2, size 4, requires 5/8 yard 36-inch silk. The appliqué motif, design 12672, may be cut from colored linen, chambray, taffeta or silk and couched down in buttonhole, blanket or chain stitches.

Slip 1822 Scallop 11853

Dress 1698

1825 — Children's Bonnets. Designed for 3 1/2 to 2 years. As illustrated in first view, size 2 requires 3/4 yard 36-inch

batiste — 1 3/4 yard ribbon for tie-strings. As illustrated in second view, size 2 requires 3/4 yard 36-inch taffeta, 1 3/4 yard

1714 1720 1532 1722

1822 1698 1495 1533 1563

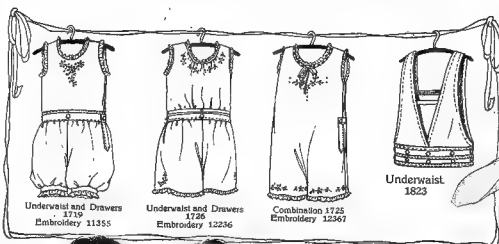
Athletic Combination 1543 Initial 12031

1284 — Children's Bonnets. Designed for 3 1/2 to 2 years. As illustrated in first view, size 2 requires 3/4 yard 36-inch

ribbon. The embroidery, design 1284, may be worked in satin and stem stitches. DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

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Apparel Designed for Both Smartness and Utility



Pajamas 1618

Pajamas 1706
Monogram 1725

Underwaist and Drawers 1717
Embroidery 12275
Scoop 11659



Combination 1666
Embroidery 12367

1726—Child's Underwaist and Drawers. Designed for 2 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 36-inch batiste—3 yards frilling. The sprays of embroidery, design 12236, may be worked in raised satin and stem stitches.

1725—Child's Combination. Designed for 2 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 36-inch nainsook—4½ yards edging. Embroidery, in design 12367, decorates this dainty little combination. Raised satin and stem stitches may be employed in working the design.

1749 1726 1725 1823 1717 1773



1666 1618 1706 1777 1747

1773—Ladies' and Misses' Pajamas. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 30 years. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-

inch percale—¾ yard 27-inch chambray. An individual touch is supplied by the initial. The design, 11241, may be

carried out in raised satin stitch with mercerized cotton floss.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

Nurses' Dress and Cap 1777

Apron 1747
Applique 12808



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No More Attractive Modes Than These New Flounced Frocks



Dress 1787
Embroidery 12667

1787—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch crepe-back satin— $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch all-over lace for collar— $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard edging for collar— $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards ribbon for tie-strings. Above the circular flounce a border of embroidery, design 12667, is applied, worked in single stitch embroidery.



Dress 1832

1839—Ladies' and Misses' Wrap-around Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Size 16 requires 3 yards 54-inch duvetyne— $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 40-inch satin for facing—2 yards ribbon for tie-strings. This attractive wrap-around costume is laid in plaits at the sides giving it a soft draped effect, and closes at the left side-front. The wide border, design 12718, may be carried out in single stitch embroidery.



Wrap-around
Dress 1839
Embroidery 12718



Dress 1776
Monogram 568



Dress 1825
Monogram 546



Dress 1835



Dress 1775



Dress 1788



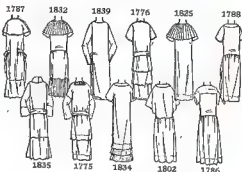
Dress 1834
Embroidery 12840

1776—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 and 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 16 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch flat crepe— $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards silk braid— $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch lining for camisole. The attractive monogram, design 568, may be worked in raised satin stitch using silk floss. Flat silk braid outlines the square neck, short sleeves, and applied bands.

1825—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 16 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch crepe satin— $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 40-inch Georgette crepe for collar— $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard ribbon for bow. This model is perfectly plain except for the wide Georgette collar which is knife-plaited. Below the inserted pocket a monogram is embroidered, design 546, which may be carried out in raised satin stitch.

1839—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge of plaited flounce about $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Size 16 requires 2 yards 40-inch flat crepe— $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch Georgette crepe for collar and plaited flounce. The closing is arranged on the left shoulder and under the left arm. The attached two-piece gathered skirt is lengthened by a knife-plaited one-piece flounce of Georgette. A matching plaited collar finishes the oval neck.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 91



Dress 1802

Dress 1786

To Be First in Fashion Choose These Smart Fall Costumes



Sleeveless Dress
1837
Blouse 9654
Monogram 546

1837—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Sleeveless Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 3/4 yard. Size 16 requires 2 1/2 yards 44-inch plaid. No. 9654—Misses' Blouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1 3/4 yard 40-inch voile. Below the inserted pocket at the left side-front, an attractive monogram is embroidered. The design, 546, may be worked in raised satin stitch.



Cape 1800

1813—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 3/4 yard. Size 16 requires 2 1/4 yards 54-inch Poirer twill—1/4 yard 40-inch organdy for collar. The lower part of the skirt is elaborately embroidered. The border, design 1279, may be worked in satin and outline stitches.



Dress 1813
Embroidery 1279



Dress 1780



Dress 1808
Embroidery 12810



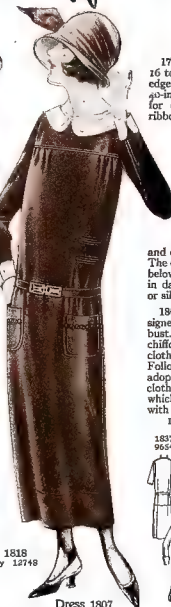
Dress 1835
Embroidery 12718



Dress 1797
Beading 12765



Dress 1818
Embroidery 12748



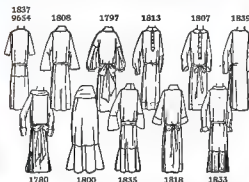
Dress 1807

1780—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 3/4 yard. Size 16 requires 6 1/2 yards 40-inch Canton crepe—1/4 yard 40-inch organdy for collar and cuffs—1/4 yard frilling—4 yards ribbon for lower edge of blouse—3 yards ribbon for tie-strings. The closing is arranged on the left shoulder and under the left arm. The dainty collar and cuffs of organdy give a touch of contrast.

1808—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 3/4 yard. Size 16 requires 2 1/4 yards 54-inch chevron—1/4 yard frilling—1/4 yard 54-inch broadcloth for collar. The dress has a pointed collar, three-quarter length flowing sleeves, and closes down the center-front in coat effect. The embroidery, design 12810, which is applied below the inserted pockets may be carried out in darning stitch, using embroidery wool or silk floss.

1800—Ladies' and Misses' Cape. Designed for 18 and 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Size 18 requires 2 1/4 yards 40-inch chiffon velvet—1 1/4 yard 54-inch fur cloth—3 1/4 yards 36-inch satin for lining. Following the mode of frocks, capes also adopt the circular flounce. In this case fur cloth is used for the flounce. The collar, which is also of fur cloth, is perfectly straight with the edges left open forming a cube effect.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 92



Dress 1833
Monogram 561



Wrap-around
Dress 1839

Latest Paris Originations in Frocks for Growing Girls



Aman cannot forgive this deadly little sin

A woman may have a crooked nose or a muddy skin—and she can still be so charming that men will fall in love with her.

But there is a more subtle form of unloveliness which men find hard to forgive. It is doubly dangerous because it creeps in unrecognized to destroy that most precious feminine quality—personal daintiness.

Daily bathing cannot protect you from the unpleasantness of underarm perspiration. Not only women, but men, too, now realize that the underarm requires regular, special care—care best given in one of these two delightful ways.

ODO-RO-NO

The liquid corrector for excessive perspiration

Millions of men and women, troubled with both excessive underarm moisture and odor, find in Odo-ro-no their one complete safeguard. Formulated by a physician, it harmlessly and scientifically controls perspiration, which medical authorities agree may be done in limited areas without ill effects. Used regularly twice a week, Odo-ro-no protects the underarms and clothing from all odor and moisture. It is also an effective antiseptic for cuts, poison ivy, etc. At all toilet counters, 35c, 60c, \$1.



Crema ODO-RO-NO

a vanishing cream especially for odor

Many people are troubled chiefly with underarm odor (bromidrosis)—caused by body chemicals, and hence do not need to check perspiration moisture. For these, Crema Odo-ro-no, an entirely new and different deodorant, gives immediate, effective protection against odor for an entire day. Because it vanishes on the skin and is non-greasy, it may be used when dressing without affecting clothing. Smooth and soft, it will not harden or dry. Men, too, like its convenience for every-day dependence or quick, special use. Nice for traveling. Large tube, 25c.



If you are troubled with perspiration odor, use Crema Odo-ro-no. If you suffer with both odor and moisture use Odo-ro-no (liquid). Many dainty women and particular men use both, according to occasions and needs, which vary with the weather, nervous condition and even with changes in diet.

Send 6c for trial tube of CREMA ODO-RO-NO or 10c for samples of ODO-RO-NO, CREMA ODO-RO-NO, and ODO-RO-NO DEPLIATORY. Samples free to any physician or nurse.

THE ODO-RO-NO COMPANY
1699 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

1875—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1½ yard 30-inch voile—¾ yard 36-inch allover lace for yoke—¾ yards ribbon. For the little girl's best frock, voile is a good choice, as it always looks fresh and dainty. In this case it is combined with a yoke of allover lace joined to the sleeves.



Dress 1275

Dress 1255
Embroidery 12763
Scollop 11661Dress
1172

Dress 1042

Dress
9982

1955—Child's Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 2 requires 1½ yard 36-inch nain-sook. A touch of hand-work is given to the large collar by the embroidery, design 12763, which may be worked in raised satin and stem stitches in mercerized cotton floss. The scallops, design 11661, outlining the collar and short sleeves are buttonhole-stitched.

1172—Child's Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 40-inch organza—¾ yard 36-inch dotted swiss—2½ yards lace insertion to trim.

Dress
1247
Scollop 12117

1042—Child's Slip-on Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 36-inch china silk—10½ yards frilling. The dress itself is very simple, daintily trimmed with frilling.



Dress 1234



Dress 1824

Dress 1774

Dress 1499

Dress 1456

9982—Girls' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch lawn—¾ yards 3½-inch lace banding—1 yard velvet ribbon for girle—¾ yard 30-inch lining

1247—Girls' and Juniors' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 12 requires 4 yards 40-inch Canton crepe—¾ yards ribbon for sash. The large collar, short sleeves, and flounces

are cut in a scalloped outline, design 12177. The scallops may be bound with self-material or bias binding in contrasting color or to match the dress.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

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Go gle

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

New Costumes for Autumn School-Days and Playtime

1808—Child's Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yards 40-inch chiffon velvet—¾ yard fur banding—1½ yard 36-inch velvet silk for lining. Any little girl would be proud to own this cunning coat of chiffon velvet. The inverted-plaids in front and back of coat are stitched down part way.



Coat 1503



Bloomer Dress 1721



Bloomer Dress 1667

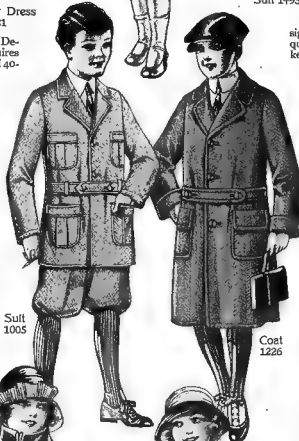
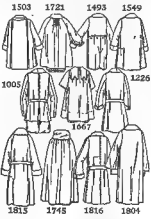


Suit 1493



Coat 1549

1721—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yards 27-inch chambray—¾ yard 40-inch voile—1½ yard frilling. The dress has a round neck finished with a collar, long raglan sleeves gathered to straight bands, and matching bloomers gathered to kneebands.



Suit 1005

1667—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yards 36-inch handkerchief linen. Like big sister's dress, this little model also chooses buttons for its trimming. Blanket-stitching outlines the collar and cuffs.

1493—Boys' Suit. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1 yard 36-inch velveteen—¾ yard 40-inch satin for blouse. The extension on the front of the trousers buttons onto the front-closing blouse.

1549—Child's Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 54-inch Point twill—1½ yard 36-inch satin for lining. For every day wear this makes a practical little coat for cool Fall days.

Coat 1225



Coat 1815



Cape 1745



Coat 1816



Coat 1804

1005—Boys' Suit. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 54-inch tweed—¾ yard 36-inch lining for pockets and waistband. This mannish suit consists of a belted jacket, and front-

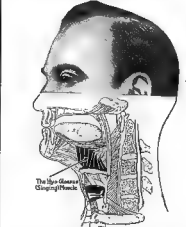
closing knickerbocker trousers which are plaited to straight knickerbockers.

1225—Boys' Single-breasted Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires

1½ yard 54-inch herringbone tweed—1¾ yard 36-inch satin for lining. The coat is very simple, has a convertible collar, two-piece sleeves, and a straight belt. DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

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Science Discovers the Secret of Caruso's Wonderful Voice



Why is it that the beautiful, powerful voice of Enrico Caruso has become the greatest singer of all time? This diagram of his throat will show you the secret. The Hyo-Glossus muscle, due to a perfect development of this Hyo-Glossus muscle, your Hyo-Glossus muscle can be developed, too! A good voice can be made better—each voice being different. A voice training course, "The Hyo-Glossus Course," will help you.



EVERY normal human being has a Hyo-Glossus muscle in his or her throat. A few very fortunate persons—like the late Caruso—were born with the ability to sing well. But even Caruso had to work many years developing that muscle before his voice was perfect. Whether your voice is strong or weak, pleasant or unpleasant, melodious or harsh, you can have a beautiful singing or speaking voice if that muscle is developed by correct training.

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Extravagant Economies

Wise Women Save Energy and Time as Well as Cash

By JEAN GULICK

THERE are a vast number of housekeepers in the country to-day who do not seem to understand the exact meaning of that well-worn word, "thrifty." For one thing thrift does not mean needless drudgery. For another it does not mean using a lot of old-time methods to do present-day jobs. Thrift does not mean spending no money. It means spending money wisely. It means saving energy and time, patience and youth, in addition to wise expenditure. To use a concrete example, thrift is not going without a washing-machine all Winter, and by so doing spending the entire Spring in a hospital bed and paying a doctor's bill with the money you should have spent on the labor-saving device.

A tired little mother was talking to me the other day as I sat in her kitchen while she ironed an elaborate, frilly white dress for a selfish daughter. The daughter was quite able to iron her own dress and let her mother rest—but none mothers are that way!

"My feet hurt me so I don't know what to do," she confided to me. "But, I guess, no wonder when I wear these cheap shoes that don't fit me at all! You know I have trouble with falling arches, and I ought to wear a certain make of shoe that has built-in supports. I simply can't afford them any more. Mary needs so many clothes now that she's left school, and I'm all!"

I inwardly registered a thought about Mary, but I said nothing. I hardly seemed to my affair. The woman went on with her "thrift" story.

"Once I've had to stop in and see the corn-doctor when I went to town, and night after night I soak my feet, but nothing ever did help me but the right kind of shoes. Dear me, things are so high that you've got to save on everything!"

Poor, deluded woman! I suppose she thinks she is being thrifty in suffering, and I'm quite sure that she has paid out in doctor's fees the difference between a shoe that fits her and one that does not.

Several times of late I've heard of families who are storing their silver that once adorned the sidewalks. One "thrifty" soul told me her story, and I'm sure she thought she was sincerely saving.

"Yes, I've stored all our big silver pieces at the bank. They take care of them in the vault for fifteen dollars a year, and now don't have to pay for their cleaning. When we are lucky enough to have a servant, she complains about rubbing her arms off every week cleaning the pieces, and when we don't have one I have all that hard work to do myself. So I just told her we would put it out of sight. I had to buy a lot of china to take its place, but you know how it is when you want to be thrifty; so that's what I did."

A Cleaning-Pan for Silver

I DON'T suppose it ever occurred to that woman to buy a large silver cleaning-pan that would hold every piece of her silver, wherein she could clean the entire lot in half an hour without the much-dreaded rubbing. And in her so-called thrift she paid out fifteen dollars to the bank, she bought new china, and her beautiful silverware was bare of its erstwhile lovely silver.

Probably the most flagrant instance of misguided thrift that I ever came to know is of a pitifully unselfish woman who lives in a suburban town near New York City. I stopped in one day to buy a basket of peaches from her. I went in the back way and found her in the kitchen, odoriferous with soap-suds. She kindly invited me to wait in the parlor while she went to the cellar and got the peaches. When she came back she dropped all but exhausted into a comfortable chair and confided in me.

"I wanted you to see my new parlor carpet," she said, and she was simply beaming with pride at her new possession. "When I got through my work I just came in here and rest and look at the pretty figures in the soap-suds. And it seems to rest me up a bit. But, mercy, most days I don't get the chance to come in—especially on busy days like Monday when I do all my own washing—but the children enjoy it, now they've got a nice place to bring their friends."

I murmured a suggestion about washclothes instead of parlor carpets. She came right back at me.

"Oh, we couldn't afford a washing-machine this year. It's out of the question. I'd love to have one, for the washing is so heavy in the Summer-time, but I can't just lay out so much money to spend and we simply had to have the carpet!"

I suppose it never occurred to her that she had to have the washing-machine, and that the floor of the living-room could be

painted or stained and covered with a small, inexpensive rug or two. It never occurred to her to keep herself young and rested so that her children would enjoy her rather than the new parlor carpet. But conditions like these are to be found in many homes where they only have just so much to spend and first choice goes to the parlor.

You will find people who every year pull up carpets, take up rugs, and send the whole batch to the cleaner, paying a great big price for this service. The marvel is that these thinking women—most of whom consider themselves careful housekeepers—never stop to think that they could buy a wonderful vacuum cleaner for the same price as they pay for one year's cleaning. And they would be able to clean rugs and carpets for years for the initial payment. In addition they could clean the mattresses, hangings, pillows, and a dozen other articles about the house that harbor dust and germs.

It is not a very unusual sight to see a woman trying to dry a lot of dishes with cotton towels that simply will not absorb the moisture. She is too "thrifty" to buy new towels for the dishes, she will tell you. Well, I would like to tell her that the really thrifty woman does not dry dishes with towels, but hangs them up and puts them in a wire drainer. The only towels she uses are for her silver and glass, and they must be linen. But in making the initial payment for linen towels she must remember she will do the work in half the time and last longer than poor cotton ones.

Getting Rid of the Children

THERE was another woman who was pointed out to me as a model of "thrift" and an example to all other women on her block. But in making deep inquiries into the methods used by this woman, I found that she was getting along without a servant, principally because she could not find one to work for her. She drives a girl like a slave instead of treating her like a human being, with occasional backaches and natural longings for a rest now and then.

Just one of the "thrifty" things she does is to send her two children to the village every afternoon to get the mail. The idea was to get them out of the house, and out of her way, and she thought she would be free from their interruptions so as to get the dinner prepared in time. In order to make the trip attractive she gave each of them money to buy a sundae. The sundae man was not nearly so tall. If her children were old enough to go to the village alone, they were likewise old enough to help her get the dinner. And the fact that the children were so badly trained that the mother had to get them out of the house in order to accomplish her work, was a reflection on the way she had brought them up. Yet the neighbors looked upon that woman and called her thrifty.

"No, siree, I don't use any of these old butter-substitutes, a much-advertised, wonderful cook declared to me. "I use butter or nothing. If recipes call for butter I use the real thing, or else I make them have them at all. I'm a good cook and you've got to use butter to make good things to eat."

I asked her if she had ever tried any of the substitutes.

"Not yet," she acknowledged. "I haven't got time to learn to cook all over again. I've been really busy because the ice is too heavy, if it is eighty cents a pound. I use the real thing, or else I make them have butter in the cooking. I'll take nothing if I can't have the real thing."

If a woman who is as thrifty as she is lazy. She is depriving her children of sufficient fats and oils that their growing little bodies really need, because she is too lazy to find out the quality and the uses of better-substitutes. She is laying out the comparative food values of butter and butter-substitutes, and she thinks she is saving the money by not baking good things to eat at small cost. She is stupid—that's all.

By all means we must be thrifty in these times, but in order to get the real meaning of the word we must be thrifty in our lives as well as your body. You must save your energy quite as much as you must save your pennies.

Just take an inventory of what you are doing in the way of saving, and see that it is done wisely. Don't do a lot of foolish things, don't wear yourself out in the name of saving, and fall into the class of women I have just told you about. There are more of these women in the country to-day than you would imagine. Don't let your case increase the number.

The Pink Complexion Cake

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Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay restores the oils which are kindred to the natural oils of the skin. This prevents drying without giving any semblance of greasiness. The skin is protected from the harsh drying effect of wind and sun, and keeps its youthful beauty.

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Young Hustler's Division,
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13th Street and Seventh Avenue,
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Here is the name of a boy I want to help. Please send him your outfit, telling him how he can earn Cash Spending Money, Valuable Prizes and Get Real Business Training without cost.

His Name _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____
Town _____

Original Location _____ State _____

The Rover

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

the group of people posed at that southernmost point of France had gone about their careless toil, winning bread and wine from a stony-bearded earth.

The master of the farm, gazing straight toward the door of the stable, which Peyrol had left open. He leaned his fork against his side and had listened to the talk of the man with the dog, came up faint and abrupt in the great stillness of the upper space. The yo-mit shamming of the café door broke the silence between the two papers and the air.

"Does that allow never rest?" asked the young man in a low, indifferent voice which covered the delicate thinking of the bell, and without moving his head.

"Not on Sunday, anyhow," answered the rover, "but some detached manner."

"What can you expect? The church bell is like poison to him. That fellow I've never believe has been a sanicletole. Every day he puts on his best clothes, sticks a red cap on his head, and wanders between the buildings like a lost soul in the light of day. A Jacobin, if ever there was one."

"Yes. There is hardly a hamlet in France where there isn't a sanicletole. But some of them have managed to change their skins if nothing else."

"This one won't," said the rover, "and as to his inside he never had anything in him to make him move. Aren't there some people that remember him in London? It isn't such a long time. And yet—"

"He turned jolly toward the young man," and yet to look at him—

"The officer nodded, and for a moment his face wore a troubled expression, which did not escape the notice of Peyrol, who was speaking easily."

"Some time ago," the prelate began to come back to the parishes, he, that fellow—Peyrol jerked his head in the direction of the café door—"would you believe it?—started for the village with a silver hanging to his side and his red cap on his head. He made for the church door, but he wanted them to see the proper kind of prayers. Well, the people were very much elated about their responses church, and as he went along some women split him out of a window and started the alarm. 'Bla, there look! The Jacobin the sanicletole, the blood-drinker! Look at him!' Out rushed some of them, and a man or two came were working in their home patches vaulted over the low walls."

"PRETTY soon there was a crowd, mostly women, each with the first thing she could snatch up—stick, kitchen knife, anything. A few men with spades and cudgels followed them by the water-trough. He didn't quite like that. He said to himself: 'He turned and bolted up the hill like a hare, takes some pluck to face a mob of angry women. He ran along the cart-track without looking behind him, and they after him yelling: 'A more more! He hasn't any! He had been a horror and an abomination to the people for years, what with one story and another, and now they thought it was their chance."

"The priest over in the presbytery hears the noise, comes to the door. One look was enough for him. He is a fellow of about forty, but a wiry, long-legged, and agile—what? He just tucked up his skirts and dashed out, taking short cuts over the walls and leaping from boulder to boulder like a blessed goat. I was up in my room on the noise and he came there. I went to the window and saw the chase in full cry after him. I was beginning to think the fool would fetch up at these times long in with him here and that they would carry the house by boarding and do for the lot of us, when the priest cut in just in the nick of time."

"The noise could have tripped Scovola as easy as anything, but he lets him pass and stands in front of his parishioners with his arms crossed. That did it. He saved the patron, all right. What he could say to quiet them I don't know, but these were angry days and they are angry days of our new priest. He could have turned them with his little finger. I had my arms and shoulders out of the window—it was interesting enough. They would have moved all the structures, as they would to call us down there—and when I drew in, behind, there was the patron standing behind me looking on too."

"You have been here often enough to know how slow are the gates and the door and about the house, without a sound. A leaf doesn't pose itself lighter on the ground than a foot do. I suppose the priest knows that I was up-stairs, and came into the room, just in my way of always looking for something that isn't there, and seeing me with my head stuck out, naturally came to see what I was looking at. Her face wasn't any other than usual, but she was clanking the dress over her chest with her finger—like this. I felt a little confused. Before I could find my tongue she just turned round and went out with no sound than a shadow."

When Peyrol ceased, the ringing of the church bell went on faintly and then stopped as abruptly as it had been started by George.

"Talking about her shadow," said the young officer indolently, "I know her shadow."

Old Peyrol made a really pronounced movement. "What do you mean?" he asked. "Where?"

"If I have got only one window in the room where they put me to sleep last night and I stood at it looking out. That's what I am here for—to look out, am I not? I woke up suddenly and, being awake, I went to the window and looked out."

"One doesn't see shadows in the air," growled old Peyrol.

"No, but you see them on the ground, pretty black too when the moon is full. It fell across this open space here from the corner of the house."

"The patronne!" exclaimed Peyrol in a low voice, "impossible!"

"Does the old woman that lives in the kitchen room? do the village women room far off that?" asked the officer composedly. "You ought to know the habits of the people. It was a woman's shadow. The moon being to the west, it gilded slanting from that corner of the house and glided back again. I know her shadow when I see it."

"Did you hear anything?" asked Peyrol after a moment.

"The window being open, I heard somebody snoring. It couldn't have been you; you are too quiet to snore. I heard it from the snoring," he added grudgingly. "It must have been snoring at a good distance."

"Not like you, old skinner of the seat, because you know that that's what you are, for all your guineas. The snoring was out of the corner of his eyes at old Peyrol."

"She makes you look so useless!" said the rover, "but she can't be denied."

"I murmured Peyrol with an uneasiness which he did not attempt to conceal."

"Evidently," I know a shadow when I see it, and when I saw it, it did not frighten me, not a quarter as much as the mere use of it seems to have frightened you. However, that a sanicletole friend of yours must be a hard sleeper. These purveyors of the guillotine all have a first-class, deeproof slumbering concern. I was a boy running barefoot in the gutters."

"The fellow who creeps in that room," said Peyrol earnestly, "but that's neither here nor there, except that it may be convenient for slanting shadows to hear his conscience taking its ease."

Peyrol continued, lowering his voice forcibly. "Lieutenant," he said, "if I had not seen from the first what was in your heart I would have contrived to get rid of you a long time ago in some way or other."

"The fellow who glanced sideways again, and Peyrol let his raised fist fall heavily on his thigh. "I am old Peyrol, and this case, as soon as it is over, it is like a ship to me, and all in it are like shipmates. Never mind the patron. What I want to know is whether you heard anything? Any sound at all? Murmur, footstep?"

"Bitterly smothered snort touched the lips of the young man."

"Not a footstep. Would you hear the fall of a leaf, or even the rustle of a carpet tramping right above my head?"

"Without unfolding his arms he turned toward Peyrol, who was looking at him anxiously. "You want to know, do you? Well, I will tell you what I heard, and you can make the best of it. I heard the sound of a stumble. It wasn't a fairy either that fell, or a woman. It was a heavy sound. Then a stone went rolling down the ravine in front of us interminably, then a silence as dense as I didn't see anything moving. The way the moon was then the scene was in black shadow. And I didn't try to see."

Peyrol, with his elbow on his knee, leaned his head against the wall and his eyes closed, officer repeated through his clenched teeth, "Make the best of it."

PEYROL shook his head slightly. After a moment he said, "I have been flattered back against the wall, but next to the detonation of a piece of ordnance coming down the hill, it was like a stone traveling around the rising ground to the left in the form of a dull thud, followed by a sighing sound that seemed to come from amongst the stone ridges and rocks near by. I was sitting on the edge of my bed, which had been doing in and out of Hyvär's room for the last week," said the young officer, "and I was sitting on the edge of my bed, and I buckled the belt on, while Peyrol rose more deliberately from the bench, and said to me—"

"She can't be where we saw her as another shadow. She was close. She must have crossed over. The light was enough bright that at various times during the day I saw her shadow, and I saw it come down there in the Petite Paise. We had better go and see."

He started followed by Peyrol. There was not a human being in sight about the farm and not a sign of life except for the firing of a cow coming from behind a wall. Peyrol kept close behind the quicker man, and the two, following the foot path marked faintly on the stony slope of the hill.

"The gun was not shot," he observed suddenly in a deep, steady voice. The officer glanced over his shoulder. George was on the page 100

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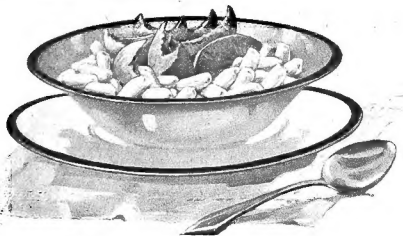
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The Rover

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101

time after midnight, and in the pervading stillness the moon, riding on a speckless sky, seemed to pour her enchantment on an uninhabited planet. Captain Vincent did not mind the moon very much. Of course it made his ship visible from both shores of the Puget Pass. But after nearly a year of constant service in command of the extreme lookout ship of Admiral Nelson's blockading fleet he knew the emplacement of almost every gun of the shore defenses. Where the breeze had left him he was safe from the biggest gun of the fleet that were mounted on Porquerolles. On the Glens side of the Pass he knew for certain there was not even a pop-gun mounted anywhere.

His long familiarity with that part of the coast had imbued him with the belief that he knew the habits of its population thoroughly. The gleams of light in their houses went out very early, and Captain Vincent felt convinced that they were all in their beds, including the gunners of the batteries who belonged to the local militia. Their interest in the movements of H. M.'s twenty-two-gun sloop *Amelia* had grown by custom. She never interfered with their private affairs and allowed the small boats to go to and fro unmolested. They would have wondered if she had been more than two days away. Captain Vincent used to say that the *Amelia* roadstead had become like a second home to him.

FOR an hour or so Captain Vincent mused a bit on his real home, on matters of service and other unrelaxing things, the setting into motion in a very wide-awake manner, he superintended himself the dispatch of that boat the existence of which had been actually surmised by Lieutenant Kell and was a matter of no doubt whatsoever to old Reynard.

As to her mission it had nothing to do with catching fish for the captain's breakfast. It was the captain's own idea, a very fast-pulling boat. She was already along with her crew in the water when the officer, who was going in charge, was beckoned to by the captain. He had a cutlass at his side and a brace of pistols in his belt. He was a business like air about him that showed he had been on that service before. This calm will give a good many hours said the captain. "In this timeless sea you are certain to find the ship very much where she is now, but close in shore. The attraction of the land—your know."

"Yes, sir. The land does attract." "Yes. Well, she may be allowed to put her side against any of these rocks. There would be no more danger than alongside a quay with a sea like this. Just look at the water in the Pass, Mr. Bolt. Like the floor of a ballroom. Pull close along shore on your return. I'll expect you back at dawn. I hope you will have better luck than last time."

Captain Vincent paused suddenly. A doubt crossed his mind as to the wisdom of this nocturnal expedition. The hammer-head of the peninsula with its sea-face invisible from both sides of the coast was an ideal spot for a gun. It was a character appealed to his imagination, which in the first instance had been stimulated by a chance remark of Mr. Bolt, himself.

The fact was that the week before, when the *Amelia* was cruising off the peninsula, Bolt, looking at the shore, had mentioned that he knew that place well; that he had actually been ashore there a few years before when serving with Lord Howe's fleet. He described the nature of the path, the aspect of a little village on the reverse slope, and had much to say about a certain farmhouse where he had lain more than once, and had even stayed for twenty-four hours at a time on more than one occasion. This had aroused Captain Vincent's curiosity. He had Bolt called to his cabin and had a long conversation. He listened with great interest to Bolt's story, and on that day a man was seen from the deck of the ship which Bolt was serving then, waving a white sheet or table-cloth amongst the rocks at the water's edge. It might have been a trap, but, as the man seemed above and the shore was within range of the ship's guns, a boat was sent to take him off.

"And that, sir," Bolt declared impressively, "was, I verily believe, the very first communication that Lord Howe had from the royalists in Toulon." Afterward Bolt described to Captain Vincent the meetings of the Toulon royalists with the officers of the fleet. From the back of the farm, he Bolt himself, had often watched for hours the entrance of the Toulon harbor on the lookout for the boat bringing overboard royalist emissaries. Then he would make an agreed signal to the advanced squadron, and some English officers would land on their side and meet the Frenchmen at the farmhouse. It was as simple as that. The people of the farmhouse, husband and wife, were well-to-do, good class altogether, and staunch royalists. He had got to know them well.

Captain Vincent wondered whether the same people were still there. Bolt couldn't say any reason why they shouldn't be. It wasn't such a very long time ago and they were by no means an old couple. As far as he could make out the ferry from their own property. He, Bolt, knew only



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The Rover

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 103



There was just a touch of indignation in Bolt's negative reply; for he was proud of his whiskers. He was ready to take the most desperate chances for the service of his King and his country.

Captain Vincent added: "For the sake of Lord Nelson, too." One understood well what his Lordship wished to bring about by that blockade at sixty leagues off. He was talking to a sailor and there was no need to say any more. Did Bolt think that he could persuade those people to conceal him in their house on that lonely shore end of the peninsula for some considerable time? Bolt thought it was the easiest thing in the world. He would simply go up there and renew the old acquaintance, but he did not mean to do that in a foolhardy manner. It would have to be done at night, when of course there would be no one about.

He would land just where he used to before, wrapped up in a Mediterranean sailor's cloak—he had one of his own—over his uniform, and simply go straight to the door, at which he would knock. Ten to one the farmer himself would come down to open it. He knew enough French by now, he hoped, to persuade those people to conceal him in some room having a view in the right direction; and there he would stick day after day on the watch, taking a little exercise in the middle of the night, ready to live on mere bread and water if necessary, so as not to arouse suspicion amongst the farm-hands.

And who knows if, with the farmer's help, he could not get some news of what was going on actually within the port? Then from time to time he could go down in the dead of night, signal to the ship, and make his report. Bolt expressed the hope that the ship would remain as much as possible in sight of the coast. It would cheer him up to see her about, to which Captain Vincent naturally assented.

AFTER dispatching his officer, Captain Vincent spent the night on deck. The break of day came at last, much paler than the moonlight which it replaced. And still no boat. And again Captain Vincent asked himself if he had not acted indiscreetly. Impenetrable, and looking as fresh as if he had just come up on deck, he argued the point with himself till the rising sun clearing the ridge on Porquerolles Island flashed its level rays upon his ship with her dew-darkened sails and dripping rigging. He roused himself then to tell his first lieutenant to get the boats out to tow the ship away from the shore.

The report of the gun he ordered to be fired expressed simply his irritation. The *Amelia*, pointing toward the middle of the *Passe*, was moving at a snail's pace behind her string of boats. Minutes passed. And then suddenly Captain Vincent perceived his boat pulling back in shore according to orders. When nearly abreast of the ship she darted away, making for her side. Mr. Bolt clambered on board, alone, ordering the gig to go ahead and help with the towing. Captain Vincent, standing apart on the quarter-deck, received him with a grimly questioning look.

Mr. Bolt's first words were to the effect that he believed the confounded spot to be bewitched. Then he glanced at the group of officers on the other side of the quarter-deck. Captain Vincent led the way to his cabin. There he turned and looked at his officer, who, with an air of distraction, mumbled: "There are night-walkers there."

"Come, Bolt, what the devil have you seen? Did you get near the house at all?"

"I got within twenty yards of the door, sir," said Bolt. And encouraged by the captain's much less ferocious "Well?" began his tale. He did not pull up to the path which he knew, but to a little bit of beach on which he told his men to haul up the boat and wait for him. The beach was concealed by a thick growth of bushes on the landward side and by some rocks from the sea. Then he went to what he called the ravine, still avoiding the path, so that as a matter of fact he made his way up on his hands and knees mostly, very carefully and slowly amongst the loose stones, till by holding on to a bush he brought his eyes on a level with the piece of flat ground in front of the farmhouse.

The familiar aspect of the buildings, totally unchanged from the time when he had played his part in what appeared as a most successful operation at the beginning of the war, inspired Bolt with great confidence in the success of his present enterprise, vague as it was, but the great charm of which lay no doubt in mental associations with his younger years.

Nothing seemed easier than to stride across the forty yards of open ground and rouse the farmer whom he remembered so well, the well-to-do man, a grave, sagacious royalist in his humble way; certainly, in Bolt's view, no traitor to his country, and preserving so well his dignity in ambiguous circumstances. To Bolt's simple vision neither that man nor his wife could have changed.

In this view of Arlette's parents Bolt was influenced by the consciousness of there having been no change in himself. He was the same Jack Bolt, and everything

around him was the same as if he had left the spot only yesterday. Already he saw himself in the kitchen, which he knew so well, seated by the light of a single candle before a glass of wine, and talking his best French to that worthy farmer of sound principles.

The whole thing was as well as done, and he imagined himself a secret inmate of that building, closely confined indeed, but sustained by the possible great results of his watchfulness, in many ways more comfortable than on board the *Amelia*, and with the glorious consciousness that he was, in Captain Vincent's phrase, the actual physical and efficient eyes of the fleet.

HE DIDN'T, of course, talk of his private feelings to Captain Vincent. All those thoughts and emotions were compressed in the space of not much more than a minute or two while holding on with one hand to his bush, and, having got a good foothold for one of his feet, he indulged in that pleasant anticipatory sense of success.

In the old days the farmer's wife used to be a light sleeper. The farm-hands, who, he remembered, lived in the village or were distributed in stables and outhouses, did not give him any concern. He wouldn't need to knock heavily. He pictured to himself the farmer's wife sitting up in bed, listening, then rousing her husband, who, as likely as not, would take the gun standing against the dresser down-stairs and come to the door.

And then everything would be all right—but perhaps—yes, it was just as likely he would simply go to the window and hold a parley. That really was most likely. Naturally. In his place Bolt felt he would do that very thing. Yes, that was what a man in a lonely house, in the middle of the night, would do most naturally. And he imagined himself whispering mysteriously his answer up the wall to the obvious questions—*Ami—Bolt—Ouvrez-moi—vive le roi*—or things of that sort. And in sequence to those vivid images it occurred to Bolt that the best thing he could do would be to throw small stones against the window-shutter, the sort of sound most likely to rouse a light sleeper.

He wasn't quite sure which window on the floor above the ground floor was that of those people's bedroom, but there were anyhow only three of them. In a moment he would have sprung up from his foothold on to the level if, raising his eyes for another

look at the front of the house, he had not perceived that one of the windows was open. How he could have failed to notice that before he couldn't explain. The discovery gave him a shock.

He confessed to Captain Vincent in the course of his narrative that "this open window, sir, checked me dead. In fact, sir, it shook my confidence, for you know, sir, that no native of these parts would dream of sleeping with his window open. It struck me that there was something wrong there; and I remained where I was."

That fascination of repose, of secretive friendliness, houses present at night was gone. By the power of an open window, a black square in the moonlit wall, the farmhouse took on the aspect of a man-trap. Bolt assured Captain Vincent that the window would not have stopped him; he would have gone on all the same, tho with an uncertain mind. But while he was thinking it out there glided without a sound before his irresolute eyes from somewhere a white vision—a woman—he could see her black hair flowing down her back—a woman whom anybody would have been excused for taking for a ghost.

"I won't say that she froze my blood, sir, but she made me cold all over for a moment. Lots of people have seen ghosts, at least they say so, and I have an open mind as to that. She was a weird thing to look at in the moonlight. She did not act like a sleep-walker either. If she had not come out of a grave, then she was just out of bed. But when she stole back and hid herself round the corner of the house I knew she was not a ghost. She could not have seen me. There she stood in the black shadow watching for something—or waiting for somebody," added Bolt in a grim tone. "She looked crazy," he conceded charitably.

ONE thing was clear to him: there had been changes in that farmhouse since his time. Bolt resented them, as if that time had been only last week. The woman concealing herself round the corner remained in his full view, watchful, as if waiting for him to show himself in the open, to run off screeching and rouse all the countryside.

Bolt came quickly to the conclusion that he must withdraw from the slope. On lowering himself from his first position he had the misfortune to dislodge a stone. This circumstance precipitated his retreat.

In a very few minutes he found himself by the shore. He paused to listen. Above him up the ravine and all round amongst the rocks everything was perfectly still. He walked along in the direction of his boat. There was nothing for it but to get away quietly and perhaps—

"Yes, Mr. Bolt, I fear we will have to give up our plan," interrupted Captain Vincent at that point. Bolt's assent came reluctantly, and then he braced himself to confess that this was not the worst. Before the astonished face of Captain Vincent he hastened to blurt it out. He was very sorry, he could in no way account for it, but—he had lost a man.

Captain Vincent seemed unable to believe his ears. "What do you say? Lost a man out of my boat's crew!" He was profoundly shocked. Bolt too was visibly distressed. It appeared that shortly after he had left them the seamen had heard or imagined they had heard some faint and peculiar noises somewhere within the cove. The coxswain let one of the men, the oldest of the boat's crew, go along the shore to reconnoiter. His object was to ascertain whether their boat, hauled on the beach, could be seen from the other side of the cove.

THE man—it was Symons—departed crawling on his hands and knees to make the circuit and, well—he had not returned. This was really the reason why the boat was so late in getting back to the ship. Of course Bolt waited for his man. It was inconceivable that Symons should have deserted. He had left his cutlas behind and was completely unarmed, but had he been suddenly pounced upon he surely would have been able to let out a yell that could have been heard all over the cove. But till daybreak a profound stillness in which it seemed a whisper could have been heard for miles had reigned over the cove.

It was as if Symons had been spirited away by some supernatural means, without a scuffle, without a cry. For it was inconceivable that he should have gone inland and got captured there. It was equally impossible to suppose that there had been on that particular night a man or men ready to pounce upon Symons and knock him on the head so neatly as not to let him give a groan even.

Captain Vincent said, "All this is very fantastical, Mr. Bolt," and compressed his lips firmly for a moment before he continued: "But not much more than your woman. I suppose you did see something real—"

"I tell you, sir, she stood there in full moonlight for ten minutes within a stone's throw of me," protested Bolt with a sort of desperation. "She seemed to have jumped out of bed only to look at the house. If she had a petticoat over her night-shift that was all. Her back was to me. When she moved away I could not make out her face properly. Then she went to stand in the shadow of the house."

"On the watch," suggested Captain Vincent.

"Looked like it, sir," confessed Bolt.

"So there must have been somebody about," concluded Captain Vincent with assurance.

Bolt murmured a reluctant "Must have been." He had expected to get into enormous trouble over this affair and was much relieved by the captain's quiet attitude. "I hope, sir, you approve of my conduct in not attempting to look for Symons at once?"

"Yes. You acted prudently by not advancing inland," said the captain.

"I was afraid of spoiling our chances to carry out your plan, sir, by disclosing our presence on shore. And that could not have been avoided. Moreover, we were only five in all and not properly armed."

"The plan has gone down before your night-walker, Mr. Bolt," Captain Vincent declared dryly. "But we must try to find out what became of our man if it can be done without risking too much."

"By landing a large party this very night we could surround the house," Bolt suggested. "If we find friends there, well and good. If enemies, then we could carry off some of them on board for exchange perhaps. I am almost sorry I did not go back and kidnap that wench—whoever she was," he added recklessly. "Ah! If it had only been a man!"

"No doubt there was a man not very far off," said Captain Vincent equably. "That will do, Mr. Bolt. You had better go and get some rest now."

Bolt was glad to obey, for he was tired and hungry after his dismal failure. What vexed him most was its absurdity. Captain Vincent, tho he too had passed a sleepless night, felt too restless to remain below. He followed his officer on deck.

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